G. Knaller del. Cook sc.

London, Printed for J. Bell, at the British Library, Strand, May 16. 1780.

G. Knaller del. Cent. sc.

London, Printed for J. Bell, at the British Library, Strand, May 16. 1780.

London, Printed for John Bell, at the British Library, Strand, May 16. 1780.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Muſe! 't is enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for BUCKINGHAM commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain:
SHEFFIELD approves, contenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

POPE.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1780.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF THE MOST NOBLE
JOHN SHEFFIELD,
DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF THE MOST NOBLE

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

CONTAINING HIS

MISCELLANIES,	PROLOGUES,
ODES,	CHORUSES,
EPISTLES,	IMITATIONS,
SONGS,	TRANSLATIONS,

&c. &c. &c.

Of all thoſe arts in which the wiſe excel,
Nature's chief maſterpiece is writing well.
No writing lifts exalted man ſo high
As ſacred and ſoul-moving Poeſy:
No kind of work requires ſo nice a touch,
And, if well-finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.

ESS. ON POETRY.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1780.

BRITISH MUSEUM

JOHN SHEFFIELD, D. OF BUCKINGHAM.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, Duke of Buckinghamshire, a nobleman of distinguished abilities, both natural and acquired, was born in 1649. After the death of his father, Edmund Earl of Mulgrave, which happened in 1658, the care of educating his son, then nine years of age, was committed to a governor. In the then distracted state of the public affairs at home that gentleman travelled into France with his pupil, who was so little satisfied with his tutor's conduct as to dismiss him in a few years*; when the young Earl, finding himself deficient in several branches of learning, took up a noble resolution to supply that defect by

* We are told that, upon their arrival in France, the governor, with great earnestness, cautioned his ward against kneeling whenever he met the host in procession, exhorting him to avoid that compliance with the custom of the country as an act of idolatry; that our young nobleman listening with attention to the charge, resolved to observe it. It was not long before they met such a procession, which happening to be in the dusk of the evening at the corner of a street, to avoid kneeling he made his utmost efforts to slip into a shop so suddenly as to stumble over his governor, who had fallen on his knees the moment that the host appeared. It would be idle to look any further for the cause of his losing all his governing authority. However, it is probable the pupil's uncommon share of good sense would have prevailed so far as to retain him for the advantage of his literary instructions, if he had not found him very faultily remiss in that part of his charge likewise.

his own induſtry; and the ſequel of theſe memoirs will in ſome meaſure ſhew to what a degree of perfection he finiſhed his deſign. However intent as he was to complete that taſk, his ardent thirſt after military glory drew him early into action.

In 1666, at the age of ſeventeen, he went a volunteer in the firſt Dutch war to ſea. A conduct ſo devoted to the ſervice of his country procured him the command of one of thoſe independent troops of horſe which were raiſed the following year to defend our coaſts from the inſults of that enemy. He remained in his quarters at Dover till the concluſion of the peace, when thoſe troops were diſbanded; ſoon after which, at the next meeting of the parliament in October, though ſo much under the age prefixed for voting in the Houſe of Peers, he received a writ to ſit there; which being rejected by the Houſe on that account, he acquieſced not unwillingly, the heat of youth then inclining him more to the affairs of love and gallantry, which, by his own confeſſion, he engaged in with too much eagerneſs, and even without interruption. However, he did not ſuffer his pleaſures to depreſs or ſink his genius, though he employed his Muſe to heighten their reliſh *, which in that view was far from being ſtrictly chaſte. Theſe merits ſet him in high favour at Court, by which means he was very ſerviceable in

* Several of his poetical pieces were written in this interval between the firſt and ſecond Dutch wars.

procuring the Laureat's place in 1668 for Mr. Dryden, whom, as a brother poet, he had taken into his particular friendſhip. In this interval too nice a ſenſibility in the point of honour engaged him in a very ſingular quarrel with Wilmot the witty Earl of Rocheſter *.

* Being informed that the Earl of Rocheſter had ſaid ſomething maliciouſly of him, he immediately ſent a mettled friend of his, Colonel Aſton, with a challenge. Wilmot denied the words; and though our challenger was ſoon convinced his ſuſpicion was falſe, yet he fooliſhly thought the mere report obliged him to go on with the quarrel. Since it could not be avoided, Wilmot choſe to fight on horſeback, and accordingly met our hero next morning at the place appointed; but inſtead of one Mr. Porter, whom he aſſured Aſton he would make his ſecond, he brought an errant life-guard man whom no body knew. Mr. Aſton taking exception to this, eſpecially on account of his being ſo much better mounted than they, they all agreed to fight on foot. "But," continues our Author, "as "Lord Rocheſter and I were riding into the next field in order "to it, he told me that he had at firſt choſen to fight on horſe-"back, becauſe he was ſo weak with a certain diſtemper that "he found himſelf unfit to fight at all, much leſs on foot." At this, which was deemed a plain confeſſing himſelf a coward, his antagoniſt, whoſe anger was appeaſed by the diſcovery of the falſeneſs of the charge which had kindled it, puſhed him upon the conſideration of the neceſſity there would be, in caſe they ſhould not fight, of clearing his own character by telling the truth of the matter. Wilmot ſubmitted to the condition, hoping his challenger would not deſire the advantage of having to do with any man in ſo weak a condition. "I replied," continues our Author, "that by ſuch an argument he had ſuffici-"ently tied my hands, upon condition I might call our ſeconds "to be witneſs of the whole buſineſs, which he conſented to, "and ſo we parted." Mr. Aſton, on their return to London, wrote down every word and circumſtance of the whole that

At the breaking out of the ſecond Dutch war in 1672, he went again to ſea, a volunteer under the Duke of York, and behaved ſo gallantly at the famous battle of Solebay, that immediately upon his return to London the King gave him the command of the Royal Katharine, the beſt ſecond-rate ſhip then in the navy, a favour which was in the higheſt degree acceptable to him. But, notwithſtanding that, we find him, though at ſea, the enſuing year, yet acting in the poſt and with the commiſſion of a Colonel, having himſelf raiſed a regiment of foot to ſerve in the land forces, ſent (with the fleet) under the command of Monſieur de Schomberg, with whom he now lived in a good degree of familiarity and friendſhip. Theſe forces being ſet on ſhore in the ſummer by the command of the admiral, Prince Rupert*,

had paſſed, and diſperſed it abroad; which being never in the leaſt either contradicted or reſented by Lord Rocheſter, entirely ruined his reputation as to courage. So ſays our Author; and the ſeveral challenges which were ſent to that Lord afterwards, together with his behaviour on thoſe occaſions, are a full proof of the truth of the fact in general. However, it cannot eſcape the reader's notice that the Earl of Mulgrave condemns himſelf at leaſt equally with his antagoniſt in this affair in particular.

* The whole forces, both ſea and land, were commanded in chief by that Prince with the title of Generaliſſimo. We have the following account of the quarrel betwixt the land and ſea commanders, which occaſioned this order of the latter, whereby the land forces lay idle at Yarmouth without doing any thing the whole ſummer. It ſeems Monſieur Schomberg, by the advice of our volunteer, and the conſent of the captain of the ſhip where he was, had hung up in the ſhrouds one of the co-

while they lay encamped there, our colonel, to the great mortification of Schomberg his general, was favoured by his Majeſty with the promiſe of a blue ribband, and upon his arrival at Court was appointed Colonel of the old Holland regiment, joined to that

lours of our colonel's regiment, as a ſignal for the land officers to know the ſhip where their general was, chuſing this as more proper for him than any of thoſe which belonged to the ſea: but it had not been ſet up half an hour when, ſitting with the colonel on the quarter-deck, a bullet was heard whizzing over their heads, which was preſently followed by another. Upon this they began to think cannon-bullets that came ſo near a little worth the minding, and were ſurpriſed to perceive they came from the admiral. All agreeing this was done to expreſs his diſlike of the ſignal, Clement, captain of the ſhip, was diſpatched to explain the reaſon of it. The Prince had ſent his lieutenant, Whitley, with his poſitive command to pull down the flag; but he arriving on board the Greyhound juſt after Captain Clement had left it, Whitley was deſired to return with this anſwer, that if his Highneſs continued in the ſame mind after hearing the occaſion from Clement, the flag ſhould be taken down immediately. The Prince ſeeing Whitley's boat come from the Greyhound and the flag not taken down, and Captain Clement juſt arrived on board him, in great anger ordered him to be clapt into the bilboes, without ſo much as hearing either him or his meſſage, and commanded the gunner to ſink the Greyhound immediately if the flag was not taken down. In this extremity the volunteers of quality on board the Prince, having aſked leave, were connived at by him in going to the Greyhound, where they found it eaſy to perſuade them to pull down their flag rather than be ſunk; but all together were not able to pacify the general, who interpreted all this proceeding to come from an old pique in Prince Rupert, who, he ſaid, was otherwiſe too well bred to uſe an old acquaintance and a foreigner in ſuch a brutal manner, as he called it.

of his own raiſing. By this means he continued in commiſſion after the peace, which was concluded before the expiration of the year, when all the other new colonels were diſbanded.

Soon after his inſtalment into the order of the Garter, May the 29th 1674, he was made Gentleman of the Bedchamber to his Majeſty; but being ſtill deſirous to exerciſe and improve his military character, notwithſtanding Nature had formed him particularly for ſhining in a court, he went into the French ſervice, having obtained leave of King Charles to make a campaign under the celebrated Marſhal de Turenne.

About this time he had ſome expectations of having the firſt regiment of Foot-guards; he depended upon the joint intereſt of the two Dukes of York and Monmouth, but was diſappointed by the latter; upon whoſe diſgrace however, in 1679, the Earl was appointed Lord-lieutenant of the county of York, and Governor of Hull, in his room. The ſame year he wrote his piece entitled The Character of a Tory; and the next year he gave a ſignal proof of his loyalty in commanding the forces ordered for the relief of Tangier. Having voluntarily offered his ſervice for that command, his honour would not ſuffer him to recede, notwithſtanding he apprehended a deſign againſt his life *, by the appointment of a ſhip to con-

* We are told that ſome of the Earl's enemies at court took an opportunity to put King Charles out of humour by mali-

vey him which the captain often declared to be in a condition not able to endure the voyage. But he survived the danger, and returning from the expedition crowned with ſucceſs, his Majeſty not long after

cious ſtories of him relating to ſome ladies in whom his Majeſty was not unconcerned. That by this and other contrivances all the good ſhips were otherwiſe employed, and that when his Lordſhip repreſented the unſafe condition of the ſhip appointed for him, both the Admiralty and the King aſſured him the ſhip was ſafe enough, and that no other could be got ready time enough for his expedition: ſo that the point being reduced to a ſtruggle between his honour and his life, he preferred the former, and reſolved, contrary to the advice of his friends, to venture his life, but at the ſame time adviſed ſeveral volunteers of diſtinction to wave the voyage, their honour not being equally concerned. That two days after they ſet ſail the ſhip leaked in ſo many places that, notwithſtanding the carpenters on board, they owed their ſafety to the pumps all the remainder of the voyage, which, by the advantage of very fine weather, they finiſhed in three weeks. That arriving at Tangier, they met Admiral Herbert, afterwards Earl of Torrington, who lifted his hands and eyes in amazement of their having performed ſuch a voyage in a ſhip which he had ſent home as unfit for ſervice. While he was at ſea we find he wrote a poem called The Viſion, where, though the tender paſſion is touched with his uſual delicacy, yet it is caſt in ſuch a gloomy form as is not common to his Lordſhip's Muſe, and therefore may well be thought to be inſpired by the ſenſibility of his preſent danger. The following lines, with which this piece concludes, are an exact ſpecimen of the temper of the whole, and will both explain and evince the truth of our remark.

The Spirit then reply'd to all I ſaid,
She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate;
Then ſhe will love when 't is, alas! too late:
Of all thy pains ſhe will no pity have,
Till ſad deſpair has ſent thee to the grave.

returned likewiſe to his uſual good nature. This melting away all the Earl's reſentment and chagrin *, immediately revived that hearty reſpect which had continually glowed in the breaſt of this ſubject, who remained ever after in high favour with that Prince, till by his death the crown devolved upon the head of his brother. By this change, what had before been the Earl of Mulgrave's dutiful allegiance became now his ardent affection. He had never known King Charles any other than his ſovereign, a circumſtance that naturally creates ſomewhat of a diſtant awe to the moſt gracious princes, but he had long before lived in a ſtate of familiar friendſhip with the Duke of York †, which therefore as naturally grew into the moſt af-

* We have a remarkable inſtance to what a height he carried it during the paſſage to Tangier. Among the volunteers who had a deſign of accompanying him, ſome deſiſted by his perſuaſion, but others having ſpoken their intention to go with him, thought their honour concerned in keeping their word. Among theſe was the Earl of Plymouth, a natural ſon of King Charles, who it is ſaid likewiſe entered heartily into his General's cauſe. They had been a fortnight at ſea when one of the company obſerving his Majeſty's health had never once been propoſed at the General's table, took the liberty of hinting it to him as an omiſſion occaſioned through forgetfulneſs, eſpecially conſidering a ſon of his Majeſty ſat there every day. The General anſwered he knew it very well, but muſt firſt get out of his rotten ſhip before he could make that health go merrily round.

† Both his Memoirs and his Account of the Revolution are ſo full of expreſſions of that kind, that one is apt even to think that the pleaſure of that part was the principal motive to the writing of them.

fectionate attachment to King James II. upon whose accession to the throne he was immediately sworn of the Privy Council, and the 20th of October following was appointed Lord Chamberlain of the Household. His sincere zeal for his master carried him even so far as to take a seat in the Ecclesiastical Commission *. It was this personal regard likewise that urged him to oppose all such imprudent steps which it was foreseen must unavoidably lead to the ruin of that unfortunate Prince †; and the same personal regard kept him at a great distance from having any share in those counsels where the measures were concerted for bringing about the Revolution.

In establishing the new settlement of the crown he yielded to the exigency of the occasion, being fully

* As this was one of the illegal steps taken by his master, he was in some danger of smarting for it after the Revolution; in which juncture he had the good fortune to find a friend, where perhaps he least expected it, in Dr. Tillotson, then Dean of Canterbury, who most generously interceding in his behalf procured his pardon.

† He declares that dislike of the King's measures in following the advice of the Roman Catholics, though at the same time, to shew his reluctance to the dislike, he says, "It spread like an "infection." "This," says he, "reached some of his Majesty's "ministers themselves. The Earls of Mulgrave and Middleton, "never the least tainted with being either false or factious, "yet the first of them, not only in execution of his office (Lord "Chamberlain) assisted openly all the Protestant clergy, but "absented himself from all the councils; and both of them, in "their own justification, took all occasions of deriding the ill "advice of the Papists."

perſuaded that the welfare of his country required ſuch a conduct. In this view it was that in the Convention Parliament he both ſpoke and voted for the conjunctive ſovereignty *. However, by that ſtep he greatly obliged the Prince of Orange, who had it much at heart to obtain this advantage over the Princeſs. The Earl had no employ under the new government for ſome years.

May the 10th, 1694, he was created Marquis of Normanby, in the county of Lincoln. But neither this teſtimony of King William's kindneſs, nor even a perſonal application, with very advantageous offers from his Majeſty †, could prevail upon him to deſiſt from

* We are told that ſome of his friends had heard him declare he had the following motive for this ſtep, that he thought the title of either perſon was equal; and ſince the parliament was to decide the matter, he judged it would much better pleaſe the prince, who was now become their protector, and was alſo in itſelf a thing more becoming ſo good a princeſs as Queen Mary to partake with her huſband a crown ſo obtained, than to poſſeſs it entirely as her own.

† We have the following account of this application from the penman of his Character. King William ſent one day for the Earl, and, after ſome little diſcourſe, offered to give him an additional title, with an annual penſion of 3000 *l.* and to make him of the Cabinet Council. The Earl gave him many thanks for his intended favours, and aſked, with humbleſt ſubmiſſion, what his Majeſty expected from him in return? adding, that he could not deny but that he was engaged in aſſiſting thoſe bills which his Majeſty did not at preſent approve of; he was ſorry his Majeſty did not; but whether he had the honour or not of ſerving him, he could not give them up, but muſt aſſiſt their ſucceſs to his utmoſt ability.

exerting his utmoſt vigour to procure and carry through both the treaſon-bill and that for eſtabliſhing triennial parliaments. He alſo oppoſed with great zeal the act which took away Sir John Fenwick's life. Yet ſo high was his reputation at Court, that the King took him into the Cabinet Council, and gave him a penſion of three thouſand pounds a-year. He received with pleaſure all theſe marks of eſteem that were paid to his diſtinguiſhed abilities, though he never had any good liking for that prince. But as ſoon as Queen Anne came into the poſſeſſion of the throne, he entered into her ſervice with all the warmth of the moſt affectionate duty, which was accepted on her part with the trueſt ſincerity. She gave him the Privy Seal, April 21ſt, 1702, juſt before her coronation, and preſently after it made him Lord-lieutenant and *Cuſtos Rotulorum* of the North Riding of Yorkſhire. In October following he was alſo appointed one of the Commiſſioners to treat of an union between England and Scotland; and, before the expiration of the year, was firſt created Duke of Normanby, March 9th, and then Duke of Buckinghamſhire, the 23d of the ſame month. He was made, too, one of the Governors of the Charter-houſe this year; yet he did not ſit long eaſy in his preſent advantageous ſituation. He grew by degrees jealous of his rival the Duke of Marlborough, and not brooking the ſuperior power of that favourite with his miſtreſs, he threw up the Privy

Seal entirely against her mind; so that to remove his discontentment, and procure a reconciliation, she made him an offer of the Lord Chancellor's place, which was also refused by him. During this ill-humour he suffered party-prejudice to transport him beyond the bounds both of his honour and good sense*. Yet in 1705, March 21st, the Queen readily admitted him to kiss her hand upon the marriage of his third wife, who was a natural daughter to King James II.† During this recess from public business he finished his

* He threw up the Seals in March, and at the meeting of the new parliament in November following, Lord Haversham moved the House of Peers that the Princess Sophia might be sent for into England, as necessary to secure the succession in the house of Hanover. This motion was seconded by the Duke of Bucks, and the Earls of Rochester, Nottingham, and Anglesey.

† Her mother was Katharine Sedley, daughter to the ingenious Sir Charles Sedley. King James, by a warrant dated Dec. 1688, dignified his daughter by her with the name of Lady Katharine Darnley, gave her the place of a duke's daughter, and empowered her to bear the royal arms within a border compone, ermine and azure, the azure charged with flower-de-lis of France, and for supporters, on the dexter side an unicorn ermine, his horn, main, and hoofs, Or, accolled with a chaplet of red roses, barbed and seeded proper, and on the sinister a goat ermine, horned and hoofed azure, with a like chaplet about his neck as has the dexter. She was left very young a widow by James Earl of Anglesey, from whom she was parted at her own suit, though the Earl long opposed it, by the unanimous consent of both Houses of parliament, for the Earl's cruelty and causeless ill usage of her. It was thought by some that his Lordship had a tincture of distraction, as was, they said, plain from his conduct to her. They lived together only one year.

houſe in St. James's Park, having before obtained a grant of the ſite of it from the Crown.

The Duke continued out of employ till the general change of the miniſtry in 1710; in effecting which he had ſome ſhare, and was preſently made Lord Steward of the Houſehold, whence he was advanced the following year to be Lord Preſident of the Council. He joined in all the meaſures of that remarkable miniſtry*, (of which himſelf was a conſiderable part) excepting in the affair of the Catalans only, whoſe lives and liberties he thought too much expoſed by that part of the plan of the peace of Utrecht; and he

His Grace was firſt married to Urſula, daughter of Colonel Stawel, and widow of Earl Conway. His ſecond wife was Lady Catharine, eldeſt daughter to Fulk Greville, Lord Brooke, widow of Baptiſt Noel Earl of Gainſborough; ſhe died in 1703-4. His Grace had no iſſue by either of theſe ladies, to whom, we are told by ſeveral, he ſhewed but little deference: and indeed the natural children he had during theſe marriages give but too much room to believe the truth of that cenſure. However, his Grace makes a kind mention, in his Will, of all his wives, declaring that "he had had the moſt extraordinary bleſſing of "three kind and excellent wives." He alſo deſired to be buried near his ſecond lady in Weſtminſter-abbey, and intimates that he would have removed the corpſe of his firſt wife to the ſame grave, had the not lain near her own mother in the country.

* It is ſaid he had made his addreſſes to the Queen in the way of love before her marriage with the Prince of Denmark. This is hinted by Mrs. Manley in the ſtyle and manner of her Memoirs of the Engliſh Court. Mr. Boyer alſo takes notice of it in his hiſtory of this Queen. "Some years," ſays he, "before "the Queen was married to Prince George, the Marquis of

laboured heartily, though without ſucceſs, to obtain a better ſecurity for that ill-fortuned people, who had entirely relied on England for protection. Notwithſtanding his diſagreement with the Earl of Oxford in this particular, yet he continued his friendſhip to that miniſter after his diſgrace; and though the Duke, in virtue of his poſt, became, on the death of the Queen, one of the Lords Juſtices for governing the kingdom till the arrival of her ſucceſſor in England, yet he never afterwards entered into any of the concerns at Court, and conſtantly oppoſed the ſteps purſued by the adminiſtration, ſpending ſome of his leiſure hours in the moſt elegant manner with his Muſe *.

In 1716 his lady brought him a ſon †, whom he left

"Normanby, then Earl of Mulgrave, a nobleman of ſingular "accompliſhments both of mind and perſon, and of a plenti- "ful fortune, aſpired ſo high as to (attempt to) marry the Lady "Anne: but though his addreſſes to her were checked as ſoon "as diſcovered, yet the Princeſs had ever an eſteem for him."

* Witneſs his Seſſion of the Poets upon the choice of a Laureat in 1719, and thoſe excellent lines on Mr. Pope. It was at this time alſo that he wrote his two tragedies of Julius Cæſar and the Death of Brutus; for the latter of which the juſt-mentioned poet compoſed two choruſes, which were ſet to muſic by Signor Bononcini, and perfórmed at Buckingham-houſe. Mr. (now Biſhop) Warburton obſerves, that the two choruſes were made at the requeſt of the Duke, to adorn a very poor performance of his; and that they have the uſual effect of all ill-adjuſted ornaments, they make the meanneſs of the piece more conſpicuous.

† She had brought the Duke ſeveral children before this, as, firſt, a daughter chriſtened Sophia, who died very young, and two ſons, to the firſt of which Queen Anne, as a god-mother

a child of nine years old at his death, which happened Feb. 24th, 1720-21, at the age of seventy-one. His corpse lay magnificently in state for a considerable time at Buckingham-house, whence it was conveyed with the greatest funeral pomp to Westminster-abbey, where, being interred according to his own request, a sumptuous monument was erected afterwards to his memory in Henry VII.'s Chapel, for which purpose he left 500 *l.* by his will, and directed an epitaph, written by himself, to be put upon it. But one expression was omitted by order of Dr. Atterbury *, then

gave the name of John, who lived but three weeks, and the year after another son called Robert, and styled Marquis of Normanby, born Dec. 11. 1711. On his death his father wrote a tender poem, which ends thus:

But why so much digression
This fatal loss to show,
Alas! there 's no expression
Can tell a parent's woe.

After this there was another daughter christened Sophia Catharina Henrietta, who lived till she was four years of age.

* The expression was *Christum adveneror*, which he thought intended by the Duke in derogation of the divine nature of the Son of God; and the next remark will shew he had ground for that opinion, notwithstanding another worthy clergyman has likewise shewn the words otherwise fairly capable of a higher meaning, being used by Varro to signify even the highest act of religious worship, who says, *Venerem et Minervam advenerari*. The original epitaph is

Dubius sed non improbus vixi.
Incertus morior sed inturbatus.
Humanum est nescire et errare.
Christum adveneror, Deo confido
Omnipotenti, benevolentissimo.
Eus Entium miserere mihi.

Dean of that church, who would not ſuffer it to ſtand there; and indeed the whole, after many declarations of his religious ſentiments which are found interſperſed up and down in his writings, too plainly ſpeaks him a Theiſt *, yet not without ſome mixture of a ſuperſtitioous caſt in his compoſition †.

* Among theſe paſſages we ſhall produce only that in his Ode on Brutus, the rather becauſe it ſeems to have been written about the ſame time with the Epitaph.

'Tis ſaid that favourite mankind
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find
'Tis only one man tells another ſo.
And for this great dominion here
Which over other beaſts we claim,
Reaſon our beſt credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how abſurdly we may ſee with ſhame:
Reaſon, that ſolemn trifler! light as air,
Driv'n up and down by cenſure or applauſe,
By partial love away 't is blown,
Or the leaſt prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our ſnare.
In any nice and weighty cauſe
How weak at beſt is Reaſon! yet the grave
Impoſe on that ſmall judgment which we have.

† I have ventured to aſſert this from ſeveral paſſages in his Works, ſome of the moſt remarkable of which ſhall be laid before the reader for his judgment. In the poem already mentioned, written in his voyage to Tangier, the plan of which is a Viſion, he concludes thus;

Amaz'd, I wak'd in haſte,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft' repeat adventures paſt,
And tell our ills to come.

Again, in his Memoirs of himſelf, ſpeaking of the death of the Earl of Sandwich, he makes the following remark. He dined in Mr. Digby's ſhip the day before the battle, when no body dreamed of fighting, and ſhewed a gloomy diſcontent, ſo con-

Mr. Pope having declined to write his character, there came out in 1723 his Works pompouſly printed, with his picture prefixed, curiouſly engraved from an original painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller, as alſo a

trary to his uſual cheerful humour, that we even then all took notice of it, but much more afterwards. The next inſtance is more full to our purpoſe: it is in the ſame Memoirs where he relates ſeveral paſſages in his firſt adventure at ſea. Our fleet, ſays he, happening to go near the ſhore to take in freſh water, Prince Rupert dined with a gentleman who lived thereabouts, and returning on board in a little boat with only Lord Blaney and myſelf, there happened ſo ſudden and violent a ſtorm that we did not like it, and Prince Rupert began to talk of Prince Maurice being caſt away by a like accident. Upon which, continues our Author, I could not but reflect on my family alſo, ſince my grandfather and three of his brothers had been drowned. The Lord Blaney hearing all this, made us all laugh in the midſt of our danger, by ſwearing that though he liked our company he wiſhed himſelf out of it, and in any other boat whatſoever, ſince he feared the ill fortune of our two families would ſink him. The ſtory of his grandfather and three brothers is in the Peerage of England by Mr. Collins, who tells us there were in all five brothers, one of whom was drowned in France, three others loſt their lives in the paſſage of Whitgift-ferry over the river Humber, and the youngeſt brake his neck in a new riding-houſe which his father had made out of an old conſecrated chapel, according to Sir William Dugdale. This father was the firſt Earl of Mulgrave in the family, being created by Queen Elizabeth, by whoſe expreſs command he, among other Engliſh lords, attended the Duke of Anjou to Antwerp; and being in the famous ſea-fight againſt the Spaniards in 1558, who had threatened an invaſion, was knighted by the Lord Admiral for his gallant deportment and memorable ſervice in that engagement. He was afterwards appointed Governor of the Briel in Zealand, and made a knight of the Garter. The title of Lord Sheffield of Butterwick was firſt given

draught of his monument, with the epitaph, and the following inſcription; "To the memory of John Shef-
" field, Duke of Buckingham, theſe his more laſting
" Remains, the monument of his mind, and more per-
" fect image of himſelf, are here collected by the di-
" rection of Catharine his Ducheſs; deſiring that his
" aſhes may be honoured, and his fame and merit com-
" mitted to the teſt of time, truth, and poſterity." The whole impreſſion being ſeized at the preſs by his Majeſty's meſſengers, ſome pieces in it which gave offence to the Government were ſuppreſſed in the publication. However, in 1729, a ſecond edition was publiſhed in 8vo, wherein the caſtrated ſheets were inſerted, and there was alſo prefixed "A ſhort character of the Duke
" of Buckinghamſhire, together with an account of
" the pedigree of the Sheffield family, and his Grace's
" Laſt Will and Teſtament, written with his own
" hand without any aſſiſtance."

in the firſt of Edward VI. to Edmund Sheffield, our Duke's great-great-grandfather, who was killed in an inſurrection of the common people of Norfolk the next year, he being one of the nobles who accompanied the Marquis of Northampton to ſuppreſs them, when his horſe fell into a ditch near Norwich; whereupon pulling off his helmet to ſhew the rebels who he was, a butcher ſlew him with his club. The manor of Butterwick came into the family by the marriage of Sir Robert Sheffield, knighted by Edward I. with Janet, daughter and coheireſs to Alexander Laird of Butterwick. This Robert's father, who was himſelf alſo Sir Robert Sheffield, lived in the time of Henry III. and was the firſt anceſtor of this family mentioned in hiſtory.

With regard to his character it is obſerved, that in his perſon his Grace was tall; and though not perhaps the moſt exactly ſhaped, being thought a little too long waiſted, and rather too narrow in his cheſt and ſhoulders, yet all together he looked more like a man of quality than moſt of his rank who were his contemporaries. He was allowed to be handſome, his face being a regular oval, and all the features of it well proportioned. His countenance had an extraordinary ſweetneſs, joined with a lively and penetrating look, which at firſt ſight ſtruck you with an idea of that great underſtanding of which he gave the world ſuch various proofs. He had one thing very particular, that laughing heartily, which is ſeldom advantageous to any body, was in him uncommonly agreeable. And as it was generally allowed that no body exceeded him in perſon when young, ſo few, if any, were ever ſo agreeable when old.

As to his manners, he was reported not to be good-natured, and to be very haughty and proud; whereas he was really good-natured, and ſo tender that, upon ſeeing in the ſtreets any real object of compaſſion, he has ſeveral times been touched to a degree of bringing tears into his eyes. He was affected in the ſame manner upon reading a melancholy ſtory, or hearing of any friendly and generous behaviour. He was a little paſſionate, and ſometimes quick upon people that had given him no occaſion; which was the caſe ſometimes of his moſt

familiar friends, or gentlemen who came freely to visit him; but then he was never easy till he had made them some amends. When he was disobliged by his equals, or even by his King to his thinking not well treated, he carried it pretty high till he had got the better of the first, and prevailed on the other to change his proceedings more to his satisfaction. But except upon such occasions no man on earth could carry himself with more good breeding and humanity. And in all his conversations with his inferiors, you could not think he judged there was any difference betwixt him and them. He would talk as familiarly to his servants as if he was not their master, and often said, "I was angry with you a little time ago, "but I don't mean half the things I say in a passion."

He was by many thought not to have made a very good husband to his first and second wives; yet this second had by a former husband two daughters, whom he always treated with the greatest respect and kindness, as themselves always acknowledged; and after her death he contributed to marry one of her daughters to one of the best matches in the kingdom.

The liberties which he allowed himself in relation to the ladies are well known. Yet this ought to be remarked as a proof of his good sense, that none of his mistresses could ever prevail upon him to marry foolishly, or ever gained too great an ascendant over him; and some years before his death he shewed a

good deal of concern for that kind of libertiniſm into which an impetuoſity of temper, too much neglected in his education, together with the prevailing faſhion of that Court in which he lived, had too often hurried him.

He was by his worſt enemies allowed to have lived always very kindly with his laſt wife. Whenever ſhe was very ill or in danger, which generally happened when ſhe was with child, or at her lying-in, he ſhewed all poſſible marks of concern; and when there was more than ordinary danger, his ſervants often found him on his knees at prayers; and on thoſe occaſions he has made vows, in caſe ſhe recovered, to give in charities ſometimes two hundred, ſometimes three hundred pounds at a time, which he performed punctually.

He was thought to be too ſaving in money matters, but that opinion was occaſioned by little trifling accidents, or rather an humour which indiſcreet people knew not how to manage; for in reality he was not to be called covetous. It is certain his affection to his laſt ducheſs over-balanced his diſpoſition that way, for he always paid her pin-money to a day; and notwithſtanding ſome ill accidents in his fortune might have juſtified an omiſſion or delay, when her penſion from the Crown of 1200 *l.* a-year, part of the proviſion made for her by King James II. (the payment of which, by the ill offices of a favourite at Court, had

been for ſome time diſcontinued) and when by a juſt repreſentation to Queen Anne by Lord-Treaſurer Oxford that penſion began to be repaid, he always brought the money to her, deſiring her to take what part of it ſhe pleaſed for her own uſe, of which ſhe always took one third. But there is a ſtrong indication of his neglecting money matters too much. He loſt a great part of his fortune merely through an indolence and unwillingneſs to take the pains to viſit his eſtates at ſome diſtance from London in the ſpace of forty years.

In a word, he was a good huſband, a juſt and tender father, a conſtant zealous friend, and, one may add, the moſt agreeable of companions.

As to religion, Biſhop Burnet tells us he was looked on as indifferent to all particular profeſſions, and that he was apt to comply in every thing that might be acceptable to King James, going with his Majeſty to maſs and kneeling at it; ſo that when that court thought of making converts to Popery, and the prieſts made an attack upon him, he told them he was willing to receive inſtructions; that he had taken much pains to bring himſelf to believe in God, who made the world and all men in it, but it muſt not be an ordinary force of argument that could make him believe that man was quits with God, and made God.

His Grace's only ſurviving child, Edmond, was a youth of the greateſt hopes. He was left ſolely to the

care of his mother, and being of a weakly conſtitution was carried by her, who conſtantly attended him, ſoon after his father's death, into foreign parts on account of his health, which obliged him to reſide a great part of his time out of his native country. He was admitted, on the 26th of July 1732, of Queen's College in Oxford, and reſided there about a year and a half, only during the public act in 1733 he retired from the college, his modeſty not permitting him to aſſiſt at that ſolemnity, in which it is uſual for the academical nobles to pronounce exerciſes in public. Tender as he was, yet fired with the example of his anceſtors, many of whom had ſignalized themſelves in the wars, in 1734 he went a volunteer into the French army, then under the command of his uncle the Duke of Berwick in Germany, whom he ſerved as Aid-de-camp at the ſieges of Fort Kehl and Philipſburgh, till the Marſhal loſt his head by a cannon-ball from the walls of the latter. This cataſtrophe put an end to the nephew's campaign. The next year intending to try the air of Naples, he advanced in his way thither as far as Rome, where he found his ſtrength ſo much waſted, that he was not able to purſue the journey any farther. He remained in this city till the very laſt ſhock of his diſtemper, which he ſuſtained with admirable fortitude and reſignation, ſaying, "He "would ride out the ſtorm in the chair where he ſat." He died Oct. 30th, 1735, at Rome, but his body was

brought into England, and after lying in ſtate at Buckingham-houſe, was conveyed to Weſtminſter-abbey with a like funeral ſolemnity to that of his father, by whoſe ſide he was interred. His effigy, curiouſly done in wax, lies over his tomb in Henry VII.'s chapel. Mr. Pope wrote an epitaph for him. By his death the Sheffield family became extinct, and the whole eſtate came into the hands of the old Duke's natural ſon, Charles Herbert, who taking the name of Sheffield, in purſuance of his father's Will, entered alſo, after the death of the Ducheſs in 1742, into poſſeſſion of the houſe in St. James's Park, which he enjoyed with a fair character.

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING

HIS GRACE AND HIS WRITINGS.

Earl of ROSCOMMON. *Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe.*

HAPPY that author whoſe correct Eſſay *
Repairs ſo well our old Horatian way.

DRYDEN. *Abſalom and Abithophel.*

Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muſes' friend,
Himſelf a Muſe—In Sanhedrin's debate
True to his prince, but not a ſlave of ſtate.

DRYDEN. *Verſes to Lord Roſcommon.*

How will ſweet Ovid's ghoſt be pleas'd to hear
His fame augmented by an Engliſh peer?
How he embelliſhes his Helen's loves,
Outdoes in ſoftneſs, and his ſenſe improves?

DRYDEN. *Preface to Virgil's Æneis.*

Your Eſſay on Poetry, which was publiſhed without a name, and of which I was not honoured with the confidence, I read over and over with much delight, and as much inſtruction; and, without flattering you, or making myſelf more moral than I am,

* Eſſay on Poetry.

not without ſome envy, I was loath to be informed how an epic poem ſhould be written, or how a tragedy ſhould be contrived and managed, in better verſe, and with more judgment, than I could teach others.

I gave the unknown author his due commendation, I muſt confeſs; but who can anſwer for me, and for the reſt of the poets, who heard me read the poem, whether we ſhould not have been better pleaſed to have ſeen our own names at the bottom of the title-page? Perhaps we commended it the more, that we might ſeem to be above the cenſure, &c.

DRYDEN. *Ibid.*

This is but doing juſtice to my country, part of which honour will reflect on your Lordſhip, whoſe thoughts are always juſt, your numbers harmonious, your words choſen, your expreſſions ſtrong and manly, your verſe flowing, and your turns as happy as they are eaſy. If you would ſet us more copies, your example would make all precepts needleſs. In the meantime, that little you have writ is owned, and that particularly by the poets, (who are a nation not overlaviſh of praiſe to their contemporaries) as a particular ornament of our language: but the ſweeteſt eſſences are always confined in the ſmalleſt glaſſes.

DRYDEN. *Dedication to Aurengzebe.*

How great and manly in your Lordſhip is your

contempt of popular applauſe, and your retired virtue, which ſhines only to a few, with whom you live ſo eaſily and freely, that you make it evident you have a ſoul which is capable of all the tenderneſs of friendſhip, and that you only retire yourſelf from thoſe who are not capable of returning it! Your kindneſs, where you have once placed it, is inviolable; and it is to that only I attribute my happineſs in your love. This makes me more eaſily forſake an argument on which I could otherwiſe delight to dwell, I mean your judgment in your choice of friends, becauſe I have the honour to be one: after which, I am ſure, you will more eaſily permit me to be ſilent in the care you have taken of my fortune, which you have reſcued not only from the power of others, but from my worſt of enemies, my own modeſty and lazineſs; which favour, had it been employed on a more deſerving ſubject, had been an effect of juſtice in your nature, but as placed on me is only charity: yet, withal, it is conferred on ſuch a man as prefers your kindneſs itſelf before any of its conſequences, and who values as the greateſt of your favours thoſe of your love and of your converſation. From this conſtancy to your friends I might reaſonably aſſume that your reſentments would be as ſtrong and laſting, if they were not reſtrained by a nobler principle of good-nature and generoſity; for certainly it is the ſame compoſition of mind, the ſame reſolution and courage, which

makes the greateſt friendſhips and the greateſt enmities. To this firmneſs in all your actions (though you are wanting in no other ornaments of mind and body, yet to this) I principally aſcribe the intereſt your merits have acquired you in the royal family. A prince who is conſtant to himſelf, and ſteady in all his undertakings; one with whom the character of Horace will agree,

Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.

Such a one cannot but place an eſteem, and repoſe a confidence, on him whom no adverſity, no change of courts, no bribery of intereſt, or cabal of factions, or advantages of fortune, can remove from the ſolid foundations of honour and fidelity.

Ille meos, primus qui me ſibi junxit, amores
Abſtulit, ille habeat ſecum, ſervetque ſepulcro.

How well your Lordſhip will deſerve that praiſe I need no inſpiration to foretel: you have already left no room for propheſy: your early undertakings have been ſuch, in the ſervice of your king and country, when you offered yourſelf to the moſt dangerous employment, that of the ſea; when you choſe to abandon thoſe delights to which your youth and fortune did invite you, to undergo the hazards, and, which was worſe, the company, of common ſeamen, that you have made it evident you will refuſe no opportunity of rendering yourſelf uſeful to the nation, when either your courage or conduct ſhall be required.

Biſhop BURNET. *Preface to Sir T. More's Utopia.*

Our language is now certainly properer and more natural than it was formerly, chiefly ſince the correction that was given by the Rehearſal; and it is to be hoped that the Eſſay on Poetry, which may be well matched with the beſt pieces of its kind that even Auguſtus's age produced, will have a more powerful operation, if clear ſenſe, joined with home but gentle reproofs, can work more on our writers than that unmerciful expoſing of them has done.

ADDISON. *Spectator*, N°. 253.

We have three poems in our tongue which are of the ſame nature, and each of them a maſterpiece in its kind, the Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, the Eſſay on Poetry, and the Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Lord LANSDOWNE. *Eſſay on Unnatural Flights*, &c.

Firſt Mulgrave roſe, Roſcommon next, like light,
To clear our darkneſs, and to guide our flight;
With ſteady judgment, and in lofty ſounds,
They gave us patterns, and they ſet us bounds.
The Stagyrite and Horace laid aſide,
Inform'd by them we need no foreign guide:
Who ſeek from poetry a laſting name,
May in their leſſons learn the road to fame.

PRIOR. *Alma, Cant. 2.*

Happy the poet, bleſs'd the lays,
Which Buckingham has deign'd to praiſe.

GARTH. *Diſpenſary.*

Now Tyber's ſtreams no courtly Gallus ſee,
But ſmiling Thames enjoys his Normanby.

POPE. *Eſſay on Criticiſm.*

Yet ſome there were among the ſounder few,
Of thoſe who leſs preſum'd and better knew,
Who durſt aſſert the juſter ancient cauſe,
And here reſtor'd Wit's fundamental laws:
Such was the Muſe whoſe rules and practice tell
"Nature's chief maſterpiece is writing well."

POPE. *Miſcellanies.*

Muſe! 't is enough; at length thy labour ends,
And thou ſhalt live, for Buckingham commends.
Let crowds of critics now my verſe aſſail,
Let Dennis write, and nameleſs numbers rail;
This more than pays whole years of thankleſs pain,
Time, health, and fortune, are not loſt in vain:
Sheffield approves, conſenting Phœbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends.

To the Memory of

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM,

Theſe his more laſting

REMAINS,

(The Monument of his Mind, and more perfect Image of himſelf)

Are here collected by the direction of

KATHARINE HIS DUCHESS,

Deſiring that his

ASHES MAY BE HONOURED,

And his

FAME AND MERIT

Committed to the teſt of

TIME, TRUTH, AND POSTERITY.

MISCELLANIES.

THE DREAM.

READY to throw me at the feet
Of that fair nymph whom I adore,
Impatient thoſe delights to meet
Which I enjoy'd the night before;

By her wonted ſcornful brow
Soon the fond miſtake I find;
Ixion mourn'd his error ſo,
When Juno's form the cloud reſign'd.

Sleep, to make its charms more priz'd
Than waking joys, which moſt prevail,
Had cunningly itſelf diſguis'd
In a ſhape that could not fail.

There my Celia's ſnowy arms,
Breaſts, and others parts more dear,
Expoſing new and unknown charms,
To my tranſported ſoul appear.

Then you ſo much kindneſs ſhow,
My deſpair deluded flies,
And indulgent Dreams beſtow
What your cruelty denies.

Bluſh not that your image Love
Naked to my fancy brought;
'Tis hard, methinks, to diſapprove
The joys I feel without your fault.

Wonder not a fancy'd bliſs
Can ſuch griefs as mine remove;
That honour as fantaſtic is
Which makes you ſlight ſuch conſtant love.

The virtue which you value so
Is but a fancy frail and vain;
Nothing is solid here below
Except my love and your disdain.

THE WARNING.

Lovers, who waste your thoughts and youth
In passion's fond extremes,
Who dream of women's love and truth,
And dote upon your dreams;

I should not here your fancy take
From such a pleasing state,
Were you not sure at last to wake,
And find your fault too late.

Then learn betimes the love which crowns
Our cares is all but wiles,
Compos'd of false fantastic frowns,
And soft dissembling smiles.

With anger, which sometimes they feign,
They cruel tyrants prove,
And then turn flatterers again
With as affected love.

As if ſome injury was meant
To thoſe they kindly us'd,
Thoſe lovers are the moſt content
That have been ſtill refus'd.

Since each has in his boſom nurſt
A falſe and fawning foe,
'Tis juſt and wiſe, by ſtriking firſt,
To 'ſcape the fatal blow.

THE VENTURE.

Oh, how I languiſh! what a ſtrange
Unruly fierce deſire!
My ſpirits feel ſome wondrous change,
My heart is all on fire.

Now, all ye wiſer thoughts, away!
In vain your tale ye tell
Of patient hopes and dull delay,
Love's foppiſh part; farewell.

Suppoſe one week's delay would give
All that my wiſhes move,
Oh! who ſo long a time can live,
Stretch'd on the rack of love?

Her ſoul perhaps is too ſublime
To like ſuch ſlaviſh fear;
Diſcretion, prudence, all is crime,
If once condemn'd by her.

When honour does the ſoldier call
To ſome unequal fight,
Reſolv'd to conquer or to fall
Before his general's ſight;

Advanc'd the happy hero lives;
Or if ill Fate denies,
The noble raſhneſs Heav'n forgives,
And glorioufly he dies.

THE RELAPSE.

Like children in a ſtarry night,
When I beheld thoſe eyes before,
I gaz'd with wonder and delight,
Inſenſible of all their power.

I play'd about the flame ſo long,
At laſt I felt the ſcorching fire;
My hopes were weak, my paſſion ſtrong,
And I lay dying with deſire.

By all the helps of human art
I juſt recover'd ſo much ſenſe
As to avoid, with heavy heart,
The fair but fatal influence.

But ſince you ſhine away deſpair,
And now my ſighs no longer ſhun,
No Perſian in his zealous prayer
So much adores the riſing ſun.

If once again my vows diſpleaſe,
There never was ſo loſt a lover.
In love, that languiſhing diſeaſe,
A ſad Relapſe we ne'er recover.

THE RECOVERY.

SIGHING and languiſhing I lay,
A ſtranger grown to all delight,
Paſſing with tedious thoughts the day,
And with unquiet dreams the night.

For your dear ſake, my only care
Was how my fatal love to hide;
For ever drooping with deſpair,
Neglecting all the world beſide;

Till, like ſome angel from above,
Cornelia came to my relief,
And then I found the joys of love
Can make amends for all the grief.

Thoſe pleaſing hopes I now purſue
Might fail if you could prove unjuſt;
But promiſes from Heav'n and you
Who is ſo impious to miſtruſt?

Here all my doubts and troubles end,
One tender word my ſoul aſſures;
Nor am I vain, ſince I depend
Not on my own deſert but your's.

THE CONVERT.

Dejected, as true Converts die,
But yet with fervent thoughts inflam'd,
So, Faireſt! at your feet I lie,
Of all my ſex's faults aſham'd.

Too long, alas! have I abus'd
Love's innocent and ſacred flame,
And that divineſt pow'r have us'd
To laugh at as an idle name.

But ſince ſo freely I confeſs
A crime which may your ſcorn produce,
Allow me now to make it leſs
By any juſt and fair excuſe.

I then did vulgar joys purſue;
Variety was all my bliſs;
But ignorant of love and you,
How could I chuſe but do amiſs?

If ever now my wand'ring eyes
Seek out amuſements as before;
If e'er I look but to deſpiſe
Such charms, and value your's the more,

May ſad remorſe and guilty ſhame
Revenge your wrongs on faithleſs me;
And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
May I loſe all in loſing thee!

THE SURPRISE.

Safely, perhaps, dull crowds admire,
But I, alas! am all on fire.
Like him who thought in childhood paſt
That dire diſeaſe which kill'd at laſt,
I durſt have ſworn I lov'd before,
And fancy'd all the danger o'er;

Had felt the pangs of jealous pain,
And borne the blasts of cold disdain,
Then reap'd at length the mighty gains,
That full reward of all our pains!
But what was all such grief or joy
That did my heedless ears employ?
Mere dreams of feign'd fantastic pow'rs,
But the disease of idle hours;
Amusement, humour, affectation,
Compar'd with this sublimer passion,
Whose raptures, bright as those above,
Outshine the flames of zeal or love.
Yet think not, Fairest! what I sing
Can from a love Platonic spring,
That formal softness (false and vain)
Not of the heart, but of the brain.
Thou art indeed above all nature,
But I, a wretched human creature,
Wanting thy gentle generous aid,
Of husband, rivals, friends, afraid,
Amidst all this seraphic fire
Am almost dying with desire,
With eager wishes, ardent thoughts,
Prone to commit love's wildest faults;
And (as we are on Sundays told
The lusty Patriarch did of old)
Would force a blessing from those charms,
And grasp an angel in my arms.

THE VISION.

Written during a sea voyage, when sent to command the forces for the relief of Tangier.

WITHIN the silent shades of soft repose,
Where Fancy's boundless stream for ever flows;
Where the enfranchis'd soul at ease can play,
Tir'd with the toilsome bus'ness of the day;
Where princes gladly rest their weary heads,
And change uneasy thrones for downy beds;
Where seeming joys delude despairing minds,
And where ev'n Jealousy some quiet finds;
There I and Sorrow for a while could part,
Sleep clos'd my eyes, and eas'd a sighing heart.

But here too soon a wretched lover found
In deepest griefs the sleep can ne'er be found;
With strange surprise my troubled fancy brings
Odd antic shapes of wild unheard-of things;
Dismal and terrible they all appear,
My soul was shook with an unusual fear.
But as when visions glad the eyes of saints,
And kind relief attends devout complaints,
Some beauteous angel in bright charms will shine,
And spreads a glory round that's all divine;
Just such a bright and beauteous form appears,
The monsters vanish, and with them my fears.

The fairest shape was then before me brought
That eyes e'er saw or fancy ever thought:
How weak are words to shew such excellence,
Which ev'n confounds the soul as well as sense!
And while our eyes transporting pleasure find,
It stops not here, but strikes the very mind.
Some angel speaks her praise; no human tongue
But with its utmost art must do her wrong.
The only woman that has pow'r to kill,
And yet is good enough to want the will,
Who needs no soft alluring words repeat,
Nor study'd looks of languishing deceit.
Fantastic beauty, always in the wrong,
Still thinks some pride must to its pow'r belong:
An air affected, and an haughty mien,
Something that seems to say I would be seen:
But of all womankind this only she,
Full of its charms, and from its frailty free;
Deserves some nobler Muse her fame to raise,
By making the whole sex beside her pyramid of praise.
She, she appear'd the source of all my joys,
The dearest care that all my thought employs:
Gently she look'd, as when I left her last,
When first she seiz'd my heart, and held it fast;
When if my vows, alas! were made too late,
I saw my doom came not from her but Fate.
With pity then she eas'd my raging pain,
And her kind eyes could scarce from tears refrain:

"Why, gentle Swain!" said she, "why do you grieve
"In words I should not hear, much less believe?
"I gaze on that which is a fault to mind,
"And ought to fly the danger which I find:
"Of false mankind tho' you may be the best,
"Ye all have robb'd poor women of their rest.
"I see your pain, and see it too with grief,
"Because I would, yet must not, give relief,
"Thus, for a husband's sake as well as your's,
"My scrupulous soul divided pain endures;
"Guilty, alas! to both: for thus I do
"Too much for him, yet not enough for you.
"Give over, then, give over, hapless Swain!
"A passion moving, but a passion vain:
"Not chance nor time shall ever change my thought:
"'Tis better much to die than do a fault."

Oh, worse than ever! Is it then my doom
Just to see heav'n, where I must never come?
Your soft compassion, if not something more,
Yet I remain as wretched as before;
The wind indeed is fair, but, ah! no sight of shore.
Farewell, too scrupulous Fair-one! oh! farewell;
What torments I endure no tongue can tell:
Thank Heav'n my fate transports me now where I,
Your martyr, may with ease and safety die.

With that I kneel'd, and seiz'd her trembling hand,
While she impos'd this cruel kind command:

" Live, and love on; you will be true, I know;
" But live then, and come back to tell me so;
" For tho' I bluſh at this laſt guilty breath,
" I can endure that better than your death."
Tormenting kindneſs! barbarous reprieve!
Condemn'd to die, and yet compell'd to live!
This tender ſcene my dream repeated o'er,
Juſt as it paſs'd in real truth before.
Methought I then fell grovelling to the ground,
Till, on a ſudden rais'd, I, wond'ring, found
A ſtrange appearance all in taintleſs white;
His form gave reverence, and his face delight;
Goodneſs and greatneſs in his eyes were ſeen,
Gentle his look, and affable his mien.
A kindly notice of me thus he took;
" What mean theſe flowing eyes, this ghaſtly look,
" Theſe trembling joints, this looſe diſhevell'd hair,
" And this cold dew, the drops of deep deſpair?"
With grief and wonder firſt my ſpirits faint,
But thus at laſt I vented my complaint:
Behold a wretch whom cruel Fate has found,
And in the depth of all misfortune drown'd.
There ſhines a nymph to whom an envy'd ſwain
Is ty'd in Hymen's ceremonious chain;
But, cloy'd with charms of ſuch a marriage-bed,
And fed with manna, yet he longs for bread,
And will, moſt huſband-like, not only range
For love perhaps of nothing elſe but change,

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And will, moſt huſband-like, not only range
For love perhaps of nothing elſe but change,

But to inferior beauty proſtrate lies,
And courts her love in ſcorn of Flavia's eyes.
" All this I knew, (the form divine reply'd)
" And did but aſk to have thy temper try'd,
" Which prove ſincere. Of both I know the mind;
" She is too ſcrupulous, and thou too kind:
" But ſince thy fatal love 's for ever fix'd,
" Whatever time or abſence come betwixt;
" Since thy fond heart ev'n her diſdain prefers
" To others' love, I 'll ſomething ſoften her's;
" Elſe in the ſearch of virtue ſhe may ſtray;
" Well-meaning mortals ſhould not loſe their way.
" She now indeed ſins on the ſafer ſide,
" For hearts too looſe are never to be ty'd;
" But no extremes are either good or wiſe,
" And in the midſt alone true virtue lies.
" When marriage-vows unite an equal pair,
" 'Tis a mere contract made by human care,
" By which they both are for convenience ty'd,
" The bridegroom yet more ſtrictly than the bride;
" For circumſtances alter ev'ry ill,
" And woman meets with moſt temptation ſtill;
" She a forſaken bed muſt often bear,
" While he can never fail to find her there,
" And therefore leſs excus'd to range elſewhere.
" Yet this ſhe ought to ſuffer, and ſubmit:
" But when no longer for each other fit,
" If uſage baſe ſhall juſt reſentment move,
" Or, what is worſe, affronts of wand'ring love,

" No obligation after that remains:
" 'Tis mean, not juſt, to wear a rival's chains.
" Yet decency requires the wonted cares
" Of int'reſt, children, and remote affairs;
" But in her love, that dear concern of life,
" She all the while may be another's wife:
" Heav'n, that beholds her wrong'd and widow'd bed,
" Permits a lover in her huſband's ſtead."
I flung me at his feet, his robes would kiſs,
And cry'd—Ev'n our baſe world is juſt in this;
Amidſt our cenſures love we gently blame,
And love ſometimes preſerves a female fame.
What tie leſs ſtrong can woman's will reſtrain?
When honour checks, and conſcience pleads in vain;
When parents' threats and friends' perſuaſions fail,
When int'reſt and ambition ſcarce prevail,
To bound that ſex when nothing elſe can move,
They 'll live reſerv'd to pleaſe the man they love!
The ſpirit then reply'd to all I ſaid,
" She may be kind, but not till thou art dead;
" Bewail thy memory, bemoan thy fate;
" Then ſhe will love, when 't is, alas! too late:
" Of all thy pains ſhe will no pity have
" Till ſad deſpair has ſent thee to the grave."
Amaz'd, I wak'd in haſte,
All trembling at my doom;
Dreams oft' repeat adventures paſt,
And tell our ills to come.

THE RAPTURE.

I YIELD, I yield, and can no longer ſtay
My eager thoughts, that force themſelves away.
Sure none inſpir'd (whoſe heat tranſports them ſtill
Above their reaſon, and beyond their will)
Can firm againſt the ſtrong impulſe remain;
Cenſure itſelf were not ſo ſharp a pain.
Let vulgar minds ſubmit to vulgar ſway;
What Ignorance ſhall think, or Malice ſay,
To me are trifles, if the knowing few,
Who can ſee faults, but can ſee beauties too,
Applaud that genius which themſelves partake,
And ſpare the Poet for the Muſe's ſake.

The Muſe, who raiſes me from humble ground,
To view the vaſt and various world around;
How faſt I mount! in what a wondrous way
I grow tranſported to this large ſurvey!
I value earth no more, and far below
Methinks I ſee the buſy pigmies go.
My ſoul entranc'd is in a rapture brought
Above the common tracks of vulgar thought:
With fancy wing'd, I feel the purer air,
And with contempt look down on human care.

Airy Ambition, ever ſoaring high,
Stands firſt expos'd to my cenſorious eye.
Behold ſome toiling up a ſlipp'ry hill,
Where, tho' arriv'd, they muſt be toiling ſtill;

Some with unsteady feet just fall'n to ground,
Others at top, whose heads are turning round.
To this high sphere it happens still that some
The most unfit are forwardest to come;
Yet among these are princes forc'd to chuse,
Or seek out such as would perhaps refuse,
Favour too great is safely plac'd on none,
And soon becomes a dragon or a drone;
Either remiss and negligent of all,
Or else imperious and tyrannical.

The Muse inspires me now to look again,
And see a meaner sort of sordid men
Doting on little heaps of yellow dust,
For that despising honour, ease, and lust.
Let other bards, expressing how it shines,
Describe with envy what the miser finds;
Only as heaps of dirt it seems to me,
Where we such despicable vermine see,
Who creep thro' filth a thousand crooked ways,
Insensible of infamy or praise;
Loaded with guilt, they still pursue their course,
Not ev'n restrain'd by love or friendship's force.

Not to enlarge on such an obvious thought,
Behold their folly, which transcends their fault!
Alas! their cares and cautions only tend
To gain the means, and then to lose the end;
Like heroes in romances, still in fight
For mistresses that yield them no delight.

This of all vice does moſt debaſe the mind;
Gold is itſelf th' alloy to human-kind.
Oh, happy times! when no ſuch thing as coin
E'er tempted friends to part or foes to join!
Cattle or corn, among thoſe harmleſs men,
Was all their wealth, the gold and ſilver then:
Corn was too bulky to corrupt a tribe,
And bellowing herds would have betray'd the bribe.
Ev'n traffic now is intercourſe of ill,
And ev'ry wind brings a new miſchief ſtill.
By trade we flouriſh in our leaves and fruit,
But av'rice and exceſs devour the root.
Thus far the Muſe unwillingly has been
Fix'd on the dull leſs happy ſorts of ſin;
But now, more pleas'd, ſhe views the diff'rent ways
Of luxury, and all its charms ſurveys.
Dear Luxury! thou ſoft but ſure deceit!
Riſe of the mean, and ruin of the great!
Thou ſure preſage of ill-approaching fates,
The bane of empires and the change of ſtates!
Armies in vain reſiſt thy mighty pow'r;
Not the worſt conduct would confound them more.
Thus Rome herſelf, while o'er the world ſhe flew,
And did by virtue all that world ſubdue,
Was by her own victorious arms oppreſt,
And catch'd infection from the conquer'd Eaſt;
Whence all thoſe vices came, which ſoon devour
The beſt foundations of renown and pow'r.

But, oh! what need have we abroad to roam,
Who feel too much the ſad effects at home
Of wild exceſs? which we ſo plainly find
Decays the body and impairs the mind.
But yet grave fops muſt not preſume from hence
To ſlight the ſacred pleaſures of the ſenſe.
Our appetites are Nature's laws, and giv'n
Under the broad authentic ſeal of Heav'n.
Let pedants wrangle, and let bigots fight,
To put reſtraint on innocent delight,
But Heav'n and Nature's always in the right:
They would not draw poor wretched mortals in,
Or give deſires that ſhall be doom'd for ſin.
Yet that in height of harmleſs joy we may
Laſt to old age, and never loſe a day,
Amidſt our pleaſures we ourſelves ſhould ſpare,
And manage all with temperance and care.
The gods forbid but we ſometimes may ſteep
Our joys in wine, and lull our cares aſleep;
It raiſes nature, ripens ſeeds of worth,
As moiſt'ning pictures calls the colours forth;
But if the varniſh we too oft' apply,
Alas! like colours, we grow faint, and die.
Hold, hold, impetuous Muſe! I would reſtrain
Her over-eager heat, but all in vain;
Abandon'd to delights, ſhe longs to rove;
I check'd her here, and now ſhe flies to love;

Shews me some rural nymph, by shepherd chas'd,
Soon overtaken, and as soon embrac'd:
The grass by her, as she by him, is prest;
For shame, my Muse! let fancy guess the rest:
At such a point fancy can never stay,
But flies beyond whatever you can say.
Behold the silent shades, the am'rous grove,
The dear delights, the very act of love.
This is his lowest sphere, his country scene,
Where Love is humble, and his fare but mean;
Yet springing up without the help of art,
Leaves a sincerer relish in the heart,
More healthfully, tho' not so finely fed,
And better thrives than where more nicely bred.
But 't is in courts where most he makes a show,
And, high-enthron'd, governs the world below:
For tho' in histories learn'd Ignorance
Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
Love will in those disguises often smile,
And knows the cause was kindness all the while.
What story, place, or person, cannot prove
The boundless influence of mighty Love?
Where'er the sun can vigorous heat inspire
Both sexes glow, and languish with desire.
The weary'd swain, fast in the arms of Sleep,
Love can awake, and often sighing keep;
And busy gown-men, by fond love disguis'd,
Will leisure find to make themselves despis'd.

The proudeſt kings ſubmit to Beauty's ſway;
Beauty itſelf, a greater prince than they,
Lies ſometimes languiſhing, with all its pride,
By a belov'd tho' fickle lover's ſide.
I mean to ſlight the ſoft enchanting charm,
But, oh! my head and heart are both too warm.
I dote on woman-kind with all their faults;
Love turns my ſatire into ſofteſt thoughts:
Of all that paſſion which our peace deſtroys,
Inſtead of miſchiefs I deſcribe the joys.
But ſhort will be his reign, (I fear too ſhort)
And preſent cares ſhall be my future ſport.
Then Love's bright torch put out, his arrows broke,
Looſe from kind chains, and from th' engaging yoke,
To all fond thoughts I'll ſing ſuch counter-charms,
The fair ſhall liſten in their lovers' arms.
Now the enthuſiaſtic fit is ſpent,
I feel my weakneſs, and too late repent.
As they who walk in dreams oft' climb too high
For ſenſe to follow with a waking eye,
And in ſuch wild attempts are blindly bold,
Which afterwards they tremble to behold;
So I review theſe ſallies of my pen,
And modeſt reaſon is return'd again;
My confidence I curſe, my fate accuſe,
Scarce hold from cenſuring the ſacred Muſe.
No wretched poet of the railing pit,
No critic curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit,

Is more ſevere from ignorance and ſpite,
Than I with judgment againſt all I write.

THE MIRACLE, 1707.

Merit they hate, and wit they ſlight;
They neither act nor reaſon right,
And nothing mind but pence.
Unſkilful they victorious are,
Conduct a kingdom without care,
A council without ſenſe.
So Moſes once, and Joſhua,
And that virago Debora,
Beſtrid poor Iſrael;
Like reverence pay to theſe; for who
Could ride a nation as they do
Without a Miracle?

THE ELECTION OF A POET-LAUREAT, 1719.

A famous aſſembly was ſummon'd of late;
To crown a new Laureat came Phœbus in ſtate,
With all that Montfaucon himſelf could deſire,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies ſo juſtle,
No country election e'er made ſuch a buſtle;
From garret, mint, tavern, they all poſt away,
Some thirſting for ſack, ſome ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey to Prior and Pope;
Phœbus smil'd on these last, but yet ne'ertheless,
Said he hop'd they had got enough by the press.

With a huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonson to Curll every press had groan'd under,
Came Blackmore, and cry'd, "Look! all these are my lays,
"But at present I beg you'd but read my Essays."

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side by side;
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But beadles and hangmen were never chose kings.

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the Town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demurr'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.

Lame Congreve, unable such things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;
To refuse such a writer Apollo was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham came, he scarce car'd to be seen,
Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a Laureat peer had never been known;
The commoners claim'd that place as their own,

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport,
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lansdowne was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindness his indolence blam'd,
And said he would chuse him, but that he should fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate * for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon miss'd, and he needs not be nam'd,
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so bright,
No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen Apollo was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the Muses neglect;
But said in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For some things writ well; but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said those works must be good which had Addison's praise;
But Apollo reply'd, Child Eustace, 't is known
Most authors will praise whatsoever 's their own.

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

Then Philips came forth, as ſtarch as a Quaker,
Whoſe ſimple profeſſion 's a Paſtoral-maker;
Apollo adviſ'd him from playhouſe to keep,
And pipe to nought elſe but his dog and his ſheep.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came laſt in the train,
Too modeſt to aſk for the crown they would gain;
Phœbus thought them too baſhful, and ſaid they would
More boldneſs, if ever they hop'd to ſucceed.

Apollo, now driven to a curſed quandary,
Was wiſhing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary;
Nay, had honeſt Tom Southerne but been within call--
But at laſt he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And ſo ſpying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verſe, and deſpiſer of plays,
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Tho' a zealous fanatic) preſented the bay.

All the wits ſtood aſtoniſh'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election ſo odd;
And tho' Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Moſt others were ready to ſink in the place.

Yet ſome thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept;
But the hypocrite told them he well underſtood,
Tho' the function was wicked the ſtipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, "Who shall have it
"But I, the true Laureat, to whom the King gave it?"
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim,
But vow'd tho' till then he ne'er heard of his name.

LOVE'S SLAVERY.

Grave fops my envy now beget,
Who did my pity move;
They, by the right of wanting wit,
Are free from cares of love.

Turks honour fools, because they are
By that defect secure
From slavery and toils of war,
Which all the rest endure.

So I, who suffer cold neglect
And wounds from Celia's eyes,
Begin extremely to respect
These fools that seem so wise.

'Tis true they fondly set their hearts
On things of no delight;
To pass all day for men of parts
They pass alone the night.

But Celia never breaks their reſt;
Such ſervants ſhe diſdains;
And ſo the fops are dully bleſt,
While I endure her chains.

ON DON ALONZO'S

BEING KILLED IN PORTUGAL,

UPON ACCOUNT OF THE INFANTA,

IN THE YEAR 1683.

In ſuch a cauſe no Muſe ſhould fail
To bear a mournful part;
'Tis juſt and noble to bewail
The fate of fall'n Deſert.

In vain ambitious hopes deſign'd
To make his ſoul aſpire,
If love and beauty had not join'd
To raiſe a brighter fire.

Amidſt ſo many dang'rous foes
How weak the wiſeſt prove!
Reaſon itſelf would ſcarce oppoſe,
And ſeems agreed with love.

If from the glorious height he falls,
He greatly daring dies;
Or mounting where bright Beauty calls,
An empire is the prize.

ON ONE WHO DIED DISCOVERING HER KINDNESS.

Some vex their ſouls with jealous pain,
While others ſigh for cold diſdain:
Love's various ſlaves we daily ſee,
Yet happy all compar'd with me.

Of all mankind I lov'd the beſt
A nymph ſo far above the reſt,
That we outſhin'd the bleſs'd above,
In beauty ſhe, and I in love;

And therefore they who could not bear
To be outdone by mortals here,
Among themſelves have plac'd her now,
And left me wretched here below.

All other fate I could have borne,
And ev'n endur'd her very ſcorn;
But, oh! thus all at once to find
That dread account, both dead and kind!
What heart can hold! If yet I live,
'Tis but to ſhew how much I grieve.

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

COME all ye doleful diſmal cares
That ever haunted guilty mind,
The pangs of love when it deſpairs,
And all thoſe ſtings the jealous find:
Alas! heart-breaking tho' ye be,
Yet welcome, welcome all to me!

Who now have loſt—but, oh! how much?
No language, nothing can expreſs,
Except my grief! for ſhe was ſuch,
That praiſes would but make her leſs.
Yet who can ever dare to raiſe
His voice on her unleſs to praiſe?

Free from her ſex's ſmalleſt faults,
And fair as womankind can be;
Tender and warm as lovers' thoughts,
Yet cold to all the world but me:
Of all this nothing now remains
But only ſighs and endleſs pains.

ON

MR. HOBBES AND HIS WRITINGS.

Such is the mode of theſe cenſorious days,
The art is loſt of knowing how to praiſe.
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, becauſe themſelves have none.
Yet whatſoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praiſing is harder much than finding fault.
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel;
Italians only can draw Beauty well.
As ſtrings alike wound up ſo equal prove,
That one reſounding makes the other move;
From ſuch a cauſe our ſatires pleaſe ſo much,
We ſympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the ſharp infection ſpreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame is eaſy; to commend is bold;
Yet if the Muſe inſpires it who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applauſe,
Content to ſuffer in ſo juſt a cauſe.
While in dark ignorance we lay afraid
Of fancies, ghoſts, and ev'ry empty ſhade,
Great Hobbes appear'd, and by plain reaſon's light
Put ſuch fantaſtic forms to ſhameful flight.
Fond is their fear who think men needs muſt be
To vice enſlav'd if from vain terrors free.

The wiſe and good morality will guide,
And ſuperſtition all the world beſide.
In other authors tho' the thought be good,
'Tis not ſometimes ſo eas'ly underſtood;
That jewel oft' unpoliſh'd has remain'd;
Some words ſhould be left out, and ſome explain'd;
So that, in ſearch of ſenſe, we either ſtray,
Or elſe grow weary in ſo rough a way:
But here ſweet Eloquence does always ſmile
In ſuch a choice yet unaffected ſtyle,
As muſt both knowledge and delight impart,
The force of reaſon with the flow'rs of art;
Clear as a beautiful tranſparent ſkin,
Which never hides the blood, yet holds it in:
Like a delicious ſtream it ever ran,
As ſmooth as woman, but as ſtrong as man.
Bacon himſelf, whoſe univerſal wit
Does admiration thro' the world beget,
Scarce more his age's ornament is thought,
Or greater credit to his country brought.
While Fame is young, too weak to fly away,
Malice purſues her like ſome bird of prey;
But once on wing then all the quarrels ceaſe;
Envy herſelf is glad to be at peace,
Gives over, weary'd with ſo high a flight
Above her reach, and ſcarce within her ſight.
Hobbes, to this happy pitch arriv'd at laſt,
Might have look'd down with pride on dangers paſt;

But such the frailty is of human-kind,
Men toil for fame, which no man lives to find;
Long ripening under ground this China lies,
Fame bears no fruit till the vain planter dies.
Thus Nature, tir'd with his unusual length
Of life, which put her to her utmost strength,
Such stock of wit unable to supply,
To spare herself was glad to let him die.

ON THE LOSS OF AN ONLY SON,

ROBERT MARQ. OF NORMANBY.

Our morning 's gay and shining;
The days our joys declare;
At evening no repining,
And night 's all void of care.

A fond transported mother
Was often heard to cry,
Oh! where is such an other
So bless'd by Heav'n as I?

A child at first was wanting;
Now such a son is sent
As parents most lamenting
In him would find content.

A child of whom kind Heav'n
Not only hope beſtows,
But has already giv'n
Him all our hopes propoſe.

The happy ſire's poſſeſſing
His ſhare in ſuch a boy
Adds ſtill a greater bleſſing
To all my other joy.

But, ah! this ſhiny weather
Became too hot at laſt;
Black clouds began to gather,
And all the ſky o'ercaſt.

So fierce a fever rages,
We all lie drown'd in tears,
And diſmal ſad preſages
Come thund'ring in our ears.

The doubts that made us languiſh
Did worſe, far worſe, than kill;
Yet, oh! with all their anguiſh
Would we had doubted ſtill!

But why ſo much digreſſion
This fatal loſs to ſhow?
Alas! there 's no expreſſion
Can tell a parent 's woe.

ON MR. POPE AND HIS POEMS.

With age decay'd, with courts and bus'nefs tir'd,
Caring for nothing but what eaſe requir'd,
Too ſerious now a wanton Muſe to court,
And from the critics ſafe arriv'd in port,
I little thought of lanching forth again
Amidſt advent'rous rovers of the pen,
And after ſome ſmall undeſerv'd ſucceſs
Thus hazarding at laſt to make it leſs.
Encomiums ſuit not this cenſorious time,
Itſelf a ſubject for ſatiric rhyme;
Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,
Folly triumphant, and ev'n Homer blam'd.
But to this genius, join'd with ſo much art,
Such various learning mix'd in ev'ry part,
Poets are bound a loud applauſe to pay;
Apollo bids it, and they muſt obey.
And yet ſo wondrous, ſo ſublime, a thing
As the great Iliad, ſcarce could make me ſing,
Except I juſtly could at once commend
A good companion and as firm a friend.
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
Can all deſert in ſciences exceed.
'Tis great delight to laugh at ſome men's ways,
But a much greater to give merit praiſe.

ON THE TIMES.

Since in vain our parſons teach,
Hear, for once, a poet preach.
Vice has loſt its very name,
Skill and cozenage thought the ſame,
Only playing well the game.
Foul contrivances we ſee
Call'd but ingenuity;
Ample fortunes often made
Out of frauds in ev'ry trade,
Which an awkward child afford
Enough to wed the greateſt lord.
The miſer ſtarves to raiſe a ſon,
But if once the fool is gone,
Years of thrift ſcarce ſerve a day;
Rakehell ſquanders all away.
Huſbands ſeeking for a place,
Or toiling for their pay,
While their wives undo their race
By petticoats and play;
Breeding boys to drink and dice,
Carrying girls to comedies,
Where mamma's intrigues are ſhown,
Which ere long will be their own,
Having firſt at ſermon ſlept,
Tedious day is weekly kept.

By worſe hypocrites than men,
Till Monday comes to cheat again.
Ev'n among the nobleſt-born
Moral virtue is a ſcorn;
Gratitude but rare at beſt,
And fidelity a jeſt:
All our wit but party-mocks,
All our wiſdom raiſing ſtocks;
Counted folly to defend
Sinking ſide or falling friend.
Long an officer may ſerve;
Prais'd and wounded he may ſtarve:
No receipt to make him riſe
Like inventing loyal lies.
We, whoſe anceſtors have ſhin'd
In arts of peace and fields of fame,
To ill and idleneſs inclin'd,
Now are grown a public ſhame.
Fatal that inteſtine jar
Which produc'd our Civil war!
Ever ſince how ſad a race!
Senſeleſs, violent, and baſe!

ON THE DUKE OF YORK

BANISHED TO BRUSSELS.

I FEEL a ſtrange impulſe, a ſtrong deſire,
(For what vain thoughts will not a Muſe inſpire?)

To ſing on lofty ſubjects, and to raiſe
My own low fame by writing James's praiſe.
Oft' have we heard the wonders of his youth,
Obſerv'd thoſe ſeeds of fortitude and truth
Which ſince have ſpread ſo wide, ſo wondrous high;
The good diſtreſs'd beneath that ſhelter lie.
In arms more active than ev'n war requir'd,
And in the midſt of mighty chiefs admir'd.
Of all Heav'n's gifts no temper is ſo rare
As ſo much courage mix'd with ſo much care.
When martial fire makes all the ſpirits boil,
And forces youth to military toil,
No wonder it ſhould fiercely then engage;
Women themſelves will venture in a rage:
But in the midſt of all that furious heat,
While ſo intent on actions brave and great,
For other lives to feel ſuch tender fears,
And, careleſs of his own, to care for theirs,
Is that compoſure which a hero makes,
And which illuſtrious York alone partakes
With that great man *, whoſe fame has flown ſo far,
Who taught him firſt the noble art of war.
Oh! wondrous Pair! whom equal virtues crown,
Oh! worthy of each other's vaſt renown!
None but Turenne with York could glory ſhare,
And none but York deſerve ſo great a maſter's care.

* The Mareſchal de Turenne.

Scarce was he come to bleſs his native iſle,
And reap the ſoft reward of glorious toil,
But, like Alcides, ſtill new dangers call
His courage forth, and ſtill he vanquiſh'd all.
At ſea, that bloody ſcene of boundleſs rage,
Where floting caſtles in fierce flames engage,
(Where Mars himſelf does frowningly command,
And by lieutenants only fights at land)
For his own fame howe'er he fought before,
For England's honour yet he ventur'd more.
In thoſe black times when, faction raging high,
Valour and Innocence were forc'd to fly,
With York thy fled, but not depreſs'd his mind,
Still like a diamond in the duſt it ſhin'd.
When from afar his drooping friends beheld
How in diſtreſs he ev'n himſelf excell'd;
How to his envious fate, his country's frown,
His brother's will, he ſacrific'd his own,
They rais'd their hearts, and never doubted more
But that juſt Heav'n would all our joys reſtore.
So when black clouds ſurround heav'n's glorious face,
Tempeſtuous darkneſs covering all the place,
If we diſcern but the leaſt glimmering ray
Of that bright orb of fire which rules the day,
The cheerful ſight our fainting courage warms;
Fix'd upon that we fear no future harms.

ON THE DEITY.

Wretched Mankind! void of both ſtrength and ſkill,
Dext'rous at nothing but at doing ill;
In merit humble, in pretenſions high,
Among them none, alas! more weak than I,
And none more blind; tho' ſtill I worthleſs thought
The beſt I ever ſpoke or ever wrote.

But zealous heat exalts the humbleſt mind;
Within my ſoul ſuch ſtrong impulſe I find
The heav'nly tribute of due praiſe to pay,
Perhaps 't is ſacred, and I muſt obey.

Yet ſuch the ſubjects, various, and ſo high,
Stupendous wonders of the Deity!
Miraculous effects of boundleſs pow'r!
And that as boundleſs goodneſs ſhining more!
All theſe ſo numberleſs my thoughts attend;
Oh! where ſhall I begin, or ever end?

But on that theme which ev'n the wiſe abuſe,
So ſacred, ſo ſublime, and ſo abſtruſe,
Abruptly to break off wants no excuſe.

While others vainly ſtrive to know Thee more,
Let me in ſilent reverence adore,
Wiſhing that human pow'r were higher rais'd,
Only that thine might be more nobly prais'd!
Thrice happy angels in their high degree,
Created worthy of extolling Thee!

A DIALOGUE.

Sung on the Stage, between an elderly Shepherd and a very young Nymph.

SHEPHERD.

Bright and blooming as the ſpring,
Univerſal love inſpiring,
All our ſwains thy praiſes ſing,
Ever gazing and admiring.

NYMPH. Praiſes in ſo high a ſtrain,
And by ſuch a ſhepherd ſung,
Are enough to make me vain,
Yet ſo harmleſs and ſo young.

SHEP. I ſhould have deſpair'd among
Rivals that appear ſo gaily,
But your eyes have made me young
By their ſmiling on me daily.

NYMPH. Idle boys admire us blindly,
Are inconſtant, wild, and bold,
And your uſing me ſo kindly
Is a proof you are not old.

SHEP. With thy pleaſing voice and faſhion,
With thy humour and thy youth,
Cheer my ſoul, and crown my paſſion;
Oh! reward my love and truth.

NYMPH. With thy careful arts to cover
That which fools will count a fault,
Trueſt friend as well as lover,
Oh! deſerve ſo kind a thought.

Each apart first, and then both together.

Happy we shall lie possessing,
Folded in each other's arms,
Love and Nature's chiefest blessing
In the still-increasing charms.
So the dearest joys of loving,
Which scarce heav'n can go beyond,
We 'll be ev'ry day improving,

SHEP. You more fair, and I more fond.

NYMPH. I more fair, and you more fond.

AN ESSAY UPON SATIRE *.

BY THE EARL OF MULGRAVE AND MR. DRYDEN.

How dull and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In ev'ry age the lumpish mass to move;
But those were pedants when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,

* This Essay was printed among the poems of Mr. Dryden, vol. iii. p. 5. but it was judged no impropriety to repeat it here, to complete the collection of this noble Author.

To tell men freely of their fouleſt faults,
To laugh at their vain deeds and vainer thoughts.
In Satire, too, the wiſe took diff'rent ways,
To each deſerving its peculiar praiſe.
Some did all folly with juſt ſharpneſs blame,
Whilſt others laugh'd and ſcorn'd 'em into ſhame.
But of theſe two the laſt ſucceeded beſt,
As men aim righteſt when they ſhoot in jeſt.
Yet, if we may preſume to blame our guides,
And cenſure thoſe who cenſure all beſides,
In other things they juſtly are preferr'd;
In this alone methinks the Ancients err'd:
Againſt the groſſeſt follies they declaim;
Hard they purſue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is eaſier than ſuch blots to hit,
And 't is the talent of each vulgar wit.
Beſides, 't is labour loſt; for who would preach
Morals to Armſtrong, or dull Aſton teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wiſe at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendſhip to Whitehall.
But with ſharp eyes theſe nicer faults to find,
Which lie obſcurely in the wiſeſt mind;
That little ſpeck, which all the reſt does ſpoil,
To waſh off that would be a noble toil,
Beyond the looſe-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd ſcenes of our declining ſtage.
Above all cenſure, too, each little wit
Will be ſo glad to ſee the greater hit,

Who judging better, tho' concern'd the moſt,
Of ſuch correction will have cauſe to boaſt.
In ſuch a Satire all would ſeek a ſhare,
And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
Old ſtory-tellers, too, muſt pine and die
To ſee their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her who miſs'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herſelf decay'd ſo ſoon.
No common coxcomb muſt be mention'd here,
Nor the dull train of dancing ſparks appear,
Nor flutt'ring officers who never fight;
Of ſuch a wretched rabble who would write?
Much leſs half wits; that 's more againſt our rules;
For they are fops, the other are but fools.
Who would not be as ſilly as Dunbar,
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier ſhould be ſlighted too,
Who with dull knav'ry makes ſo much ado,
Till the ſhrewd fool, by thriving too, too faſt,
Like Æſop's fox, becomes a prey at laſt.
Nor ſhall the royal miſtreſſes be nam'd,
Too ugly, or too eaſy, to be blam'd;
With whom each rhyming fool keeps ſuch a pother,
They are as common that way as the other;
Yet ſaunt'ring Charles, between his beaſtly brace,
Meets with diſſembling ſtill in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.

In loyal libels we have often told him
How one has jilted him, the other ſold him;
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail ſo long as he can ſleep?
Was ever prince by two at once miſled,
Falſe, fooliſh, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnely and Aylſbury, with all that race
Of buſy blockheads, ſhall have here no place;
At council ſet, as foils on Dorſet's ſcore,
To make that great falſe jewel ſhine the more,
Who all that while was thought exceeding wiſe,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there 's no meddling with ſuch nauſeous men;
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company, and chuſe
Some fitter ſubject for a ſharper Muſe.

Firſt, let 's behold the merrieſt man alive
Againſt his careleſs genius vainly ſtrive,
Quit his dear eaſe, ſome deep deſign to lay
'Gainſt a ſet time, and then forget the day;
Yet he will laugh at his beſt friends, and be
Juſt as good company as Nokes and Lee;
But when he aims at reaſon or at rule,
He turns himſelf the beſt to ridicule.
Let him at buſ'neſs ne'er ſo earneſt ſit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit,
That ſhadow of a jeſt ſhall be enjoy'd,
Tho' he left all mankind to be deſtroy'd.

So cat, transform'd, ſat gravely and demure
Till mouſe appear'd, and thought himſelf ſecure,
But ſoon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did juſt as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We muſt fall back to our old fleſh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel we find,
That nimbleſt creature of the buſy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body ſhakes,
Yet his hard mind, which all this buſtle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes.
What gravity can hold from laughing out
To ſee him drag his feeble legs about
Like hounds ill coupled? Jowler lugs him ſtill
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that 's ill.
'Twere crime in any man, but him alone,
To uſe a body ſo tho' 't is one's own:
Yet this falſe comfort never gives him o'er,
That, whilſt he creeps, his vig'rous thoughts can ſoar.
Alas! that ſoaring, to thoſe few that know,
Is but a buſy grov'lling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the ſky,
Whilſt on the ground th' entranced wretches lie;
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new Earl, with parts deſerving praiſe,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
Yet loſes all ſoft days and ſenſual nights,
Kind Nature checks, and kinder Fortune ſlights,

Striving againſt his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a buſy man.
And what is that at beſt, but one whoſe mind
Is made to tire himſelf and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if ſome odd fantaſtic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beaſt that lives
Who his own harm ſo wittingly contrives?
Will any dog that has his teeth and ſtones
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones
To turn a wheel, and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a ſtateſman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Tho' Satire, nicely writ with humour, ſtings
But thoſe who merit praiſe in other things,
Yet we muſt needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for Folly Tropos' ſake,
Who was too much deſpis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore ſcarce deſerves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue
For railing ſmoothly and for reas'ning wrong.
As boys, on holy-days let looſe to play,
Lay waggiſh traps for girls that paſs that way,
Then ſhout to ſee in dirt and deep diſtreſs
Some ſilly Cit in her flower'd fooliſh dreſs;

So have I mighty satisfaction found
To see his tinsel reason on the ground;
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
By some who scarce have words enough to show it;
For Sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The finer, nay, sometimes the wittiest speaker.
But 't is prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquired by such little sense;
For words and wit did anciently agree,
And Tully was no fool, tho' this man be;
At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolsack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as wou'd
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease;
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
Tho' their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeits, headachs, claps, are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between:
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake.
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that;

And firſt he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's maſtives, at his kindeſt time;
Then for one night ſold all his ſlaviſh life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife.
Swell'd by contact of ſuch a fulſome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load
Till Fortune, blindly kind, as well as he,
Has ill-reſtor'd him to his liberty,
Which he would uſe in his old ſneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day,
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his briſker times
Had fam'd for dulneſs in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'ſcape the ſnare,
Tho' learn'd in all thoſe arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the ſtocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes
To ſee him catch his Tartar for his prize;
Th' impatient Town waited the wiſh'd-for change,
And cuckolds ſmil'd in hopes of ſweet revenge;
Till Petworth-plot made us with ſorrow ſee
As his eſtate, his perſon, too, was free:
Him no ſoft thoughts, no gratitude, could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet, failing there, he keeps his freedom ſtill,
Forc'd to live happily againſt his will.
'Tis not his fault if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boaſted quiet ev'ry hour.

And little Sid. for ſimile renown'd,
Pleaſure has always ſought but never found:
Tho' all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are ſo bad, ſure he ne'er thinks at all.
The fleſh he lives upon is rank and ſtrong;
His meat and miſtreſſes are kept too long.
But ſure we all miſtake this pious man,
Who mortifies his perſon all he can:
What we uncharitably take for ſin,
Are only rules of this odd Capuchin;
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common ſenſe;
And 't is a miracle, we may ſuppoſe,
No naſtineſs offends his ſkilful noſe,
Which from all ſtink can, with peculiar art,
Extract perfume and eſſence from a f——t.
Expecting ſupper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night,
Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping ſits,
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rocheſter I deſpiſe for want of wit,
Tho' thought to have a tail and cloven feet;
For while he miſchief means to all mankind,
Himſelf alone the ill effects does find;
And ſo, like witches, juſtly ſuffers ſhame,
Whoſe harmleſs malice is ſo much the ſame.
Falſe are his words, affected is his wit,
So often he does aim, ſo ſeldom hit:

To ev'ry face he cringes while he ſpeaks,
But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks:
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themſelves are miſchievous in him:
A proof that Chance alone makes ev'ry creature;
A very Killigrew, without good nature;
For what a Beſſus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there 's the folly that 's ſtill mix'd with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear.
Of fighting ſparks ſome may their pleaſures ſay,
But 't is a bolder thing to run away.
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance ſtill;
Falſely he falls into ſome dang'rous nooſe,
And then as meanly labours to get looſe.
A life ſo infamous is better quitting,
Spent in baſe injury and low ſubmitting.
I 'd like to have left out his poetry,
Forgot by all almoſt as well as me.
Sometimes he has ſome humour, never wit,
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under ſo much naſty rubbiſh laid,
To find it out 's the cinder-woman's trade,
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire
Muſt toil all day in aſhes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
The wretched texts deſerve no comments here,

Where one poor thought ſometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulneſs muſt atone.
How vain a thing is Man, and how unwiſe!
Ev'n he who would himſelf the moſt deſpiſe!
I, who ſo wiſe and humble ſeem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't ſee.
While the world's nonſenſe is ſo ſharply ſhown,
We pull down others but to raiſe our own:
That we may angels ſeem we paint them elves,
And are but ſatyrs to ſet up ourſelves.
I, who have all this while been finding fault
Ev'n with my maſter, who firſt Satire taught,
And did by that deſcribe the taſk ſo hard,
It ſeems ſtupendous and above reward,
Now labour, with unequal force, to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time!
'Tis juſt that I ſhould to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

Of all thoſe arts in which the wiſe excel,
Nature's chief maſterpiece is writing well.
No writing lifts exalted man ſo high
As ſacred and ſoul-moving Poeſy:
No kind of work requires ſo nice a touch,
And, if well finiſh'd, nothing ſhines ſo much.

But Heav'n forbid we ſhould be ſo profane
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flaſh of fancy, which ſometimes
Dazzling our minds ſets off the flighteſt rhymes
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done;
True wit is everlaſting, like the ſun,
Which, tho' ſometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious ſound
Which not the niceſt ear with harſhneſs wound,
Are neceſſary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain theſe ſuperficial parts
Contribute to the ſtructure of the whole
Without a genius too; for that 's the ſoul:
A ſpirit which inſpires the work throughout,
As that of Nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidſt conceptions fit,
Ev'n ſomething of divine, and more than wit;
Itſelf unſeen, yet all things by it ſhown,
Deſcribing all men, but deſcrib'd by none.
Where doſt thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can ſuch a vaſt and mighty thing contain?
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy abſence mourn,
Oh! where doſt thou retire? and why doſt thou return,
Sometimes with pow'rful charms to hurry me away
From pleaſures of the night and bus'neſs of the day?
Ev'n now, too far tranſported, I am fain
To check thy courſe, and uſe the needful rein.

As all is dulneſs when the fancy's bad,
So without judgment fancy is but mad;
And judgment has a boundleſs influence
Not only in the choice of words or ſenſe,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reaſon is that ſubſtantial uſeful part
Which gains the head, while t' other wins the heart.
Here I ſhall all the various ſorts of verſe,
And the whole art of poetry, rehearſe;
But who that taſk would after Horace do?
The beſt of maſters, and examples too!
Echoes at beſt, all we can ſay is vain;
Dull the deſign, and fruitleſs were the pain.
'Tis true the Ancients we may rob with eaſe,
But who with that mean ſhift himſelf can pleaſe
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new abſurdities inſpire new thoughts.
What need has Satire then to live on theft,
When ſo much freſh occaſion ſtill is left?
Fertile our ſoil, and full of rankeſt weeds,
And monſters worſe than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools ſhall have no cauſe to fear,
'Tis wit and ſenſe that is the ſubject here:
Defects of witty men deſerve a cure,
And thoſe who are ſo will ev'n this endure.

First, then, of Songs, which now ſo much abound;
Without his Song no fop is to be found;
A moſt offenſive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, againſt Apollo's laws.
Tho' nothing ſeems more eaſy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richeſt pearl there lies
Many a blemiſh that eſcapes our eyes,
The leaſt of which defects is plainly ſhown
In one ſmall ring, and brings the value down;
So Songs ſhould be to juſt perfection wrought,
Yet where can one be ſeen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought,
Expreſſion eaſy, and the fancy high,
Yet that not ſeem to creep nor this to fly;
No words tranſpos'd, but in ſuch order all,
As wrought with care yet ſeem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things elſe, is moſt unfit
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauſeous Songs by a late author* made
Call an unwilling cenſure on his ſhade.
Not that warm thoughts of the tranſporting joy
Can ſhock the chaſteſt, or the niceſt cloy;
But words obſcene, too groſs to move deſire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.

* The Earl of Rocheſter.---It may be obſerved, however, that many of the worſt ſongs aſcribed to this nobleman were ſpurious.

On other themes he well deſerves our praiſe,
But palls that appetite he meant to raiſe.
Next, Elegy, of ſweet but ſolemn voice,
And of a ſubject grave, exacts the choice;
The praiſe of beauty, valour, wit, contains,
And there too oft' deſpairing Love complains:
In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-ſhe deſerves to be belov'd;
But noiſy nonſenſe, and ſuch fops as vex
Mankind, take moſt with that fantaſtic ſex.
This to the praiſe of thoſe who better knew;
The many raiſe the value of the few.
But here (as all our ſex too oft' have try'd)
Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aſide.
Their greateſt fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words or want of wit;
But ſhould this Muſe harmonious numbers yield,
And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd,
If yet a juſt coherence be not made
Between each thought, and the whole model laid
So right, that ev'ry line may higher riſe,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the ſkies;
Such trifles may perhaps of late have paſt,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never laſt;
'Tis epigram, 't is point, 't is what you will,
But not an Elegy, nor writ with ſkill;
No Panegyric *, nor a Cooper's-Hill †.

* Waller's. † Denham's.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes, the Muſe's moſt unruly horſe,
That bounds ſo fierce, the rider has no reſt,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one poſſeſt.
The poet here muſt be indeed inſpir'd,
With fury too as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boaſt to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But ſometimes diction mean, or verſe ill-wrought,
Deadens or clouds his noble frame of thought.
Tho' all appear in heat and fury done,
The language ſtill muſt ſoft and eaſy run.
Theſe laws may found a little too ſevere,
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,
Which, tho' extravagant, this Muſe allows,
And makes the work much eaſier than it ſhows.

Of all the ways that wiſeſt men could find
To mend the age and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has moſt ſucceſsful prov'd,
And cures, becauſe the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on ſuch a ſubject more
Without repeating things ſaid oft' before:
Some vulgar errors only we 'll remove
That ſtain a beauty which we ſo much love.
Of choſen words ſome take not care enough,
And think they ſhould be, as the ſubject, rough.
This poem muſt be more exactly made,
And ſharpeſt thoughts in ſmoothest words convey'd.

Some think if ſharp enough they cannot fail,
As if their only buſ'neſs was to rail;
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Diſtinguiſhes a Satyr from a ſcold.
Rage you muſt hide, and prejudice lay down;
A Satyr's ſmile is ſharper than his frown;
So while you ſeem to ſlight ſome rival youth,
Malice itſelf may paſs ſometimes for truth.
The Laureat * here may juſtly claim our praiſe,
Crown'd by Mack-Fleckno † with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegaſus ‖ has borne dead weight,
Rid by ſome lumpiſh miniſter of ſtate.

Here reſt, my Muſe! ſuſpend thy cares awhile,
A more important taſk attends thy toil.
As ſome young eagle, that deſigns to fly
A long unwonted journey thro' the ſky,
Weighs all the dang'rous enterpriſe before,
O'er what wide lands and ſeas ſhe is to ſoar,
Doubts her own ſtrength ſo far, and juſtly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet incited by ſome bold deſign,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herſelf with care,
At laſt, reſolv'd, ſhe cleaves the yielding air,
Away ſhe flies, ſo ſtrong, ſo high, ſo faſt,
She leſſens to us, and is loſt at laſt;

* Mr. Dryden. † A famous ſatirical poem of his.
‖ A poem called The Hind and Panther.

So (tho' too weak for ſuch a weighty thing)
The Muſe inſpires a ſharper note to ſing.
And why ſhould truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant and warn the bold?
On, then, my Muſe! advent'rouſly engage
To give inſtructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if obſerv'd, give Plays ſo great a grace,
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the preſent age,
Leſs obvious errors of the Engliſh ſtage.

Firſt, then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely ſhort, and ſpoke in paſſion too.
Our lovers talking to themſelves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant:
Nor is the matter mended yet if thus
They truſt a friend only to tell it us.
Th' occaſion ſhould as naturally fall
As when Bellario * confeſſes all.

Figures of ſpeech, which poets think ſo fine,
(Art's needleſs varniſh to make Nature ſhine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in deſcriptions only claim a place:
But to make Rage declaim, and Grief diſcourſe,
From lovers in deſpair fine things to force,

* In Philaſter, a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Muſt needs ſucceed! for who can chuſe but pity
A dying hero miſerably witty!
But, oh! the Dialogues where jeſt and mock
Is held up like a reſt at ſhittle-cock,
Or elſe like bells eternally they chime,
They ſigh in Simile and die in Rhyme!
What things are theſe who would be poets thought,
By Nature not inſpir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deſerve
A better courſe than this, by which they ſtarve.
But to write Plays! why, 't is a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they muſt look within to find
Thoſe ſecret turns of Nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all without a ſoul.
All this united yet but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful art,
Now almoſt loſt, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended ſince but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the beſt remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains:
Yet to ourſelves we juſtice muſt allow,
Shakeſpeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Conſider them, and read them o'er and o'er;
Go ſee them play'd, then read them as before:

For tho' in many things they groſsly fail,
Over our paſſions ſtill they ſo prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd aſleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wiſe to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults.
Firſt on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thouſand ſeveral ways;
This oft', alone, has giv'n ſucceſs to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters:
There 's no ſuch thing in nature, and you 'll draw
A faultleſs monſter, which the world ne'er ſaw.
Some faults muſt be that his misfortunes drew,
But ſuch as may deſerve compaſſion too.
Beſides the main deſign, compos'd with art,
Each moving ſcene muſt be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark ev'ry place,
As painters firſt chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own ſlave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiſs.
Think not ſo much where ſhining thoughts to place,
As what a man would ſay in ſuch a caſe.
Neither in comedy will this ſuffice,
The player too muſt be before your eyes;
And tho' 't is drudgery to ſtoop ſo low,
To him you muſt your ſecret meaning ſhow.
Expoſe no ſingle fop, but lay the load
More equally, and ſpread the folly broad.

Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft' we ſee
A fool derided by as bad as he.
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r
Ingredients to compoſe that precious juice
Which ſerves the world for pleaſure and for uſe,
In ſpite of faction this would favour get;
But Falſtaff * ſtands inimitable yet.

Another fault which often may befall
Is, when the wit of ſome great poet ſhall
So overflow, that is, be none at all,
That ev'n his fools ſpeak ſenſe as if poſſeſt,
And each by inſpiration breaks his jeſt.
If once the juſtneſs of each part be loſt,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's coſt.
That ſilly thing men call Sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age ſo nauſeouſly is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit ſhould be only brought
To turn agreeably ſome proper thought.

But ſince the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dreſs ſo much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Caſt but a view on this wrong ſide of ſenſe.

Firſt, a Soliloquy is calmly made,
Where ev'ry reaſon is exactly weigh'd;

* The matchleſs character of Shakeſpeare.

Which once perform'd, moſt opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noiſe of drums,
For her ſweet ſake whom at firſt ſight he loves,
And all in metaphor his paſſion proves;
But ſome ſad accident, tho' yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the ſwain alone,
He ſtraight grows jealous, tho' we know not why,
Then to oblige his rival needs will die;
But firſt he makes a ſpeech, wherein he tells
The abſent nymph how much his flame excels,
And yet bequeaths her generouſly now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who ſtraight appears; but who can Fate withſtand?
Too late, alas! to hold his haſty hand,
That juſt has giv'n himſelf the cruel ſtroke,
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than miſtreſs kind,
Moſt ſadly mourns at being left behind,
Of ſuch a death prefers the pleaſing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What ſhameful and what monſtrous things are theſe!
And then they rail at thoſe they cannot pleaſe;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the ſign of old Ben. Johnſon's head.
When the intrinſic value of the ſtage
Can ſcarce be judg'd but by a following age,
For dances, flutes, Italian ſongs, and rhyme,
May keep up ſinking nonſenſe for a time;

But that muſt fail which now ſo much o'er-rules,
And ſenſe no longer will ſubmit to fools.
By painful ſteps at laſt we labour up
Parnaſſus' hill, on whoſe bright airy top
The Epic poets ſo divinely ſhow,
And with juſt pride behold the reſt below.
Heroic poems have a juſt pretence
To be the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſenſe;
A work of ſuch ineſtimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth!
Homer and Virgil! With what ſacred awe
Do thoſe mere ſounds the world's attention draw!
Juſt as a changeling ſeems below the reſt
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beaſt;
So theſe gigantic ſouls amaz'd we find
As much above the reſt of human-kind!
Nature's whole ſtrength united! endleſs fame
And univerſal ſhouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem proſe; but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Boſſu never writ, the world had ſtill,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of ſkill,
As ſomething of divine the work admir'd,
Not hop'd to be inſtructed, but inſpir'd:
But he, diſcloſing ſacred myſteries,
Has ſhewn where all the mighty magic lies;

Deſcrib'd the ſeeds, and in what order ſown,
That have to ſuch a vaſt proportion grown.
Sure from ſome angel he the ſecret knew,
Who thro' this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind
To ſee this promis'd land, yet ſtay behind?
The way is ſhewn, but who has ſtrength to go?
Who can all ſciences profoundly know?
Whoſe fancy flies beyond weak Reaſon's ſight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whoſe juſt diſcernment, Virgil-like, is ſuch,
Never to ſay too little or too much?
Let ſuch a man begin without delay,
But he muſt do beyond what I can ſay;
Muſt above Taſſo's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenſer and ev'n Milton fail.

DESPAIR.

All hopeleſs of relief,
Incapable of reſt,
In vain I ſtrive to vent a grief
That 's not to be expreſt.

This rage within my veins
No reaſon can remove;
Of all the mind's moſt cruel pains
The ſharpeſt, ſure, is love.

Yet while I languiſh ſo,
And on thee vainly call,
Take heed, fair Cauſe of all my woe!
What fate may thee befall.

Ungrateful cruel faults
Suit not thy gentle ſex;
Hereafter how will guilty thoughts
Thy tender conſcience vex?

When welcome Death ſhall bring
Relief to wretched me,
My ſoul enlarg'd, and once on wing,
In haſte will fly to thee.

When in thy lonely bed
My ghoſt its moan ſhall make,
With ſaddeſt ſigns that I am dead,
And dead for thy dear ſake;

Struck with that conſcious blow
Thy very ſoul will ſtart;
Pale as my ſhadow thou wilt grow,
And cold as is thy heart.

Too late remorſe will then
Untimely pity ſhow
To him who of all mortal men
Did moſt thy value know.

Yet, with this broken heart,
I wiſh thou never be
Tormented with the thouſandth part
Of what I feel for thee.

WRITTEN OVER A GATE.

Here lives a man who, by relation,
Depends upon predeſtination,
For which the learned and the wiſe
His underſtanding much deſpiſe;
But I pronounce, with loyal tongue,
Him in the right, them in the wrong;
For how could ſuch a wretch ſucceed
But that, alas! it was decreed?

STANZAS.

Whene'er my fooliſh bent to public good,
Or fonder zeal for ſome miſguided prince,
Shall make my dang'rous humour underſtood,
For changing miniſters for men of ſenſe:

When, vainly proud to ſhew my public care,
And ev'n aſham'd to ſee three nations fool'd,
I ſhall no longer bear a wretched ſhare
In ruling ill, or being over-rul'd:

Then as old lechers in a winter's night
To yawning hearers all their pranks diſcloſe,
And what decay deprives them of delight
Supply with vain endeavours to impoſe:

Juſt ſo ſhall I as idly entertain
Some ſtripling patriots, fond of ſeeming wiſe;
Tell how I ſtill could great employments gain,
Without concealing truths or whiſp'ring lies!

Boaſt of ſucceeding in my country's cauſe
Ev'n againſt ſome almoſt too high to blame,
Whom, when advanc'd beyond the reach of laws,
I oft' had ridicul'd to ſenſe and ſhame:

Say I reſiſted the moſt potent fraud,
But friendleſs Merit openly approv'd,
And that I was above the being aw'd
Not only by my prince, but thoſe he lov'd:

Who knows but my example then may pleaſe
Such noble hopeful ſpirits as appear
Willing to ſlight their pleaſures and their eaſe
For fame and honour? till at laſt they hear.

After much trouble borne, and danger run,
The crown aſſiſted, and my country ſerv'd,
Without good fortune I had been undone,
Without a good eſtate I might have ſtarv'd.

ELEGY.

TO THE DUCHESS OF R——.

Thou lovely ſlave to a rude huſband's will,
By Nature us'd ſo well, by him ſo ill!
For all that grief we ſee your mind endure
Your glaſs preſents you with a pleaſing cure.
Thoſe maids you envy for their happier ſtate,
To have your form would gladly have your fate;
And of like ſlavery each wife complains,
Without ſuch beauty's help to bear her chains.
Huſbands like him we ev'ry-where may ſee;
But where can we behold a wife like thee?
While to a tyrant you by Fate are ty'd,
By love you tyrannize o'er all beſide.
Thoſe eyes, tho' weeping, can no pity move;
Worthy our grief! more worthy of our love!
You, while ſo fair, (do Fortune what ſhe pleaſe)
Can be no more in pain than we at eaſe;
Unleſs, unſatisfy'd with all our vows,
Your vain ambition ſo unbounded grows,
That you repine a huſband ſhould eſcape
Th' united force of ſuch a face and ſhape.
If ſo, alas! for all thoſe charming powers
Your caſe is juſt as deſperate as ours.
Expect that birds ſhould only ſing to you,
And, as you walk, that ev'ry tree ſhould bow;

Expect thoſe ſtatues, as you paſs, ſhould burn,
And that with wonder men ſhould ſtatues turn:
Such beauty is enough to give things life,
But not to make a huſband love his wife:
A huſband worſe than ſtatues or than trees,
Colder than thoſe, leſs ſenſible than theſe.
Then from ſo dull a care your thoughts remove,
And waſte not ſighs you only owe to love.
'Tis pity ſighs from ſuch a breaſt ſhould part,
Unleſs to eaſe ſome doubtful lover's heart,
Who dies becauſe he muſt too juſtly prize
What yet the dull poſſeſſor does deſpiſe.
Thus precious jewels among Indians grow,
Who nor their uſe nor wondrous value know;
But we for thoſe bright treaſures tempt the main,
And hazard life for what the fools diſdain.

ODE ON LOVE.

I.

Let others ſongs or ſatires write,
Provok'd by vanity or ſpite,
My Muſe a nobler cauſe ſhall move,
To ſound aloud the praiſe of Love,
That gentle yet reſiſtleſs heat
Which raiſes men to all things good and great.
While other paſſions of the mind
To low brutality debaſe mankind,
By Love we are above ourſelves refin'd.
Oh, Love! thou trance divine! in which the ſoul,
Unclogg'd with worldly cares, may range without control,
And ſoaring to her heav'n, from thence inſpir'd can teach
High myſteries above poor Reaſon's feeble reach.

II.

To weak old age prudence ſome aid may prove,
And curb thoſe appetites that faintly move;
But wild impetuous youth is tam'd by nothing leſs than Love.
Of men too rough for peace, too rude for arts,
Love's pow'r can penetrate the hardeſt hearts,
And thro' the cloſeſt pores a paſſage find,
Like that of light, to ſhine all o'er the mind.
The want of love does both extremes produce,
Maids are too nice, and men as much too looſe;

While equal good an am'rous couple find,
She makes him conſtant, and he makes her kind:
New charms in vain a lover's faith would prove;
Hermits or bed-rid men they 'll ſooner move:
The fair inveigler will but ſadly find
There 's no ſuch eunuch as a man in love:
But when by his chaſte nymph embrac'd,
(For Love makes all embraces chaſte)
Then the tranſported creature can
Do wonders, and is more than man.
Both heav'n and earth would our deſires confine;
But yet in vain both heav'n and earth combine,
Unleſs where Love bleſſes the great deſign.
Hymen makes faſt the hand, but Love the heart;
He the fool's god, thou Nature's Hymen art,
Whoſe laws once broke we are not held by force,
But the falſe breach itſelf is a divorce.

III.

For love the miſer will his gold deſpiſe,
The falſe grow faithful, and the fooliſh wiſe;
Cautious the young, and complaiſant the old,
The cruel gentle, and the coward bold.
Thou glorious ſun within our ſouls,
Whoſe influence ſo much controls!
Ev'n dull and heavy lumps of love,
Quicken'd by thee more lively move;
And if their heads but any ſubſtance hold,
Love ripens all that droſs into the pureſt gold.

In Heav'n's great work thy part is ſuch,
That, maſter-like, thou giv'ſt the laſt great touch
To Heav'n's own maſterpiece of man,
And finiſheſt what Nature but began:
Thy happy ſtroke can into ſoftneſs bring
Reaſon, that rough and wrangling thing.
From childhood upwards we decay,
And grow but greater children ev'ry day:
So, Reaſon, how can we be ſaid to riſe?
So many cares attend the being wiſe,
'Tis rather falling down a precipice.
From ſenſe to reaſon unimprov'd we move;
We only then advance when reaſon turns to love.

IV.

Thou reigneſt o'er our earthly gods;
Uncrown'd by thee their other crowns are loads;
One beauty's ſmile their meaneſt courtier brings
Rather to pity than to envy kings;
His fellow ſlaves he takes them now to be,
Favour'd by love perhaps much leſs than he.
For love the timorous baſhful maid
Of nothing but denying is afraid;
For love ſhe overcomes her ſhame,
Forſakes her fortune, and forgets her fame;
Yet if but with a conſtant lover bleſt,
Thanks Heav'n for that, and never minds the reſt.

V.

Love is the ſalt of life; a higher taſte
It gives to pleaſure, and then makes it laſt.

Thoſe ſlighted favours which cold nymphs diſpenſe,
Mere common counters of the ſenſe,
Defective both in metal and in meaſure,
A lover's fancy coins into a treaſure.
How vaſt the ſubject! what a boundleſs ſtore
Of bright ideas ſhining all before!
The Muſe's ſighs forbid me to give o'er;
But the kind god incites us various ways,
And now I find him all my ardour raiſe,
His precepts to perform as well as praiſe.

ODE ON BRUTUS.

I.

'Tis ſaid that favourite mankind
Was made the lord of all below;
But yet the doubtful are concern'd to find
'Tis only one man tells another ſo.
And for this great dominion here
Which over other beaſts we claim,
Reaſon our beſt credential does appear,
By which indeed we domineer,
But how abſurdly we may ſee with ſhame:
Reaſon, that ſolemn trifle! light as air,
Driv'n up and down by cenſure or applauſe,
By partial love away 't is blown,
Or the leaſt prejudice can weigh it down;
Thus our high privilege becomes our ſnare.
In any nice and weighty cauſe

How weak at best is Reason! yet the grave
Impose on that small judgment which we have.

II.

In all those wits whose names have spread so wide,
And ev'n the force of Time defy'd,
Some failings yet may be descry'd.
Among the rest, with wonder be it told
That Brutus is admir'd for Cæsar's death,
By which he yet survives in Fame's immortal breath.
Brutus! ev'n he, of all the rest,
In whom we should that deed the most detest,
Is of mankind esteem'd the best.
As snow, descending from some lofty hill,
Is by its rolling course augmenting still,
So from illustrious authors down have roll'd
Those great encomiums he receiv'd of old.
Republic orators will shew esteem,
And gild their eloquence with praise of him,
But truth, unveil'd, like a bright sun appears,
To shine away this heap of seventeen hundred years.

III.

In vain 't is urg'd by an illustrious wit,
(To whom in all besides I willingly submit)
That Cæsar's life no pity could deserve
From one who kill'd himself rather than serve.
Had Brutus chose rather himself to slay
Than any master to obey,
Happy for Rome had been that noble pride;
The world had then remain'd in peace, and only Brutus dy'd.

For he whoſe ſoul diſdains to own
Subjection to a tyrant's frown,
And his own life would rather end,
Would ſure much rather kill himſelf than only hurt
To his own ſword in the Philippian field [his friend.
Brutus indeed at laſt did yield;
But in thoſe times ſelf-killing was not rare,
And his proceeded only from deſpair:
He might have choſen elſe to live,
In hopes another Cæſar would forgive;
Then, for the good of Rome, he could once more
Conſpire againſt a life which had ſpar'd his before.

IV.

Our country challenges our utmoſt care,
And in our thoughts deſerves the tendereſt ſhare;
Her to a thouſand friends we ſhould prefer,
Yet not betray them tho' it be for her.
Hard is his heart whom no deſert can move
A miſtreſs or a friend to love
Above whate'er he does beſides enjoy,
But may he, for their ſakes, his ſire or ſons deſtroy?
For ſacred juſtice, or for public good,
Scorn'd be our wealth, our honour, and our blood:
In ſuch a cauſe want is a happy ſtate;
Ev'n low diſgrace would be a glorious fate;
And death itſelf, when noble fame ſurvives,
More to be valued than a thouſand lives:

But 't is not surely of so fair renown
To spill another's blood as to expose our own.
Of all that 's ours we cannot give too much,
But what belongs to friendship, oh! 't is sacrilege to touch.
Can we stand by unmov'd, and see
Our mother robb'd and ravish'd? can we be
Excus'd if in her cause we never stir,
Pleas'd with the strength and beauty of the ravisher?
Thus sings our bard with heat almost divine;
'Tis pity that his thought was not as strong as fine.
Would it more justly did the case express,
Or that its beauty and its grace were less.
(Thus a nymph sometimes we see
Who so charming seems to be
That, jealous of a soft surprise,
We scarce durst trust our eager eyes.)
Such a fallacious ambush to escape,
It were but vain to plead a willing rape;
A valiant son would be provok'd the more;
A force we therefore must confess, but acted long before;
A marriage since did intervene,
With all the solemn and the sacred scenes;
Loud was the Hymenean song;
The violated dame * walk'd smilingly along,
And in the midst of the most sacred dance,
As if enamour'd of his sight,

* Rome.

Often she cast a kind admiring glance
On the bold struggler for delight,
Who afterwards appear'd so moderate and cool,
As if for public good alone he so desir'd to rule.

VI.

But, oh! that this were all which we can urge
Against a Roman of so great a soul,
And that fair truth permitted us to purge
His fact of what appears so foul!
Friendship, that sacred and sublimest thing!
The noblest quality and chiefest good,
(In this dull age scarce understood)
Inspires us with unusual warmth her injur'd rites to
Assist, ye Angels! whose immortal bliss, [sing:
Tho' more refin'd, chiefly consists in this.
How plainly your bright thoughts to one another
Oh! how ye all agree in harmony divine! [shine!
The race of mutual love with equal zeal ye run,
A course as far from any end as when at first begun.
Ye saw and smil'd upon this matchless pair,
Who still betwixt them did so many virtues share,
Some which belong to peace, and some to strife,
Those of a calm and of an active life,
That all the excellence of human-kind
Concurr'd to make of both but one united mind,
Which Friendship did so fast and closely bind,
Not the least cement could appear by which their
souls were join'd.

That tie which holds our mortal frame,
Which poor unknowing we a ſoul and body name,
Seems not a compoſition more divine,
Or more abſtruſe, than all that does in friendſhip ſhine.

VII.

From mighty Cæſar and his boundleſs grace
Tho' Brutus, once at leaſt, his life receiv'd,
Such obligations, tho' ſo high believ'd,
Are yet but ſlight in ſuch a caſe.
Where friendſhip ſo poſſeſſes all the place
There is no room for gratitude; ſince he
Who ſo obliges is more pleas'd than his ſav'd friend
Juſt in the midſt of all this noble heat, [can be.
While their great hearts did both ſo kindly beat
That it amaz'd the lookers-on,
And forc'd them to ſuſpect a father and a ſon *;
(Tho' here ev'n Nature's ſelf ſtill ſeem'd to be out-
From ſuch a friendſhip unprovok'd to fall [done)
Is horrid, yet I wiſh that fact were all
Which does with too much cauſe ungrateful Brutus

VIII. [call.

In cooleſt blood he laid a long deſign
Againſt his beſt and deareſt friend;
Did ev'n his foes in zeal exceed
To ſpirit others up to work ſo black a deed,
Himſelf the centre where they all did join.

* Cæſar was ſuſpected to have begotten Brutus.

Cæsar, mean-time, fearless, and fond of him,
Was as industrious all the while
To give such ample marks of fond esteem
As made the gravest Romans smile
To see with how much ease love can the wise beguile.
He, whom thus Brutus doom'd to bleed,
Did, setting his own race aside,
Nothing less for him provide
Than in the world's great empire to succeed;
Which we are bound in justice to allow
Is all-sufficient proof to show
That Brutus did not strike for his own sake;
And if, alas! he fail'd, 't was only by mistake.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF HENRY PURCELL.

Good angels snatch'd him eagerly on high;
Joyful they flew, singing and soaring thro' the sky,
Teaching his new-fledg'd soul to fly,
While we, alas! lamenting lie.
He went musing all along,
Composing new their heav'nly song.
A while his skilful notes loud hallelujahs drown'd,
But soon they ceas'd their own to catch his pleasing sound.
David himself improv'd the harmony,
David, in sacred story so renown'd
No less for music than for poetry!

Genius ſublime in either art!
Crown'd with applauſe ſurpaſſing all deſert!
A man juſt after God's own heart!
If human cares are lawful to the bleſt,
Already ſettled in eternal reſt,
Needs muſt he wiſh that Purcell only might
Have liv'd to ſet what he vouchſaf'd to write;
For ſure the noble thirſt of fame
With the frail body never dies,
But with the ſoul aſcends the ſkies,
From whence at firſt it came.
'Tis ſure no little proof we have
That part of us ſurvives the grave,
And in our fame below ſtill bears a ſhare;
Why is the future elſe ſo much our care,
Ev'n in our lateſt moment of deſpair,
And death deſpis'd for fame by all the wiſe and brave?
Oh, all ye bleſs'd harmonious Choir!
Who pow'r almighty only love, and only that admire!
Look down with pity from your peaceful bow'r
On this ſad iſle perplex'd,
And ever, ever vex'd
With anxious care of trifles, wealth and pow'r:
In our rough minds due reverence infuſe
For ſweet melodious ſounds and each harmonious Muſe.
Muſic exalts man's nature, and inſpires
High elevated thoughts or gentle kind deſires.

EPISTLES.

A LETTER FROM SEA.

FAIREST! if time and abſence can incline
Your heart to wand'ring thoughts no more than mine,
Then ſhall my hand, as changeleſs as my mind,
From your glad eyes a kindly welcome find;
Then, while this note my conſtancy aſſures,
You 'll be almoſt as pleas'd as I with your's:
And, truſt me, when I feel that kind relief,
Abſence itſelf a while ſuſpends its grief:
So may it do with you, but ſtraight return,
For it were cruel not ſometimes to mourn
His fate who, this long time he keeps away,
Mourns all the night, and ſighs out all the day;
Grieving yet more when he reflects that you
Muſt not be happy, or muſt not be true:
But ſince to me it ſeems a blacker fate
To be inconſtant than unfortunate,
Remember all thoſe vows between us paſt,
When I from all I value parted laſt;
May you alike with kind impatience burn,
And ſomething miſs till I with joy return;
And ſoon may pitying Heav'n that bleſſing give,
As in the hopes of that alone I live.

TO AMORETTA.

When I held out againſt your eyes
You took the ſureſt courſe;
A heart unwary to ſurpriſe
You ne'er could take by force.

However, tho' I ſtrive no more,
The fort will now be priz'd,
Which if ſurrender'd up before
Perhaps had been deſpis'd.

But, gentle Amoretta! tho'
I cannot love reſiſt,
Think not, when you have caught me ſo,
To uſe me as you liſt.

Inconſtancy or coldneſs will
My fooliſh heart reclaim;
Then I come off with honour ſtill,
But you, alas! with ſhame.

A heart by kindneſs only gain'd
Will a dear conqueſt prove,
And, to be kept, muſt be maintain'd
At vaſt expenſe of love.

TO A COQUETTE BEAUTY.

From wars and plagues come no such harms
As from a nymph so full of charms;
So much sweetness in her face,
In her motions such a grace,
In her kind inviting eyes
Such a soft enchantment lies,
That we please ourselves too soon,
And are with empty hopes undone.
After all her softness, we
Are but slaves, while she is free;
Free, alas! from all desire,
Except to set the world on fire.
Thou, fair Dissembler! dost but thus
Deceive thyself as well as us.
Like a restless monarch, thou
Wouldst rather force mankind to bow,
And venture round the world to roam,
Than govern peaceably at home.
But, trust me, Celia, trust me, when
Apollo's self inspires my pen,
One hour of love's delight outweighs
Whole years of universal praise;
And one adorer, kindly us'd,
Gives truer joys than crowds refus'd.
For what does youth and beauty serve?
Why more than all your sex deserve?

Why such soft alluring arts
To charm our eyes and melt our hearts?
By our loss you nothing gain;
Unless you love you please in vain.

TO A LADY,

RETIRING INTO A MONASTERY.

What breast but your's can hold the double fire
Of fierce devotion and of fond desire?
Love would shine forth were not your zeal so bright,
Whose glaring flames eclipse his gentler light:
Less seems the faith that mountains can remove,
Than this which triumphs over youth and love.

But shall some threat'ning priest divide us two?
What worse than that could all his curses do?
Thus with a fright some have resign'd their breath,
And poorly dy'd, only for fear of death.

Heav'n sees our passions with indulgence still,
And they who lov'd well can do nothing ill.
While to us nothing but ourselves is dear,
Should the world frown, yet what have we to fear?
Fame, wealth, and pow'r, those high-priz'd gifts of Fate,
The low concerns of a less happy state,
Are far beneath us: Fortune's self may take
Her aim at us, yet no impression make:

Let worldlings ask her help or fear her harms,
We can lie safe, lock'd in each other's arms,
Like the bless'd saints, eternal raptures know,
And slight those storms that vainly rest below.

Yet this, all this, you are resolv'd to quit;
I see my ruin, and I must submit:
But think, O think! before you prove unkind,
How lost a wretch you leave forlorn behind.

Malignant envy, mix'd with hate and fear,
Revenge for wrongs too burdensome to bear,
Ev'n zeal itself, from whence all mischiefs spring,
Have never done so barbarous a thing.

With such a fate the heav'ns decreed to vex
Armida once, tho' of the fairer sex:
Rinaldo she had charm'd with so much art,
Her's was his pow'r, his person, and his heart:
Honour's high thoughts no more his mind could move,
She sooth'd his rage, and turn'd it all to love;
When straight a gust of fierce devotion blows,
And in a moment all her joys o'erthrows:
The poor Armida tears her golden hair,
Matchless till now for love or for despair.
Who is not mov'd while the sad nymph complains?
Yet you now act what Tasso only feigns;
And after all our vows, our sighs, our tears,
My banish'd sorrows, and your conquer'd fears,
So many doubts, so many dangers, past,
Visions of zeal must vanquish me at last.

Thus in great Homer's war throughout the field
Some hero ſtill made all things mortal yield;
But when a god once took the vanquiſh'd ſide,
The weak prevail'd, and the victorious dy'd.

To One who accuſed him of being too ſenſual in his Love.

THINK not, my Fair! 't is ſin or ſhame
To bleſs the man who ſo adores,
Nor give ſo hard unjuſt a name
To all thoſe favours he implores.
Beauty is Heav'n's moſt bounteous gift eſteem'd,
Becauſe by love men are from vice redeem'd.

Yet wiſh not vainly for a love
From all the force of nature clear;
That is reſerv'd for thoſe above,
And 't is a fault to claim it here.
For ſenſual joys ye ſcorn that we ſhould love ye,
But love without them is as much above ye.

SONGS.

SONG I. INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

I MUST confeſs I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes,
But he that 's ſmil'd upon by you
Muſt all the world deſpiſe.

In winter fires of little worth
Excite our dull deſire,
But when the ſun breaks kindly forth
Thoſe fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for ſlighting now
What I did once adore;
O! do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more:

Fix'd by your never-failing charms,
Till I with age decay,
Till languiſhing within your arms,
I ſigh my ſoul away.

SONG II.

Oh! conceal that charming creature
From my wond'ring wiſhing eyes!
Ev'ry motion, ev'ry feature,
Does ſome raviſh'd heart ſurpriſe;
But, oh! I ſighing, ſighing, ſee
The happy ſwain! ſhe ne'er can be
Falſe to him or kind to me.

Yet if I could humbly ſhow her,
Ah! how wretched I remain,
'Tis not, ſure, a thing below her
Still to pity ſo much pain.
The gods ſome pleaſure, pleaſure, take,
Happy as themſelves to make
Thoſe who ſuffer for their ſake.

Since your hand alone was given
To a wretch not worth your care,
Like ſome angel ſent from heaven,
Come and raiſe me from deſpair:
Your heart I cannot, cannot, miſs,
And I deſire no other bliſs;
Let all the world beſides be his.

SONG III. THE RECONCILEMENT.

Come, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We 'll tie the knot so very fast
That Time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure nor no rest,
And when I feign'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you 'll find
How bless'd will be our fate:
Oh! to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

SONG IV.

From all uneasy passions free,
Revenge, ambition, jealousy,
Contented, I had been too blest
If love and you had let me rest:
Yet that dull life I now despise;
Safe from your eyes
I fear'd no griefs, but then I found no joys.

Amidst a thousand kind desires
Which beauty moves and love inspires,
Such pangs I feel of tender fear,
No heart so soft as mine can bear;
Yet I 'll defy the worst of harms:
Such are your charms,
'Tis worth a life to die within your arms.

PROLOGUES.

PROLOGUE

TO THE ALTERATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

HOPE to mend Shakeſpeare! or to match his ſtyle!
'Tis ſuch a jeſt would make a Stoic ſmile.
Too fond of fame, our poet ſoars too high,
Yet freely owns he wants the wings to fly:
So ſenſible of his preſumptuous thought,
That he confeſſes while he does the fault:
This to the fair will no great wonder prove,
Who oft' in bluſhes yield to what they love.
Of greateſt actions and of nobleſt men
This ſtory moſt deſerves a poet's pen;
For who can wiſh a ſcene more juſtly fam'd,
When Rome and mighty Julius are but nam'd!
That ſtate of heroes who the world had brav'd!
That wondrous man who ſuch a ſtate enſlav'd!
Yet loath he was to take ſo rough a way,
And after govern'd with ſo mild a ſway.
At diſtance now of ſeventeen hundred years,
Methinks a lovely raviſher appears,
Whom, tho' forbid by virtue to excuſe,
A nymph might pardon, and could ſcarce refuſe.

PROLOGUE

TO MARCUS BRUTUS.

Our ſcene is Athens; and, great Athens nam'd,
What ſoul ſo dull as not to be inflam'd?
Methinks at mentioning that ſacred place
A rev'rend awe appears in ev'ry face
For men ſo fam'd, of ſuch prodigious parts,
As taught the world all ſciences and arts.
Amidſt all theſe ye ſhall behold a man
The moſt applauded ſince mankind began,
Outſhining ev'n thoſe Greeks who moſt excel,
Whoſe life was one fix'd courſe of doing well.
Oh! who can therefore without tears attend
On ſuch a life, and ſuch a fatal end?
But here our author, beſides other faults
Of ill expreſſions and of vulgar thoughts,
Commits one crime that needs an act of grace,
And breaks the law of unity of place:
Yet to ſuch noble patriots, overcome
By factious violence, and baniſh'd Rome,
Athens alone a fit retreat could yield;
And where can Brutus fall but in Philippi field?
Some critics judge ev'n love itſelf too mean
A care to mix in ſuch a lofty ſcene,
And with thoſe ancient bards of Greece believe
Friendſhip has ſtronger charms to pleaſe or grieve;

But our more amorous poet, finding love
Amidſt all other cares, ſtill ſhines above,
Lets not the beſt of Romans end their lives
Without juſt ſoftneſs for the kindeſt wives.
Yet if ye think his gentle nature ſuch
As to have ſoften'd this great tale too much,
Soon will your eyes grow dry, and paſſion fall,
When ye reflect 't is all but conjugal.
This to the few and knowing was addreſt,
And now 't is fit I ſhould ſalute the reſt.
Moſt reverend dull Judges of the pit,
By Nature curs'd with the wrong ſide of wit!
You need not care, whate'er you ſee to-night,
How ill ſome players act or poets write;
Should our miſtakes be never ſo notorious,
You 'll have the joy of being more cenſorious.
Shew your ſmall talent then, let that ſuffice ye;
But grow not vain upon it, I adviſe ye.
Each petty critic can objections raiſe;
The greateſt ſkill is knowing when to praiſe.

CHORUSES IN JULIUS CÆSAR.

CHORUS I.

I.

Whither is Roman honour gone?
Where is your ancient virtue now?
That valour which so bright has shone,
And with the wings of conquest flown,
Must to a haughty master bow,
Who with our toil, our blood, and all we have beside,
Gorges his ill-got pow'r, his humour, and his pride.

II.

Fearless he will his life expose;
So does a lion or a bear;
His very virtues threaten those
Who more his bold ambition fear.
How stupid wretches we appear
Who round the world for wealth and empire roam,
Yet never, never think what slaves we are at home!

III.

Did men for this together join,
Quitting the free wild life of Nature?
What other beast did e'er design
The setting up his fellow-creature,
And of two mischiefs chuse the greater?

Oh! rather than be ſlaves to bold imperious men,
Give us our wildneſs and our woods, our huts and caves again.

IV.

There, ſecure from lawleſs ſway,
Out of Pride or Envy's way,
Living up to Nature's rules,
Not deprav'd by knaves and fools,
Happily we all ſhould live, and harmleſs as our ſheep,
And at laſt as calmly die as infants fall aſleep.

CHORUS II.

Lo! to prevent this mighty empire's doom,
From bright unknown abodes of bliſs I come,
The awful Genius of majeſtic Rome.

Great is her danger; but I will engage
Some few, the maſter-ſouls of all this age,
To do an act of juſt heroic rage.

'Tis hard a man ſo great ſhould fall ſo low;
More hard to let ſo brave a people bow
To one themſelves have rais'd, who ſcorns them now.

Yet, oh! I grieve that Brutus ſhould be ſtain'd,
Whoſe life, excepting this one act, remain'd
So pure, that future times will think it feign'd.

But only he can make the reſt combine,
The very life and ſoul of their deſign,
The centre where thoſe mighty ſpirits join.

Unthinking men no ſort of ſcruples make,
Others do ill only for miſchief's ſake,
But ev'n the beſt are guilty by miſtake.

Thus ſome, for envy or revenge, intend
To bring the bold uſurper to his end;
But for his country Brutus ſtabs his friend.

CHORUS III.

By two aerial Spirits.

I.

TELL, oh! tell me whence ariſe
Theſe diſorders in our ſkies?
Rome's great Genius wildly gaz'd,
And the gods ſeem all amaz'd.

II.

Know, in ſight of this day's ſun
Such a deed is to be done
Black enough to ſhroud the light
Of all this world in diſmal night.

I.

What is this deed?

II.

To kill a man
The greateſt ſince mankind began,
Learned, eloquent, and wiſe,
Gen'rous, merciful, and brave!

I.

Yet not too great a ſacrifice
The liberty of Rome to ſave.

II.

But will not goodneſs claim regard?
And does not worth deſerve reward?

I.

Does not their country lie at ſtake?
Can they do too much for her ſake?

Both Spirits together.

Tho' dreadful be this doom of Fate,
Juſt is that pow'r which governs all:
Better this wondrous man ſhould fall
Than a moſt glorious virtuous ſtate.

CHORUS IV.

How great a curſe has Providence
Thought fit to caſt on human-kind!
Learning, courage, eloquence,
The gentleſt nature, nobleſt mind,

Were intermixt in one alone,
Yet in one moment overthrown.

Could Chance or senseless atoms join
To form a soul so great as his?
Or would those pow'rs we hold divine
Destroy their own chief masterpiece?
Where so much difficulty lies
The doubtful are the only wise.

And, what must more perplex our thoughts,
Great Jove the best of Romans sends
To do the very worst of faults,
And kill the kindest of his friends.
All this is far above our reach,
Whatever priests presume to preach.

CHORUSES IN MARCUS BRUTUS.

CHORUS I. OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

Ye ſhades, where ſacred truth is ſought;
Groves, where immortal ſages taught,
Where heav'nly viſions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inſpir'd!
In vain your guiltleſs laurels ſtood
Unſpotted long with human blood:
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And ſteel now glitters in the Muſes' ſhades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh! heav'n-born Siſters! ſource of art!
Who charm the ſenſe or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and myſtic Song!
To what new clime, what diſtant ſky,
Forſaken, friendleſs, ſhall ye fly?
Say, will ye bleſs the bleak Atlantic ſhore,
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens ſinks by fates unjuſt,
When wild Barbarians ſpurn her duſt,
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmoſt ſhore
Shall ceaſe to bluſh with ſtrangers' gore:

See Arts her ſavage ſons control,
And Athens riſing near the pole!
Till ſome new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil Madneſs tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what juſtice rules the ball?
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are ſlaves.
Oh! curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry ſtate!
Still when the luſt of tyrant Pow'r ſucceeds
Some Athens periſhes, ſome Tully bleeds.

CHORUS II. OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, tyrant Love! haſt thou poſſeſt
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breaſt?
Wiſdom and wit in vain reclaim,
And arts but ſoften us to feel thy flame.
Love, ſoft intruder, enters here,
But ent'ring learns to be ſincere.
Marcus with bluſhes owns he loves,
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue! doſt thou blame deſire
Which Nature hath impreſt?
Why, Nature! doſt thou ſooneſt fire
The mild and gen'rous breaſt?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the gods approve;
The gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for abſent Porcia ſighs,
And ſterner Caſſius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is looſe love? a tranſient guſt
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,
A vapour fed from wild deſire,
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming, fire:
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one,
Chaſte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the ſun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh! ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye,
United wiſh, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend!
Whether his hoary ſire he ſpies,
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe,
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye,
Or views his ſmiling progeny;
What tender paſſions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmiſes,
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,
Dangers, doubts, delays, ſurpriſes,
Fires that ſcorch, yet dare not ſhine:
Pureſt love's unwaſting treaſure,
Conſtant faith, fair hope, long leiſure,
Days of eaſe, and nights of pleaſure,
Sacred Hymen! theſe are thine.

CHORUS III.

I.

Dark is the maze poor mortals tread;
Wiſdom itſelf a guide will need:
We little thought when Cæſar bled
That a worſe Cæſar would ſucceed.
And are we under ſuch a curſe
We cannot change but for the worſe?

II.

With fair pretence of foreign force,
By which R ne muſt herſelf inthrall,
Theſe, without bluſhes or remorſe,
Proſcribe the beſt, impoveriſh all.
The Gauls themſelves, our greateſt foes,
Could act no miſchiefs worſe than thoſe.

III.

That Julius, with ambitious thoughts,
Had virtues too his foes could find;
Theſe equal him in all his faults,
But never in his noble mind.
That free-born ſpirits ſhould obey
Wretches who know not how to ſway!

IV.

Late we repent our haſty choice,
In vain bemoan ſo quick a turn.
Hark all to Rome's united voice!
Better that we a while had borne
Ev'n all thoſe ills which moſt diſpleaſe,
Than ſought a cure far worſe than the diſeaſe.

CHORUS IV.

Our vows thus cheerfully we ſing,
While martial muſic fires our blood;
Let all the neighbouring echoes ring
With clamours for our country's good;
And for reward of the juſt gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

May Rome be freed from war's alarms,
And taxes heavy to be borne;
May ſhe beware of foreign arms,
And ſend them back with noble ſcorn.
And for reward, &c.

May she no more confide in friends
Who nothing farther understood
Than only for their private ends
To waste her wealth and spill her blood.
And for reward, &c.

Our Senators, great Jove! restrain
From private piques they prudence call;
From the low thoughts of little gain
And hazarding the losing all.
And for reward, &c.

The shining arms with haste prepare,
Then to the glorious combat fly,
Our minds unclogg'd with farther care
Except to overcome or die.
And for reward, &c.

They fight oppression to increase,
We for our liberties and laws;
It were a sin to doubt success
When freedom is the noble cause.
And for reward of the just gods we claim
A life with freedom, or a death with fame.

IMITATIONS.

THE TEMPLE OF DEATH.

IN IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.

In thoſe cold climates, where the ſun appears
Unwillingly, and hides his face in tears,
A diſmal vale lies in a deſert iſle,
On which indulgent Heav'n did never ſmile:
There a thick grove of aged cypreſs trees,
Which none without an awful horror ſees,
Into its wither'd arms, depriv'd of leaves,
Whole flocks of ill-preſaging birds receives:
Poiſons are all the plants that ſoil will bear,
And winter is the only ſeaſon there:
Millions of graves o'erſpread the ſpacious field,
And ſprings of blood a thouſand rivers yield,
Whoſe ſtreams, oppreſs'd with carcaſſes and bones,
Inſtead of gentle murmurs pour forth groans.
Within this vale a famous temple ſtands,
Old as the world itſelf, which it commands;
Round is its figure, and four iron gates
Divide mankind, by order of the Fates:
Thither in crowds come to one common grave
The young, the old, the monarch, and the ſlave.

Old Age and Pains, thoſe evils man deplores,
Are rigid keepers of th' eternal doors,
All clad in mournful blacks, which ſadly load
The ſacred walls of this obſcure abode;
And tapers, of a pitchy ſubſtance made,
With clouds of ſmoke increaſe the diſmal ſhade.
A monſter void of reaſon and of ſight
The goddeſs is who ſways this realm of night;
Her pow'r extends o'er all things that have breath,
A cruel tyrant, and her name is Death.
The faireſt object of our wond'ring eyes
Was newly offer'd up her ſacrifice;
Th' adjoining places where the altar ſtood,
Yet bluſhing with the fair Almeria's blood;
When griev'd Orontes, whoſe unhappy flame
Is known to all who e'er converſe with Fame,
His mind poſſeſs'd by Fury and Deſpair,
Within the ſacred temple made this prayer:
Great Deity! who in thy hands doſt bear
That iron ſceptre which poor mortals fear;
Who, wanting eyes thyſelf, reſpecteſt none,
And neither ſpar'ſt the laurel nor the crown!
O Thou! whom all mankind in vain withſtand,
Each of whoſe blood muſt one day ſtain thy hand!
O Thou! who ev'ry eye that ſees the light
Cloſeſt for ever in the ſhades of night!
Goddeſs! attend, and hearken to my grief,
To which thy pow'r alone can give relief.

Alas! I ask not to defer my fate,
But wish my hapless life a shorter date,
And that the earth would in its bowels hide
A wretch whom Heav'n invades on ev'ry side;
That from the sight of day I could remove,
And might have nothing left me but my love.
Thou only comforter of minds oppress,
The port where wearied spirits are at rest,
Conductor to Elysium, take my life,
My breast I offer to thy sacred knife:
So just a grace refuse not, nor despise
A willing tho' a worthless sacrifice.
Others (their frail and mortal state forgot)
Before thy altars are not to be brought
Without constraint; the noise of dying rage,
Heaps of the slain of ev'ry sex and age,
The blade all reeking in the gore it shed,
With sever'd heads and arms confus'dly spread;
The rapid flames of a perpetual fire,
The groans of wretches ready to expire;
This tragic scene in terror makes them live,
Till that is forc'd which they should freely give;
Yielding unwillingly what Heav'n will have,
Their fears eclipse the glory of their grave;
Before thy face they make indecent moan,
And feel a hundred deaths in fearing one;
Thy flame becomes unhallow'd in their breast,
And he a murderer who was a priest;

But againſt me thy ſtrongeſt forces call,
And on my head let all the tempeſt fall;
No mean retreat ſhall any weakneſs ſhow,
But calmly I'll expect the fatal blow;
My limbs not trembling, in my mind no fear,
Plaints in my mouth, nor in my eyes a tear:
Think not that time, our wonted ſure relief,
That univerſal cure for ev'ry grief,
Whoſe aid ſo many lovers oft' have found,
With like ſucceſs can ever heal my wound:
Too weak the pow'r of Nature or of Art,
Nothing but Death can eaſe a broken heart;
And that thou may'ſt behold my helpleſs ſtate,
Learn the extremeſt rigour of my fate.

Amidſt th' innumerable beauteous train
Paris, the queen of cities, does contain,
(The faireſt town, the largeſt, and the beſt)
The fair Almeria ſhin'd above the reſt;
From her bright eyes to feel a hopeleſs flame,
Was of our youth the moſt ambitious aim:
Her chains were marks of honour to the brave;
She made a prince whene'er ſhe made a ſlave.
Love, under whoſe tyrannic pow'r I groan,
Shew'd me this beauty ere 't was fully blown;
Her tim'rous charms, and her unpractis'd look,
Their firſt aſſurance from my conqueſt took:
By wounding me ſhe learn'd the fatal art,
And the firſt ſigh ſhe had was from my heart;

My eyes, with tears moiſt'ning her ſnowy arms,
Render'd the tribute owing to her charms;
But as I ſooneſt of all mortals paid
My vows, and to her beauty altars made,
So among all thoſe ſlaves that ſigh'd in vain
She thought me only worthy of my chain:
Love's heavy burden my ſubmiſſive heart
Endur'd not long before ſhe bore her part:
My violent flame melted her frozen breaſt,
And in ſoft ſighs her pity ſhe expreſt:
Her gentle voice allay'd my raging pains,
And her fair hands ſuſtain'd me in my chains;
Ev'n tears of pity waited on my moan,
And tender looks were caſt on me alone:
My hopes and dangers were leſs mine than her's,
Thoſe fill'd her ſoul with joys, and theſe with fears;
Our hearts, united, had the ſame deſires,
And both alike burn'd with impatient fires.

Too faithful Memory! I give thee leave
Thy wretched maſter kindly to deceive;
Oh! make me not poſſeſſor of her charms,
Let me not find her languiſh in my arms:
Paſt joys are now my fancy's mournful themes;
Make all my happy nights appear but dreams:
Let not ſuch bliſs before my eyes be brought,
O hide thoſe ſcenes from my tormenting thought!
And in their place diſdainful beauty ſhow;
If thou wouldſt not be cruel make her ſo;

And, something to abate my deep despair,
O let her seem less gentle or less fair!
But I in vain flatter my wounded mind;
Never was nymph so lovely or so kind.
No cold repulses my desires suppress'd,
I seldom sigh'd but on Almeria's breast:
Of all the passions which mankind destroy,
I only felt excess of love and joy:
Unnumber'd pleasures charm'd my sense, and they
Were, as my love, without the least allay;
As pure, alas! but not so sure to last,
For, like a pleasing dream, they are all past.
From heav'n her beauties like fierce lightnings came
Which break thro' darkness with a glorious flame;
A while they shine, a while our minds amaze,
Our wond'ring eyes are dazzled with the blaze;
But thunder follows, whose resistless rage
None can withstand, and nothing can assuage;
And all that light which those bright flashes gave
Serves only to conduct us to our grave.
When I had just begun love's joys to taste,
(Those full rewards for fears and dangers past)
A fever seiz'd her, and to nothing brought
The richest work that ever Nature wrought.
All things below, alas! uncertain stand;
The firmest rocks are fix'd upon the sand:
Under this law both kings and kingdoms bend,
And no beginning is without an end.

A ſacrifice to time Fate dooms us all,
And at the tyrant's feet we daily fall:
Time, whoſe bold hand will bring alike to duſt
Mankind, and temples too in which they truſt.
Her waſted ſpirits now begin to faint,
Yet patience ties her tongue from all complaint,
And in her heart as in a fort remains,
But yields at laſt to her reſiſtleſs pains.
Thus while the Fever, am'rous of his prey,
Thro' all her veins makes his delightful way,
Her fate 's like Semele's; the flames deſtroy
That beauty they too eagerly enjoy.
Her charming face is in its ſpring decay'd,
Pale grow the roſes, and the lilies fade;
Her ſkin has loſt that luſtre which ſurpaſt
The ſun's, and well deſerv'd as long to laſt:
Her eyes, which us'd to pierce the hardeſt hearts,
Are now diſarm'd of all their flames and darts;
Thoſe ſtars now heavily and ſlowly move,
And Sickneſs triumphs in the throne of Love.
The fever ev'ry moment more prevails,
Its rage her body feels and tongue bewails;
She, whoſe diſdain ſo many lovers prove,
Sighs now for torment as they ſigh for love,
And with loud cries, which rend the neighb'ring air,
Wounds my ſad heart, and weakens my deſpair.
Both men and gods I charge now with my loſs,
And wild with grief my thoughts each other croſs;

My heart and tongue labour in both extremes;
This ſends up humble pray'rs, while that blaſphemes:
I aſk their help whoſe malice I defy,
And mingle ſacrilege with piety:
But that which muſt yet more perplex my mind,
To love her truly I muſt ſeem unkind:
So unconcern'd a face my ſorrow wears,
I muſt reſtrain unruly floods of tears.
My eyes and tongue put on diſſembling forms,
I ſhew a calmneſs in the midſt of ſtorms;
I ſeem to hope when all my hopes are gone,
And, almoſt dead with grief, diſcover none.
But who can long deceive a loving eye,
Or with dry eyes behold his miſtreſs die?
When paſſion had, with all its terrors, brought
Th' approaching danger nearer to my thought,
Off on a ſudden fell the forc'd diſguiſe,
And ſhew'd a ſighing heart in weeping eyes:
My apprehenſions, now no more confin'd,
Expos'd my ſorrows, and betray'd my mind.
The fair afflicted ſoon perceives my tears,
Explains my ſighs, and thence concludes my fears:
With ſad preſages of her hopeleſs caſe,
She reads her fate in my dejected face;
Then feels my torment, and neglects her own,
While I am ſenſible of her's alone:
Each does the other's burthen kindly bear,
I fear her death, and ſhe bewails my fear.

Tho' thus we ſuffer under Fortune's darts,
'Tis only thoſe of love which reach our hearts.
Mean-while the fever mocks at all our fears,
Grows by our ſighs, and rages at our tears:
Thoſe vain effects of our as vain deſire,
Like wind and oil, increaſe the fatal fire.
Almeria then, feeling the Deſtinies
About to ſhut her lips and cloſe her eyes,
Weeping, in mine fix'd her fair trembling hand,
And with theſe words I ſcarce could underſtand,
Her paſſion in a dying voice expreſt
Half, and her ſighs, alas! made out the reſt.
"'Tis paſt; this pang—Nature gives o'er the ſtrife;
"Thou muſt thy miſtreſs loſe, and I my life.
"I die; but, dying thine, the Fates may prove
"Their conqueſt over me, but not my love:
"Thy memory, my glory and my pain,
"In ſpite of Death itſelf ſhall ſtill remain.
"Deareſt Orontes! my hard fate denies
"That hope is the laſt thing which in us dies:
"From my griev'd breaſt all thoſe ſoft thoughts are [fled,
"And love ſurvives it tho' my hope is dead:
"I yield my life, but keep my paſſion yet,
"And can all thoughts but of Orontes quit.
"My flame increaſes as my ſtrength decays;
"Death, which puts out the light, the heat will raiſe:
"That ſtill remains, tho' I from hence remove;
"I loſe my lover, but I keep my love."

The ſighs which ſent forth that laſt tender word
Up tow'rds the heav'ns like a bright meteor ſoar'd,
And the kind nymph, not yet bereft of charms,
Fell cold and breathleſs in her lover's arms.

Goddeſs! who now my fate haſt underſtood,
Spare but my tears, and freely take my blood:
Here let me end the ſtory of my cares;
My diſmal grief enough the reſt declares:
Judge thou by all this miſery diſplay'd,
Whether I ought not to implore thy aid;
Thus to ſurvive reproaches on me draws;
Never ſad wiſhes had ſo juſt a cauſe.

Come then, my only hope! in ev'ry place
Thou viſiteſt men tremble at thy face,
And fear thy name: once let thy fatal hand
Fall on a ſwain that does the blow demand.
Vouchſafe thy dart; I need not one of thoſe
With which thou doſt unwilling kings depoſe:
A welcome death the ſlighteſt wound can bring,
And free a ſoul already on her wing:
Without thy aid, moſt miſerable I
Muſt ever wiſh, yet not obtain to die.

On apprehenſion of loſing what he had newly gained.

IN IMITATION OF OVID.

Sure I of all men am the firſt
That ever was by kindneſs curſt,

Who muſt my only bliſs bemoan,
And am by happineſs undone.
Had I at diſtance only ſeen
That lovely face, I might have been
With the delightful object pleas'd,
But not with all this paſſion ſeiz'd.
When afterwards ſo near I came
As to be ſcorch'd in Beauty's flame,
To ſo much ſoftneſs, ſo much ſenſe,
Reaſon itſelf made no defence.
What pleaſing thoughts poſſeſs'd my mind
When little favours ſhew'd you kind!
And tho', when coldneſs oft' prevail'd,
My heart would ſink, and ſpirits fail'd,
Yet willingly the yoke I bore;
And all your chains as bracelets wore;
At your lov'd feet all day would lie,
Deſiring without knowing why;
For, not yet bleſt within your arms,
Who could have thought of half your charms?
Charms of ſuch a wondrous kind,
Words we cannot, muſt not, find,
A body worthy of your mind.
Fancy could ne'er ſo high reflect,
Nor Love itſelf ſuch joys expect.
After ſuch embraces paſt,
Whoſe memory will ever laſt,

Love is ſtill reflecting back;
All my ſoul is on a rack.
'Tis to be in hell 's ſufficient curſe,
But to fall from heav'n is worſe.
I liv'd in grief ere this I knew,
But then I dwelt in darkneſs too.
Of gains, alas! I could not boaſt,
But little thought how much I loſt.
Now heart-devouring eagerneſs,
And ſharp impatience to poſſeſs;
Now reſtleſs cares, conſuming fires,
Anxious thoughts, and fierce deſires,
Fear my heart to that degree,
For ever fix'd on only thee;
Then all my comfort is, I ſhall
Live in thy arms, or not at all.

THE PICTURE.

IN IMITATION OF ANACREON.

Thou flatterer of all the fair,
Come with all your ſkill and care;
Draw me ſuch a ſhape and face
As your flatt'ry would diſgrace.
Wiſh not that ſhe would appear,
'Tis well for you ſhe is not here:
Scarce can you with ſafety ſee
All her charms deſcrib'd by me:

I, alas! the danger know,
I, alas! have felt the blow;
Mourn, as loſt, my former days,
That never ſung of Celia's praiſe;
And thoſe few that are behind
I ſhall bleſt or wretched find
Only juſt as ſhe is kind.
With her tempting eyes begin,
Eyes that would draw angels in
To a ſecond ſweeter ſin.
Oh! thoſe wanton rolling eyes!
At each glance a lover dies:
Make them bright, yet make them willing,
Let them look both kind and killing.
Next draw her forehead, then her noſe,
And lips juſt op'ning, that diſcloſe
Teeth ſo bright, and breath ſo ſweet,
So much beauty, ſo much wit,
To our very ſoul they ſtrike,
All our ſenſes pleas'd alike.
But ſo pure a white and red
Never, never can be ſaid:
What are words in ſuch a caſe?
What is paint to ſuch a face?
How ſhould either art avail us?
Fancy here itſelf muſt fail us.
In her looks, and in her mien,
Such a graceful air is ſeen,

That if you, with all your art,
Can but reach the ſmalleſt part,
Next to her, the matchleſs ſhe!
We ſhall wonder moſt at thee.

Then her neck, and breaſts, and hair,
And her——but my charming fair
Does in a thouſand things excel
Which I muſt not, dare not, tell.

How go on then? Oh! I ſee
A lovely Venus drawn by thee;
Oh! how fair ſhe does appear!
Touch it only here and there:
Make her yet ſeem more divine,
Your Venus then may look like mine,
Whoſe bright form if once you ſaw,
You by her would Venus draw.

TRANSLATIONS.

HELEN TO PARIS.

FROM OVID.

Translated by the Earl of Mulgrave and Mr. Dryden.

When looſe epiſtles violate chaſte eyes,
She half conſents who ſilently denies.
How dares a ſtranger, with deſigns ſo vain,
Marriage and hoſpitable rights profane?
Was it for this your fate did ſhelter find
From ſwelling ſeas and ev'ry faithleſs wind?
(For tho' a diſtant country brought you forth,
Your uſage here was equal to your worth.)
Does this deſerve to be rewarded ſo?
Did you come here a ſtranger or a foe?
Your partial judgment may perhaps complain,
And think me barb'rous for my juſt diſdain:
Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaſte,
Nor my clear fame with any ſpot defac'd.
Tho' in my face there's no affected frown,
Nor in my carriage a feign'd niceneſs ſhown,
I keep my honour ſtill without a ſtain,
Nor has my love made any coxcomb vain.
Your boldneſs I with admiration ſee;
What hope had you to gain a queen like me?

Becauſe a hero forc'd me once away,
Am I thought fit to be a ſecond prey?
Had I been won I had deſerv'd your blame,
But ſure my part was nothing but the ſhame;
Yet the baſe theft to him no fruit did bear,
I 'ſcap'd unhurt by any thing but fear:
Rude force might ſome unwilling kiſſes gain,
But that was all he ever could obtain.
You on ſuch terms would ne'er have let me go;
Were he like you we had not parted ſo.
Untouch'd the youth reſtor'd me to my friends,
And modeſt uſage made me ſome amends.
'Tis virtue to repent a vicious deed:
Did he repent that Paris might ſucceed?
Sure 't is ſome fate that ſets me above wrongs,
Yet ſtill expoſes me to buſy tongues.
I'll not complain, for who 's diſpleas'd with love
If it ſincere, diſcreet, and conſtant prove?
But that I fear—not that I think you baſe,
Or doubt the blooming beauties of my face;
But all your ſex is ſubject to deceive,
And ours, alas! too willing to believe.
Yet others yield, and love o'ercomes the beſt—
But why ſhould I not ſhine above the reſt?
Fair Leda's ſtory ſeems at firſt to be
A fit example ready found for me:
But ſhe was cozen'd by a borrow'd ſhape,
And under harmleſs feathers felt a rape.

If I ſhould yield, what reaſon could I uſe?
By what miſtake the loving crime excuſe?
Her fault was in her pow'rful lover loſt;
But of what Jupiter have I to boaſt?
Tho' you to heroes and to kings ſucceed,
Our famous race does no addition need;
And great alliances but uſeleſs prove
To one that ſprings herſelf from mighty Jove.
Go then and boaſt in ſome leſs haughty place
Your Phrygian blood, and Priam's ancient race,
Which I would ſhew I valued if I durſt:
You are the fifth from Jove, but I the firſt.
The crown of Troy is pow'rful, I confeſs,
But I have reaſon to think ours no leſs.
Your letter, fill'd with promiſes of all
That men can good, and women pleaſant, call,
Gives expectation ſuch an ample field
As would move goddeſſes themſelves to yield:
But if I e'er offend great Juno's laws,
Yourſelf ſhall be the dear, the only cauſe:
Either my honour I'll to death maintain,
Or follow you without mean thoughts of gain:
Not that ſo fair a preſent I deſpiſe;
We like the gift when we the giver prize;
But 't is your love moves me, which made you take
Such pains, and run ſuch hazards for my ſake.
I have perceiv'd (tho' I diſſembled too)
A thouſand things that love has made you do:

Your eager eyes would almoſt dazzle mine,
To which (wild man!) your wanton thoughts would
Sometimes you 'd ſigh, ſometimes diſorder'd ſtand,
And with unuſual ardour preſs my hand;
Contrive juſt after me to take the glaſs,
Nor would you let the leaſt occaſion paſs;
Which oft' I fear'd I did not mind alone,
And bluſhing ſat for things which you have done;
Then murmur'd to myſelf, He 'll for my ſake
Do any thing: I hope 't was no miſtake.
Oft' have I read within this pleaſant grove,
Under my name, theſe charming words, "I love."
I, frowning, ſeem'd not to believe your flame,
But now, alas! am come to write the ſame.
If I were capable to do amiſs,
I could not but be ſenſible of this;
For, oh! your face has ſuch peculiar charms,
That who can hold from flying to your arms!
But what I ne'er can have without offence,
May ſome bleſs'd maid poſſeſs with innocence.
Pleaſure may tempt, but virtue more ſhould move;
Oh! learn of me to want the thing you love.
What you deſire is ſought by all mankind;
As you have eyes, ſo others are not blind:
Like you they ſee, like you my charms adore;
They wiſh not leſs, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our coaſts been brought,
My virgin love when thouſand rivals ſought,

You had I seen, you should have had my voice,
Nor could my husband justly blame my choice.
For both our hopes, alas! you came too late;
Another now is master of my fate:
More to my wish I could have liv'd with you,
And yet my present lot can undergo.
Cease to solicit a weak woman's will,
And urge not her you love to so much ill;
But let me live contented as I may,
And make not my unspotted fame your prey.
Some right you claim, since naked to your eyes
Three goddesses disputed Beauty's prize:
One offer'd valour, t' other crowns; but she
Obtain'd her cause who smiling promis'd me.
But, first, I am not of belief so light
To think such nymphs would shew you such a sight:
Yet granting this, the other part is feign'd;
A bribe so mean your sentence had not gain'd.
With partial eyes I should myself regard
To think that Venus made me her reward;
I humbly am content with human praise;
A goddess's applause would envy raise.
But be it as you say; for 't is confest
The men who flatter highest please us best:
That I suspect it ought not to displease,
For miracles are not believ'd with ease.
One joy I have, that I had Venus' voice;
A greater yet that you confirm'd her choice;

That proffer'd laurels, promis'd sov'reignty,
Juno and Pallas you contemn'd for me.
Am I your empire then, and your renown?
What heart of rock but must by this be won?
And yet bear witness, O ye Pow'rs above!
How rude I am in all the arts of love:
My hand is yet untaught to write to men,
This is th' essay of my unpractis'd pen:
Happy those nymphs whom use has perfect made;
I think all crime, and tremble at a shade:
Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious eyes
Look often back, misdoubting a surprise:
For now the rumour spreads among the crowd,
At court in whispers, but in town aloud.
Dissemble you whate'er you hear them say:
To leave off loving were your better way:
Yet if you will dissemble it you may.
Love secretly: the absence of my lord
More freedom gives, but does not all afford:
Long is his journey, long will be his stay,
Call'd by affairs of consequence away:
To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
I bid him make what swift return he could:
Then kissing me, he said, "I recommend
"All to thy care, but most my Trojan friend."
I smil'd at what he innocently said,
And only answer'd, "You shall be obey'd."

Propitious winds have borne him far from hence,
But let not this secure your confidence:
Absent he is, yet absent he commands;
You know the proverb, "Princes have long hands."
My fame 's my burden, for the more I 'm prais'd
A juster ground of jealousy is rais'd:
Were I less fair I might have been more blest;
Great beauty thro' great danger is possest.
To leave me here his venture was not hard,
Because he thought my virtue was my guard:
He fear'd my face, but trusted to my life;
The beauty doubted, but believ'd the wife.
You bid me use th' occasion while I can
Put in our hands by the good easy man.
I would, and yet I doubt 'twixt love and fear;
One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
Our flames are mutual, and my husband's gone;
The nights are long, I fear to lie alone:
One house contains us, and weak walls divide,
And you 're too prelling to be long deny'd.
Let me not live but ev'ry thing conspires
To join our loves, and yet my fear retires.
You court with words when you should force employ;
A rape is requisite to shame-fac'd joy:
Indulgent to the wrongs which we receive,
Our sex can suffer what we dare not give.
What have I said! for both of us 't were best
Our kindling fire if each of us suppress.

The faith of ſtrangers is too prone to change,
And, like themſelves, their wand'ring paſſions range.
Hypſipyla and the fond Minoian maid
Were both by truſting of their gueſt betray'd.
How can I doubt that other men deceive,
When you yourſelf did fair Oenone leave?
But leſt I ſhould upbraid your treachery,
You make a merit of that crime to me.
Yet grant you were to faithful love inclin'd,
Your weary Trojans wait but for a wind.
Should you prevail, while I aſſign the night,
Your ſails are hoiſted, and you take your flight;
Some bawling mariner our love deſtroys,
And breaks aſunder our unfiniſh'd joys.
But with you may leave the Spartan port,
To view the Trojan wealth and Priam's court.
Shown while I ſee, I ſhall expoſe my fame,
And fill a foreign country with my ſhame.
In Aſia what reception ſhall I find?
And what diſhonour leave in Greece behind?
What will your brothers, Priam, Hecuba,
And what will all your modeſt matrons ſay?
Ev'n you, when on this action you reflect,
My future conduct juſtly may ſuſpect;
And whate'er ſtranger lands upon your coaſt,
Conclude me, by your own example, loſt.
I from your rage a ſtrumpet's name ſhall hear,
While you forget what part in it you bear:

You, my crime's author, will my crime upbraid:
Deep under ground, oh! let me first be laid!
You boast the pomp and plenty of your land,
And promise all shall be at my command:
Your Trojan wealth, believe me, I despise;
My own poor native land has dearer ties.
Should I be injur'd on your Phrygian shore,
What help of kindred could I there implore?
Medea was by Jason's flatt'ry won;
I may, like her, believe and be undone.
Plain honest hearts, like mine, suspect no cheat,
And love contributes to its own deceit.
The ships about whose sides loud tempests roar
With gentle winds were wafted from the shore.
Your teeming mother dream'd a flaming brand,
Sprung from her womb, consum'd the Trojan land:
To second this old prophesies conspire
That Ilium shall be burnt with Grecian fire:
Both give me fear, nor is it much allay'd
That Venus is oblig'd our loves to aid:
For they who lost their cause revenge will take,
And for one friend two enemies you make.
Nor can I doubt but, should I follow you,
The sword would soon our fatal crime pursue:
A wrong so great my husband's rage would rouze,
And my relations would his cause espouse.
You boast your strength and courage; but, alas!
Your words receive small credit from your face.

Let heroes in the dusty field delight,
Those limbs were fashion'd for another fight:
Bid Hector sally from the walls of Troy;
A sweeter quarrel should your arms employ.
Yet fears like these should not my mind perplex,
Were I as wise as many of my sex:
But time and you may bolder thoughts inspire,
And I, perhaps, may yield to your desire.
You last demand a private conference:
These are your words; but I can guess your sense.
Your unripe hopes their harvest must attend:
Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your friend.
This is enough to let you understand,
For now my pen has tir'd my tender hand;
My woman knows the secret of my heart,
And may hereafter better news impart.

PART OF THE

STORY OF ORPHEUS.

Being a translation out of the fourth book of Virgil's Georgic.

'Tis not for nothing when just Heav'n does frown;
The injur'd Orpheus calls these judgments down,
Whose spouse, avoiding to become thy prey,
And all his joys at once, were snatch'd away:

The nymph, fore-doom'd that fatal way to paſs,
Spy'd not the ſerpent lurking in the graſs:
A mournful cry the ſpacious valley fills
With echoing groans from all the neighb'ring hills;
The Dryades roar out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail the fair.

For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his lute indulg'd the tender grief;
Along the ſhore he oft' would wildly ſtray,
With doleful notes begin and end the day:
At length to hell a frightful journey made,
Paſs'd the wide-gaping gulf and diſmal ſhade,
Viſits the ghoſts, and to that king repairs
Whoſe heart 's inflexible to human pray'rs.
All hell is raviſh'd with ſo ſweet a ſong;
Light ſouls and airy ſpirits glide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driv'n home by night, or ſome tempeſtuous wind;
Matrons and men, raw youths and unripe maids,
And mighty heroes' more majeſtic ſhades,
And ſons entomb'd before their parents' face,
Theſe the black waves of bounding Styx embrace
Nine times circumfluent, clogg'd with noiſome weeds,
And all that filth which ſtanding water breeds:
Amazement reach'd ev'n the deep caves of Death,
The Siſters with blue ſnaky curls took breath,
Ixion's wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,
And the fierce dog his three-mouth'd voice reſtrain'd.

When safe return'd, and all these dangers past,
His wife, restor'd to breathe fresh air at last,
Following, (for so Proserpina was pleas'd)
A sudden rage th' unwary lover seiz'd;
He, as the first bright glimpse of day-light shin'd,
Could not refrain to cast one look behind;
A fault of love! could hell compassion find.
A dreadful sound thrice shook the Stygian coast,
His hopes quite fled, and all his labour lost!
"Why hast thou thus undone thyself and me?
What rage is this? oh! I am snatch'd from thee!
(She faintly cry'd;) Night and the pow'rs of hell
Surround my sight; oh! Orpheus! oh! farewell!
My hands stretch forth to reach thee as before,
But all in vain, for I am thine no more;
No more allow'd to view thy face, or day!"—
Then from his eyes, like smoke, she fleets away.
Much he would fain have spoke; but Fate, alas!
Would ne'er again consent to let him pass.
Thus twice undone, what course remain'd to take
To gain her back, already pass'd the lake?
What tears, what patience, could procure him ease?
Or, ah! what vows the angry pow'rs appease?
'Tis said he seven long moons bewail'd his loss
To bleak and barren rocks, on whose cold moss,
While languishing he sung his fatal flame,
He mov'd ev'n trees, and made fierce tigers tame.

So the ſad nightingale, when childleſs made
By ſome rough ſwain who ſtole her young away,
Bewails her loſs beneath a poplar ſhade,
Mourns all the night, in murmurs waſtes the day;
Her melting ſongs a doleful pleaſure yield,
And melancholy muſic fills the field.

Marriage nor love could ever move his mind,
But all alone, beat by the northern wind,
Shiv'ring on Tanais' banks the bard remain'd,
And of the god's unfruitful gift complain'd.
Circonian dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the feaſt of Bacchus ſolemniz'd,
Slew the poor youth, and ſtrew'd about his limbs;
His head, torn off from the fair body, ſwims
Down that ſwift current where the Heber flows,
And ſtill its tongue in doleful accents goes;
"Ah! poor Eurydice!" he dying cry'd;
Eurydice reſounds from ev'ry ſide.

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THE END.

NOTES

UPON THE TWELVE BOOKS OF PARADISE LOST.

Collected from the SPECTATOR.

Written by MR. *ADDISON.*

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NOTES
UPON
PARADISE LOST.

SPECTATOR, No. 267.

Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii. Propert.

THERE is nothing in nature more irkſome than general diſcourſes, eſpecially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reaſon I ſhall wave the diſcuſſion of that point which was ſtarted ſome years ſince, whether *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt* may be called an *Heroic Poem?* Thoſe who will not give it that title, may call it (if they pleaſe) a *Divine Poem.* It will be ſufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the higheſt kind of Poetry; and as for thoſe who alledge it is not an Heroick Poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they ſhould ſay *Adam* is not *Æneas*, nor *Eve Helen.*

I ſhall therefore examine it by the rules of Epic Poetry, and ſee whether it falls ſhort of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the beauties which are eſſential to that kind of writing. The firſt thing to be conſider'd in an Epic Poem, is the Fable, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or leſs ſo. This Action ſhould have three qualifications in it. Firſt, it ſhould be but one action. Secondly,

it ſhould be an entire action; and thirdly, it ſhould be a great action. Let us conſider the Action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, & *Paradiſe Loſt*, in theſe three ſeveral lights. *Homer* to preſerve the Unity of his Action haſtens into the midſt of things, as *Horace* has obſerved: Had he gone up to *Leda*'s egg, or begun much later, even at the Rape of *Helen*, or the inveſting of *Troy*, it is manifeſt that the ſtory of the Poem would have been a ſeries of ſeveral actions. He therefore opens his Poem with the diſcord of his Princes, and artfully interweaves, in the ſeveral ſucceeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had paſſed before this fatal diſſenſion. After the ſame manner, *Æneas* makes his firſt appearance in the *Tyrrhene* Seas, and within ſight of *Italy*, becauſe the action propoſed to be celebrated was that of his ſettling himſelf in *Latium*. But becauſe it was neceſſary for the Reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of *Troy*, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, *Virgil* makes his Heroe relate it by way of Epiſode in the ſecond & third books of the *Æneid*: the contents of both which books come before thoſe of the firſt book in the thread of the ſtory, tho' for preſerving of this Unity of Action, they follow it in the diſpoſition of the Poem. *Milton*, in imitation of theſe two great Poets, opens his *Paradiſe Loſt* with an infernal Council plotting the Fall of Man, which is the Action he propoſed to celebrate; and as for thoſe great actions, the Battle of the Angels, & the Creation of the World, (which preceded in point of time, and which, in my opinion, would have entirely deſtroyed the Unity of his principal action, had he related them in the ſame order that they happened) he caſt them into the fifth, ſixth and ſeventh books, by way of Epiſode to this noble Poem.

Vid. the end of Spect. 327.

ARISTOTLE himſelf allows, that *Homer* has nothing to boaſt of as to the Unity of his Fable, tho'

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at the ſame time that great Critick and Philoſopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the *Greek* Poet by imputing it in ſome meaſure to the very nature of an Epic Poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* alſo labours in this particular, and has Epiſodes which may be looked upon as excreſcencies rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our conſideration, hath no other Epiſodes than ſuch as naturally ariſe from the ſubject, and yet is filled with ſuch a multitude of aſtoniſhing incidents, that it gives us at the ſame time a pleaſure of the greateſt variety, and of the greateſt ſimplicity; uniform in its nature, tho' diverſified in the execution.

I muſt obſerve alſo, that, as *Virgil* in the Poem which was deſigned to celebrate the original of the *Roman* Empire, has deſcribed the birth of its great Rival, the *Carthaginian* Common wealth: *Milton*, with the like art in his Poem on the Fall of Man, has related the Fall of thoſe Angels who are his profeſſed Enemies. Beſide the many other beauties in ſuch an Epiſode, it's running parallel with the great Action of the Poem, hinders it from breaking the Unity ſo much as another Epiſode would have done, that had not ſo great an affinity with the principal ſubject. In ſhort, this is the ſame kind of beauty which the Criticks admire in the *Spaniſh Fryar*, or the *Double Diſcovery*, where the two different Plots look like counterparts and copies of one another.

THE ſecond qualification required in the Action of an Epic Poem is, that it ſhould be an *entire* Action: An Action is entire when it is compleat in all its parts; or as *Ariſtotle* deſcribes it, when it conſiſts of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing ſhould go before it, be intermix'd with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As on the contrary, no ſingle ſtep ſhould be omitted in that juſt and regular progreſs which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its original to

its conſummation. Thus we ſee the Anger of *Achilles* in its birth, its continuance, & effects, and *Æneas*'s Settlement in *Italy*, carried on through all the oppoſitions in his way to it both by Sea and Land. The Action in *Milton* excells (I think) both the former in this particular; we ſee it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and puniſhed by Heaven. The parts of it are told in the moſt diſtinct manner, & grow out of one another in the moſt natural order.

THE third qualification of an Epic Poem is its *Greatneſs*. The Anger of *Achilles* was of ſuch conſequence, that it embroiled the Kings of *Greece*, deſtroy'd the Heroes of *Aſia*, & engaged all the Gods in Factions. *Æneas*'s Settlement in *Italy* produc'd the *Ceſars*, and gave birth to the *Roman* Empire. *Milton*'s ſubject was ſtill greater than either of the former; it does not determine the fate of ſingle Perſons or Nations, but of a whole ſpecies. The united Powers of Hell are joined together for the deſtruction of Mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence it ſelf interpoſed. The principal Actors are Man in his greateſt perfection, & Woman in her higheſt beauty. Their Enemies are the fallen Angels: The Meſſiah their Friend, and the Almighty their Protector. In ſhort, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of Nature, or out of it, has a proper part aſſigned it in this admirable Poem.

IN Poetry, as in Architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, ſhould be great. I will not preſume to ſay, that the book of Games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature; nor to reprehend *Virgil*'s Simile of the Top, and many other of the ſame kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any cenſure in this particular; but I think we may ſay, without derogating from thoſe wonderful performances, that there is an indiſputable and unqueſtioned Magnificence in every part of *Paradiſe*

Paradise Loſt, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any Pagan Syſtem.

BUT *Ariſtotle*, by the Greatneſs of the Action, does not only mean that it ſhould be great in its nature, but alſo in its duration; or in other words, That it ſhould have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call Greatneſs. The juſt meaſure of this kind of Magnitude, he explains by the following ſimilitude. An Animal, no bigger than a Mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, becauſe the ſight takes it in at once, & has only a confuſed idea of the whole, and not a diſtinct idea of all its parts; If on the contrary you ſhould ſuppoſe an Animal of ten thouſand furlongs in length, the eye would be ſo filled with a ſingle part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What theſe animals are to the eye, a very ſhort or a very long Action would be to the memory. The firſt would be, as it were, loſt and ſwallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. *Homer* and *Virgil* have ſhewn their principal art in this particular; the Action of the *Iliad*, & that of the *Æneid*, were in themſelves exceeding ſhort, but are ſo beautifully extended and diverſified by the invention of *Epiſodes*, and the machinery of Gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable ſtory ſufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. *Milton*'s Action is enriched with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, that I have taken as much pleaſure in reading the Contents of his books, as in the beſt invented Story I ever met with. It is poſſible, that the Traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more circumſtances in them than the Hiſtory of *the Fall of Man*, as it is related in Scripture. Beſides it was eaſier for *Homer* & *Virgil* to daſh the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the Religion of their country by it. But as for *Milton*, he had not only a very few circumſtances upon which to raiſe his Poem, but was alſo

obliged to proceed with the greateſt caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithſtanding all the reſtraint he was under, he has filled his ſtory with ſo many ſurpriſing incidents, which bear ſo cloſe analogy with what is delivered in holy writ, that it is capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate Reader, without giving offence to the moſt ſcrupulous.

THE modern Criticks have collected from ſeveral hints in the *Iliad* and *Æneid* the ſpace of time, which is taken up by the Action of each of thoſe Poems; but as a great part of *Milton*'s ſtory was tranſacted in Regions that lie out of the reach of the Sun and the ſphere of day, it is impoſſible to gratifie the Reader with ſuch a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than inſtructive: None of the Criticks, either antient or modern, having laid down rules to circumſcribe the Action of an Epic Poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

But of this more particularly hereafter.

SPECTATOR, No. 273.

--- *Notandi ſunt tibi* mores. Hor.

HAVING examined the Action of *Paradiſe Loſt*, let us in the next place conſider the Actors. This is *Ariſtotle*'s method of conſidering firſt the Fable, and ſecondly the Manners, or as we generally call them in *Engliſh*, the Fable and the Characters.

HOMER has excelled all the Heroic Poets that ever wrote, in the multitude and variety of his Characters. Every God that is admitted into his Poem, acts a part which would have been ſuitable to no other Deity. His Princes are as much diſtinguiſhed by their Manners as by their Dominions; and even thoſe among them, whoſe Characters ſeem wholly made up of Courage, differ

differ from one another as to the particular kinds of Courage in which they excel. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a ſpeech or action in the *Iliad*, which the Reader may not aſcribe to the perſon that ſpeaks or acts, without ſeeing his name at the head of it.

HOMER does not only out-ſhine all other Poets in the variety, but alſo in the novelty of his Characters. He has introduced among his *Grecian* Princes a Perſon, who had lived in three Ages of men, & converſed with *Theſeus*, *Hercules*, *Polyphemus*, and the firſt Race of Heroes. His principal Actor is the Son of a Goddeſs, not to mention the Off-ſpring of other Deities, who have likewiſe a place in his Poem, & the venerable *Trojan* Prince who was the Father of ſo many Kings and Heroes. There is in theſe ſeveral Characters of *Homer*, a certain dignity as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroic Poem. Tho' at the ſame time, to give them the greater variety, he has deſcribed a *Vulcan*, that is, a Buffoon among his Gods, and a *Therſites* among his Mortals.

VIRGIL falls infinitely ſhort of *Homer* in the Characters of his Poem, both as to their variety & novelty. *Æneas* is indeed a perfect Character, but as for *Achates*, tho' he is ſtiled the Heroe's Friend, he does nothing in the whole Poem which may deſerve that title. *Gyas*, *Mneſtheus*, *Sergeſtus*, and *Cleanthus*, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character,

--- *fortemque Gyan*, *fortemque Cleanthum*: Virg.

THERE are indeed ſeveral very natural incidents in the part of *Aſcanius*; as that of *Dido* cannot be ſufficiently admired. I do not ſee any thing new or particular in *Turnus*. *Pallas* and *Evander* are remote copies of *Hector* and *Priam*, as *Lauſus* and *Mezentius* are almoſt parallels to *Pallas* & *Evander*. The Characters of *Niſus* and *Eurialus* are beautiful, but common. We muſt not forget the parts of *Sinon*, *Camilla*, and ſome few others, which are fine improvements on the

Greek Poet. In ſhort, there is neither that variety nor novelty in the Perſons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in thoſe of the *Iliad*.

IF we look into the Characters of *Milton*, we ſhall find that he has introduced all the variety his Fable was capable of receiving. The whole Species of Mankind was in two perſons at the time to which the ſubject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct Characters in theſe two perſons. We ſee Man and Woman in the higheſt innocence and perfection, and in the moſt abject ſtate of guilt and infirmity. The two laſt Characters are, indeed, very common and obvious, but the two firſt are not only more magnificent, but more new than any Characters either in *Virgil* or *Homer*, or indeed in the whole circle of Nature.

MILTON was ſo ſenſible of this defect in the ſubject of his Poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two Actors of a ſhadowy and fictitious nature, in the perſons of Sin and Death; by which means he has wrought into the body of his Fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithſtanding the fineneſs of this Allegory may atone for it in ſome meaſure; I cannot think that Perſons of ſuch a chimerical exiſtence are proper Actors in an Epic Poem; becauſe there is not that meaſure of probability annexed to them, which is requiſite in writings of this kind, as I ſhall ſhew more at large hereafter.

Vid. Spect. 309.

VIRGIL has, indeed, admitted *Fame* as an Actreſs in the *Æneid*; but the part ſhe acts is very ſhort, and none of the moſt admired circumſtances in that divine Work. We find in Mock-Heroic Poems, particularly in the *Diſpenſary* and the *Lutrin*, ſeveral allegorical Perſons of this nature, which are very beautiful in thoſe compoſitions, & may, perhaps, be uſed as an argument, that the Authors of them were of opinion, ſuch

ſuch Characters might have a place in an Epic work. For my own part, I ſhould be glad the Reader would think ſo, for the ſake of the Poem I am now examining; and muſt further add, that if ſuch empty unſubſtantial beings may be ever made uſe of on this occaſion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than thoſe of which I am now ſpeaking.

ANOTHER principal Actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of Mankind. The part of *Ulyſſes* in *Homer's Odyſſey* is very much admired by *Ariſtotle*, as perplexing that Fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his Voyage, and the ſubtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and diſcoveries of his perſon in ſeveral parts of that Poem. But the crafty Being I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than *Ulyſſes*, puts in practice many more wiles and ſtratagems, and hides himſelf under a greater variety of ſhapes & appearances, all of which are ſeverally detected, to the great delight and ſurpriſe of the Reader.

WE may likewiſe obſerve with how much art the Poet has varied ſeveral Characters of the Perſons that ſpeak in his infernal Aſſembly. On the contrary, how has he repreſented the whole Godhead exerting it ſelf towards Man in its full benevolence under the threefold diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

NOR muſt we omit the Perſon of *Raphael*, who, amidſt his tenderneſs and friendſhip for Man, ſhews ſuch a dignity and condeſcention in all his ſpeech & behaviour, as are ſuitable to a ſuperior Nature. The Angels are indeed as much diverſified in *Milton*, and diſtinguiſhed by their proper Parts, as the Gods are in *Homer* or *Virgil*. The Reader will find nothing aſcribed to *Uriel*, *Gabriel*, *Michael*, or *Raphael*, which is not in a particular manner ſuitable to their reſpective Characters.

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THERE is another circumſtance in the principal Actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which give peculiar beauty to thoſe two Poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the Authors having choſen for their Heroes Perſons who were ſo nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. *Achilles* was a *Greek*, and *Æneas* the remote Founder of *Rome*. By this means their Countrymen (whom they principally propoſed to themſelves for their Readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their ſtory, & ſympathized with their Heroes in all their adventures. A *Roman* could not but rejoice in the eſcapes, ſucceſſes, and victories of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or diſappointments that befel him; as a *Greek* muſt have had the ſame regard for *Achilles*. And it is plain, that each of thoſe Poems have loſt this great advantage, among thoſe Readers to whom their Heroes are as ſtrangers, or indifferent perſons.

MILTON's Poem is admirable in this reſpect, ſince it is impoſſible for any of its Readers, whatever Nation, Country or People he may belong to, not to be related to the Perſons who are the principal Actors in it. But what is ſtill infinitely more to its advantage, the principal Actors in this Poem are not only our Progenitors, but our Repreſentatives: We have an actual intereſt in every thing they do, and no leſs than our utmoſt happineſs is concerned, and lies at ſtake in all their behaviour.

I ſhall ſubjoin as a Corollary to the foregoing Remark, an admirable obſervation out of *Ariſtotle*, which hath been very much misrepreſented in the quotations of ſome Modern Criticks. „ If a Man of perfect and „ conſummate Virtue falls into a misfortune, it raiſes „ our Pity, but not our Terror, becauſe we do not „ fear that it may be our own caſe, who do not reſemble the ſuffering Perſon. But as that great Philoſopher adds, „ If we ſee a Man of Virtue, mixt

„ with

„ with infirmities, fall into any misfortune, it does „ not only raiſe our Pity but our Terror; becauſe we „ are afraid that the like misfortune may happen to „ our ſelves, who reſemble the Character of the ſuf- „ fering Perſon.

I ſhall only remark in this place, that the foregoing obſervation of *Ariſtotle*, tho' it may be true in other occaſions, does not hold in this; becauſe in the preſent caſe, though the Perſons who fall into misfortune are of the moſt perfect and conſummate Virtue, it is not to be conſidered as what may poſſibly be, but what actually is our own caſe; ſince we are embark'd with them on the ſame bottom, and muſt be partakers of their happineſs or miſery.

IN this, & ſome other very few inſtances, *Ariſtotle's* Rules for Epic Poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon *Homer*) cannot be ſuppoſed to ſquare exactly with the heroic Poems which have been made ſince his time; ſince it is evident to every impartial Judge, his Rules would ſtill have been more perfect, could he have peruſed the *Æneid* which was made ſome hundred years after his death.

IN my next, I ſhall go through other parts of *Milton's* Poem; & hope that what I ſhall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only ſerve as a comment upon *Milton*, but upon *Ariſtotle*.

SPECTATOR, Nº. 279.

Reddere perſona ſcit convenientia cuique. Hor.

WE have already taken a general ſurvey of the Fable and Characters in *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*: The parts which remain to be conſider'd, according to *Ariſtotle's* method, are the *Sentiments* & the *Language*. Before I enter upon the firſt of theſe, I muſt adverti ſe my Reader, that it is my deſign as ſoon as I have

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finiſhed my general Reflections on theſe four ſeveral heads, to give particular inſtances out of the Poem now before us of beauties and imperfections which may be obſerved under each of them, as alſo of ſuch other particulars as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premiſe, that the Reader may not judge too haſtily of this piece of criticiſm, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has ſeen the whole extent of it.

THE Sentiments in an Epic Poem are the thoughts and behaviour which the Author aſcribes to the Perſons whom he introduces, & are *juſt* when they are conformable to the Characters of the ſeveral Perſons. The Sentiments have likewiſe a relation to *Things* as well as *Perſons*, and are then perfect when they are ſuch as are adapted to the ſubject. If in either of theſe caſes the Poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnifie or diminiſh, to raiſe Love or Hatred, Pity or Terror, or any other Paſſion, we ought to conſider whether the Sentiments he makes uſe of are proper for thoſe ends. *Homer* is cenſured by the Criticks for his defect as to this particular in ſeveral parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey*, tho' at the ſame time thoſe who have treated this great Poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the Age, and not of *Homer*, if there wants that delicacy in ſome of his Sentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferior Genius. Beſides, if there are blemiſhes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greateſt part of them. In ſhort, if there are many Poets who would not have fallen into the meanneſs of ſome of his Sentiments, there are none who could have riſen up to the greatneſs of others. *Virgil* has excelled all others in the propriety of his Sentiments. *Milton* ſhines likewiſe very much in this particular: Nor muſt we omit one conſideration which adds to his honour and reputation. *Homer* and *Virgil* introduced Perſons whoſe Charac-

Characters are commonly known among men, and ſuch as are to be met with either in Hiſtory, or in ordinary Converſation. *Milton*'s Characters, moſt of them, lie out of Nature, & were to be formed purely by his own invention. It ſhews a greater genius in *Shakeſpear* to have drawn his *Calyban*, than his *Hotſpur* or *Julius Caſar*: The one was to be ſupplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, hiſtory and obſervation. It was much eaſier therefore for *Homer* to find proper Sentiments for an Aſſembly of *Grecian* Generals, than for *Milton* to diverſifie his infernal Council with proper Characters, & inſpire them with a variety of Sentiments. The Loves of *Dido* & *Æneas* are only copies of what has paſſed between other perſons. *Adam* and *Eve* before the Fall, are a different Species from that of Mankind, who are deſcended from them; & none but a Poet of the moſt unbounded invention, & the moſt exquiſite judgment, cou'd have filled their converſation and behaviour with ſo many apt circumſtances during their ſtate of Innocence.

NOR is it ſufficient for an Epic Poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are *natural*, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are *ſublime*. *Virgil* in this particular falls ſhort of *Homer*. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are low & vulgar; but at the ſame time has not ſo many thoughts that are ſublime and noble. The truth of it is, *Virgil* ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing Sentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleaſes us by the force of his own genius; but ſeldom elevates & tranſports us where he does not fetch his hints from *Homer*.

MILTON's chief talent, and indeed his diſtinguiſhing excellence lies in the ſublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the Moderns who rival him in every other part of Poetry; but in the greatneſs of his Sentiments he triumphs over all the Poets both modern and ancient, *Homer* only excepted. It is impoſſible

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for the imagination of man to diſtend it ſelf with greater ideas, than thoſe which he has laid together in his firſt, ſecond and ſixth Books. The ſeventh, which deſcribes the Creation of the World, is likewiſe wonderfully ſublime, tho' not ſo apt to ſtir up emotion in the mind of the Reader, nor conſequently ſo perfect in the Epic way of writing, becauſe it is filled with leſs action. Let the judicious Reader compare what *Longinus* has obſerved on ſeveral paſſages in *Homer*, and he will find parallels for moſt of them in the *Paradiſe Loſt*.

FROM what has been ſaid we may infer, that as there are two kinds of Sentiments, the Natural & the Sublime, which are always to be purſued in an heroic Poem, there are alſo two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of thoughts we meet with little or nothing that is like them in *Virgil*: He has none of thoſe trifling points and puerilities that are ſo often to be met with in *Ovid*, none of the Epigrammatick turns of *Lucan*, none of thoſe ſwelling Sentiments which are ſo frequently in *Statius* & *Claudian*, none of thoſe mixed embelliſhments of *Taſſo*. Every thing is juſt and natural. His Sentiments ſhew that he had a perfect inſight into humane-nature, & that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it.

Mr. *Dryden* has in ſome places, which I may hereafter take notice of, misrepreſented *Virgil*'s way of thinking as to this particular, in the Tranſlation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that *Homer* any where falls into the faults abovementioned, which were indeed the falſe refinements of later Ages. *Milton*, it muſt be confeſt, has ſometimes erred in this reſpect, as I ſhall ſhew more at large in another paper; tho' conſidering all the Poets of the Age in which he writ, were infected with this wrong way of thinking, it is rather

rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did ſometimes comply with the vicious taſte which ſtill prevails ſo much among modern Writers.

BUT ſince ſeveral thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an Epic Poet ſhould not only avoid ſuch Sentiments as are unnatural or affected, but alſo ſuch as are mean and vulgar. *Homer* has opened a great field of raillery to Men of more delicacy than greatneſs of genius, by the homelineſs of ſome of his Sentiments. But, as I have before ſaid, theſe are rather to be imputed to the ſimplicity of the Age in which he lived, to which I may alſo add, of that which he deſcribed, than to any imperfection in that Divine Poet. *Zoilus*, among the ancients, and Monſieur *Perrault*, among the moderns, puſhed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of ſome ſuch Sentiments. There is no blemiſh to be obſerved in *Virgil*, under this head, & but a very few in *Milton*.

I ſhall give but one inſtance of this impropriety of thought in *Homer*, and at the ſame time compare it with an inſtance of the ſame nature, both in *Virgil* and *Milton*. Sentiments which raiſe laughter, can very ſeldom be admitted with any decency into an heroic Poem, whoſe buſineſs is to excite paſſions of a much nobler nature. *Homer*, however, in his characters of *Vulcan* & *Therſites*, in his ſtory of *Mars* and *Venus*, in his behaviour of *Irus*, and in other paſſages, has been obſerved to have lapſed into the burleſque character, & to have departed from that ſerious air which ſeems eſſential to the magnificence of an Epic Poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which riſes in the fifth Book upon *Monœtes*, where he is repreſented as thrown overboard, and drying himſelf upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is ſo well timed, that the ſevereſt Critick can have nothing to ſay againſt it, for it is in the Book of Games & diverſions,

where the Reader's mind may be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently relaxed for ſuch an entertainment. The only piece of pleaſantry in *Paradiſe Loſt*, is where the evil Spirits are deſcribed as rallying the Angels upon the ſucceſs of their new invented Artillery. This paſſage I look upon to be the moſt exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing elſe but a ſtring of Puns, and thoſe too very indifferent. B. VI. v. 607.

- - - Satan beheld their plight,
And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
O friends, why come not on theſe victors proud!
Ere-while they fierce were coming, and when we,
To entertain them fair with open front,
And breaſt, (what could we more) propounded terms
Of compoſition; *ſtraight they changed their minds,*
Flew *off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,*
As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
For joy of offer'd peace; but I ſuppoſe
If our propoſals once again were heard,
We ſhould compell them to a quick reſult.
To whom thus Belial *in like gameſome mood.*
Leader, the terms we ſent, were terms of weight,
Of hard contents, *and full of force urg'd home,*
Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
And ſtumbled *many; who receives them right,*
Had need, from head to foot, well underſtand;
Not underſtood, *this gift they have beſides,*
They ſhew us when our Foes walk not upright.
Thus they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
Stood ſcoffing - - -

SPECTATOR, No. 285.

Ne quicunque Deus, quicunque adhibebitur Heros,
Regali conſpectus in auro nuper & oſtro,
Migret in obſcuras humili ſermone tabernas:
Aut dum vitat humum, nubes & inania captet. Hor.

HAVING already treated of the Fable, the Characters and Sentiments in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, we are in the laſt place to conſider the *Language*; and as the learned world is very much divided upon *Milton* as to this point, I hope they will excuſe me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, & encline to thoſe who judge the moſt advantagiouſly of the Author.

IT is requiſite that the Language of an Heroic Poem ſhould be both perſpicuous & ſublime. In proportion as either of theſe two qualities are wanting, the Language is imperfect. Perſpicuity is the firſt & moſt neceſſary qualification; inſomuch that a good-natur'd Reader ſometimes overlooks a little ſlip even in the Grammar or Syntax, where it is impoſſible for him to miſtake the Poet's ſenſe. Of this kind is that Paſſage in *Milton*, wherein he ſpeaks of *Satan*.

- - - God and his Son except, B. II. v. 678.
Created thing nought valu'd he nor ſhunn'd.

And that in which he deſcribes *Adam* and *Eve*.

Adam *the goodlieſt Man of Men ſince born* IV. 323.
His Sons, the faireſt of her Daughters Eve.

IT is plain, that in the former of theſe paſſages, according to the natural ſyntax, the Divine Perſons mentioned in the firſt line are repreſented as created beings; and that in the other, *Adam* & *Eve* are confounded with their Sons and Daughters. Such little blemiſhes as theſe, when the thought is great & natural,

tural, we ſhould, with *Horace*, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakneſs of Human-nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, & give the laſt finiſhing to every circumſtance in ſo long a work. The ancient Criticks therefore, who where acted by a ſpirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain Figures of Speech, on purpoſe to palliate little errors of this nature in the writings of thoſe Authors who had ſo many greater beauties to attone for them.

IF clearneſs and perſpicuity were only to be conſulted, the Poet would have nothing elſe to do but to cloath his thoughts in the moſt plain and natural expreſſions. But ſince it often happens that the moſt obvious phraſes, and thoſe which are uſed in ordinary converſation, become too familiar to the ear, & contract a kind of meanneſs by paſſing through the mouths of the Vulgar, a Poet ſhould take particular care to guard himſelf againſt idiomatick ways of ſpeaking. *Ovid* and *Lucan* have many poorneſſes of expreſſion upon this account, as taking up with the firſt phraſes that offered, without putting themſelves to the trouble of looking after ſuch as would not only be natural, but alſo elevated and ſublime. *Milton* has but a few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with ſome inſtances, as in the following paſſages.

Embrio's and Idiots, Eremites and Fryars III. 474.
White, Black *and* Grey, *with all their* trumpery,
Here Pilgrims roam - - -
- - - *A while diſcourſe they hold,* V. 395.
No fear leaſt dinner cool; *when thus began*
Our Author - - -
Who of all Ages to ſucceed, but feeling X. 734.
The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
My head; ill fare our Anceſtor impure,
For this we may thank *Adam* - - -

The

The great Maſters in Compoſition know very well that many an elegant phraſe becomes improper for a Poet or an Orator, when it has been debaſed by common uſe. For this reaſon the works of ancient Authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over thoſe which are written in languages that are now ſpoken. Were there any mean phraſes or idioms in *Virgil* and *Homer*, they would not ſhock the ear of the moſt delicate modern Reader, ſo much as they would have done that of an old *Greek* or *Roman*, becauſe we never hear them pronounced in our ſtreets, or in ordinary converſation.

IT is not therefore ſufficient, that the language of an Epic Poem be perſpicuous, unleſs it be alſo ſublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phraſes of ſpeech. The judgment of a Poet very much diſcovers it ſelf in ſhunning the common roads of expreſſion, without falling into ſuch ways of ſpeech as may ſeem ſtiff and unnatural; he muſt not ſwell into a falſe ſublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extream. Among the *Greeks*, *Æſchylus*, and ſometimes *Sophocles* were guilty of this fault; among the *Latins*, *Claudian* and *Statius*, and among our own Countrymen, *Shakeſpear* & *Lee*. In theſe Authors the affectation of greatneſs often hurts the perſpicuity of the ſtile, as in many others the endeavour after perſpicuity prejudices its greatneſs.

ARISTOTLE has obſerved, that the Idiomatick ſtile may be avoided, and the Sublime formed, by the following methods. Firſt, by the uſe of Metaphors: ſuch are thoſe in *Milton*.

Imparadis'd *in one anothers arms*,
- - - *And in his hand a reed*
Stood waving tipt *with fire*; - - -
The graſſie clods now calv'd. - - -
Spangled *with eyes* - - -

IN theſe & innumerable other inſtances, the Metaphors are very bold but juſt: I muſt however obſerve, that the Metaphors are not thick ſown in *Milton*, which always ſavours too much of wit; that they never claſh with one another, which, as *Ariſtotle* obſerves, turns a ſentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he ſeldom has recourſe to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

ANOTHER way of raiſing the Language, and giving it a Poetical turn, is to make uſe of the Idioms of other tongues. *Virgil* is full of the *Greek* forms of ſpeech, which the Criticks call *Helleniſms*, as *Horace* in his Odes abounds with them much more than *Virgil*. I need not mention the ſeveral Dialects which *Homer* has made uſe of for this end. *Milton* in conformity with the practice of the Ancient Poets, & with *Ariſtotle*'s rule, has infuſed a great many *Latiniſms* as well as *Graciſms*, & ſometimes *Hebraiſms*, into the Language of his Poem; as towards the beginning of it, B. I.

Nor *did they* not *perceive the evil plight* v. 335.
In which they were, or *the fierce pains* not *feel*.
Yet to *their Gen'ral's voice they ſoon obey'd*.
- - - *Who ſhall tempt with wandring feet* B.II. v.404.
The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure *find out*
His uncouth way, *or ſpread his airy flight*
Upborn with indefatigable wings
Over the vaſt Abrupt!

- - - *So both aſcend*
In the Viſions of God - - - B. XI. 377.

UNDER this head may be reckoned the placing the Adjective after the Subſtantive, the tranſpoſition of Words, the turning the Adjective into a Subſtantive, with ſeveral other foreign modes of ſpeech, which this Poet has naturalized to give his Verſe the greater ſound, and throw it out of Proſe.

THE

THE third method mentioned by *Ariſtotle*, is what agrees with the genius of the *Greek* Language more than with that of any other Tongue, and is therefore more uſed by *Homer* than by any other Poet. I mean the lengthning of a Phraſe by the addition of words, which may either be inſerted or omitted, as alſo by the extending or contracting of particular words by the inſertion or omiſſion of certain ſyllables. *Milton* has put in practice this method of raiſing his Language, as far as the nature of our Tongue will permit, as in the paſſage above-mentioned, *Eremite*, for what is Hermite, in common diſcourſe. If you obſerve the Meaſure of his Verſe, he has with great judgment ſuppreſſed a Syllable in ſeveral words, and ſhortned thoſe of two Syllables into one, by which method, beſides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his Numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of Perſons and of Countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Heſſebon*, & in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the Name, or made uſe of that which is not the moſt commonly known, that he might the better depart from the Language of the Vulgar.

THE ſame reaſon recommended to him ſeveral old Words, which alſo makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of Antiquity.

I muſt likewiſe take notice that there are in *Milton* ſeveral Words of his own coining, as *Cerberean*, *miſcreated*, *hell-doom'd*, *embryon* Atoms, & many others. If the Reader is offended at this liberty in our *Engliſh* Poet, I would recommend him to a diſcourſe in *Plutarch*, which ſhews us how frequently *Homer* has made uſe of the ſame liberty.

MILTON by the above-mentioned helps, & by the choice of the nobleſt Words and Phraſes which our Tongue would afford him, has carried our Language to a greater height than any of the *Engliſh* Poets have ever done before or after him, and made

the Sublimity of his Stile equal to that of his Sentiments.

I have been the more particular in theſe Obſervations on *Milton*'s *Stile*, becauſe it is that part of him in which he appears the moſt ſingular. The Remarks I have here made upon the practice of other Poets, with my obſervations out of *Ariſtotle*, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which ſome have taken to his Poem upon this account; tho' after all, I muſt confeſs, that I think his Stile, tho' admirable in general, is in ſome places too much ſtiffened and obſcured by the frequent uſe of thoſe methods, which *Ariſtotle* has preſcibed for the raiſing of it.

THIS redundancy of thoſe ſeveral ways of Speech which *Ariſtotle* calls *foreign Language*, and with which *Milton* has ſo very much enriched, & in ſome places darkned the Language of his Poem, was the more proper for his uſe, becauſe his Poem is written in Blank Verſe. Rhyme, without any other aſſiſtance, throws the Language off from Proſe, and very often makes an indifferent Phraſe paſs unregarded; but where the Verſe is not built upon Rhymes, there Pomp of Sound, and Energy of Expreſſion, are indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſupport the Stile, and keep it from falling into the flatneſs of Proſe.

THOSE who have not a taſte for this Elevation of Stile, and are apt to ridicule a Poet when he goes out of the common forms of expreſſion, would do well to ſee how *Ariſtotle* has treated an Ancient Author, called *Euclid*, for his inſipid mirth upon this occaſion. Mr. *Dryden* uſed to call this ſort of Men his Proſe-Criticks.

I ſhould, under this head of the Language, conſider *Milton*'s Numbers, in which he has made uſe of ſeveral Eliſions, that are not cuſtomary among other *Engliſh* Poets, as may be particularly obſerved in his cutting off the letter *Y*, when it precedes a vowel. This, and ſome other innovations in the Meaſure of his

his Verſe, has varied his Numbers, in ſuch a manner, as makes them incapable of ſatiating the ear & cloying the Reader, which the ſame uniform meaſure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of Rhyme never fail to do in long narrative Poems. I ſhall cloſe theſe Reflections upon the Language of *Paradiſe Loſt*, with obſerving that *Milton* has copied after *Homer*, rather than *Virgil*, in the length of his Periods, the copiouſneſs of his Phraſes, and the running of his Verſes into one another.

SPECTATOR, No. 291.

- - - Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis
Offendor maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura - - - Hor.

I Have now conſider'd *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt* under thoſe four great heads of the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language; and have ſhewn that he excels, in general, under each of theſe heads. I hope that I have made ſeveral diſcoveries which may appear new, even to thoſe who are verſed in critical learning. Were I indeed to chuſe my Readers, by whoſe judgment I would ſtand or fall, they ſhould not be ſuch as are acquainted only with the *French* and *Italian* Criticks, but alſo with the antient and modern who have written in either of the learned Languages. Above all, I would have them well verſed in the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, without which a Man very often fancies that he underſtands a Critick, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

IT is in Criticiſm, as in all other Sciences & ſpeculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and obſervations which he has made in his reading of the Poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps ſeveral little

hints that had paſſed in his mind, perfected and improved in the works of a good Critick; whereas one who has not theſe previous lights, is very often an utter ſtranger to what he reads, & apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

NOR is it ſufficient, that a Man who ſets up for a Judge in Criticiſm, ſhould have peruſed the Authors above-mentioned, unleſs he has alſo a clear & logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidſt his own blunders, miſtakes the ſenſe of thoſe he would confute, or if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearneſs and perſpicuity. *Ariſtotle*, who was the beſt Critick, was alſo one of the beſt Logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. *Lock*'s Eſſay on Human Underſtanding would be thought a very odd Book for a Man to make himſelf Maſter of, who would get a reputation by Critical Writings; though at the ſame time it is very certain, that an Author who has not learned the art of diſtinguiſhing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts, & ſetting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will loſe himſelf in confuſion and obſcurity. I might further obſerve, that there is not a *Greek* or *Latin* Critick who has not ſhewn, even in the ſtile of his Criticiſms, that he was a Maſter of all the elegance & delicacy of his native Tongue.

THE truth of it is, there is nothing more abſurd than for a Man to ſet up for a Critick, without a good inſight into all the parts of Learning; whereas many of thoſe who have endeavoured to ſignalize themſelves by works of this nature among our *Engliſh* Writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly diſcover by the phraſes which they make uſe of, & by their confuſed way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the moſt common and ordinary ſyſtems of Arts and Sciences. A few general Rules extracted out of the *French* Authors,

with

with a certain cant of words, has ſometimes ſet up an illiterate heavy Writer for a moſt judicious & formidable Critick.

ONE great mark, by which you may diſcover a Critick who has neither taſte nor learning, is this, that he ſeldom ventures to praiſe any paſſage in an Author which has not been before received & applauded by the publick; and that his Criticiſm turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a Critick is ſo very eaſy to ſucceed in, that we find every ordinary Reader, upon the publiſhing of a new Poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn ſeveral paſſages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. *Dryden* has very agreeably remarked in thoſe two celebrated lines,

Errors, like ſtraws, upon the ſurface flow;
He who would ſearch for Pearls muſt dive below.

A true Critick ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to diſcover the concealed beauties of a Writer, and communicate to the world ſuch things as are worth their obſervation. The moſt exquiſite words and fineſt ſtrokes of an Author are thoſe which very often appear the moſt doubtful and exceptionable, to a Man who wants a reliſh for polite Learning; & they are theſe, which a foure undiſtinguiſhing Critick generally attacks with the greateſt violence. *Tully* obſerves, that it is very eaſy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *Verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into *Engliſh*, *a glowing bold expreſſion*, & to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticiſm. A little wit is equally capable of expoſing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; & though ſuch a treatment of an Author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an underſtanding Reader, it has however its effect among the generality of thoſe whoſe hands it falls into, the rabble of mankind being very apt to think that every thing which is laughed at with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in it ſelf.

SUCH

SUCH a mirth as this, is always unſeaſonable in a Critick, as it rather prejudices the Reader than convinces him, and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemiſh, the ſubject of deriſion. A Man, who cannot write with wit on a proper ſubject, is dull & ſtupid; but one who ſhews it in an improper place, is as impertinent & abſurd. Beſides, a Man who has the gift of ridicule, is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent, & very often cenſures a paſſage, not becauſe there is any fault in it, but becauſe he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleaſantry are very unfair & diſingenuous in works of criticiſm, in which the greateſt Maſters, both antient and modern, have always appeared with a ſerious and inſtructive air.

AS I intend in my next paper to ſhew the defects in *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*, I thought fit to premiſe theſe few particulars, to the end that the Reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work, & that I ſhall juſt point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to enflame them with ridicule. I muſt alſo obſerve with *Longinus*, that the productions of a great Genius, with many lapſes and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferior kind of Author, which are ſcrupulouſly exact & conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I ſhall conclude my paper with a ſtory out of *Boccalini*, which ſufficiently ſhews us the opinion that judicious Author entertained of the ſort of Criticks I have been here mentioning. A famous Critick, ſays he, having gathered together all the faults of an eminent Poet, made a preſent of them to *Apollo*, who received them very graciouſly, & reſolved to make the Author a ſuitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he ſet before him a ſack of Wheat, as it had been juſt threſhed out of the ſheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, & lay it aſide by itſelf. The Critick

applied

applied himself to the task with great industry and pleasure, and after having made the due separation, was presented by *Apollo* with the chaff for his pains.

SPECTATOR, No. 297.

- - - - *velut si*
Egregio inspersos reprendas corpore nævos. Hor.

AFTER what I have said in my last *Saturday's* paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without farther preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, & the Language of *Milton's Paradise Lost*; not doubting but the Reader will pardon me, if I alledge at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first imperfection which I shall observe in the Fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

THE Fable of every Poem is according to *Aristotle's* division either *Simple* or *Implex*. It is called Simple when there is no change of fortune in it, Implex when the fortune of the chief Actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The Implex Fable is thought the most perfect; I suppose, because it is more proper to stir up the Passions of the Reader, and to surprize him with a greater variety of accidents.

THE Implex Fable is therefore of two kinds: In the first the chief Actor makes his way through a long series of dangers & difficulties, 'till he arrives at honour & prosperity, as we see in the story of *Ulysses*. In the second, the chief Actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and disgrace. Thus we see *Adam* and *Eve* sinking from a state of Innocence and Happiness, into the most abject condition of Sin and Sorrow.

THE most taking Tragedies among the Antients were built on this last sort of Implex Fable, particularly the

the Tragedy of *Oedipus*, which proceeds upon a ſtory, if we may believe *Ariſtotle*, the moſt proper for Tragedy that could be invented by the wit of Man. I have taken ſome pains in a former paper to ſhew, that this kind of Implex Fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the firſt kind; notwithſtanding many excellent Pieces among the Antients, as well as moſt of thoſe which have been written of late years in our own Country, are raiſed upon contrary plans. I muſt however own, that I think this kind of Fable, which is the moſt perfect in Tragedy, is not ſo proper for an Heroick Poem.

MILTON ſeems to have been ſenſible of this imperfection in his Fable, & has therefore endeavoured to cure it by ſeveral expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great Adverſary of Mankind meets with upon his return to the Aſſembly of Infernal Spirits, as it is deſcribed in a beautiful paſſage of the tenth Book; & likewiſe by the Viſion, wherein *Adam* at the cloſe of the Poem ſees his off-ſpring triumphing over his great Enemy, & himſelf reſtored to a happier *Paradiſe* than that from which he fell.

THERE is another objection againſt *Milton*'s Fable, which is indeed almoſt the ſame with the former, tho' placed in a different light, namely, That the Hero in the *Paradiſe Loſt* is unſucceſsful, and by no means a Match for his Enemies. This gave occaſion to Mr. *Dryden*'s reflection, that the Devil was in reality *Milton*'s Hero. I think I have obviated this objection in my firſt paper. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is an Epic, or a Narrative Poem, & he that looks for an Hero in it, ſearches for that which *Milton* never intended; but if he will needs fix the name of an Hero upon any Perſon in it, 'tis certainly the *Meſſiah* who is the Hero, both in the Principal Action, and in the chief Epiſodes. Paganiſm could not furniſh out a real Action for a Fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, and

and therefore an Heathen could not form a higher notion of a Poem than one of that kind which they call an Heroic. Whether *Milton*'s is not of a ſublimer nature I will not preſume to determine: It is ſufficient, that I ſhew there is in the *Paradiſe Loſt* all the greatneſs of plan, regularity of deſign, and maſterly beauties which we diſcover in *Homer* and *Virgil*.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that *Milton* has interwoven in the texture of his Fable ſome particulars which do not ſeem to have probability enough for an Epic Poem, particularly in the actions which he aſcribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the picture which he draws of the *Limbo of Vanity*, with other paſſages in the ſecond Book. Such Allegories rather ſavour of the ſpirit of *Spenſer* & *Arioſto*, than of *Homer* & *Virgil*.

IN the ſtructure of his Poem he has likewiſe admitted of too many digreſſions. It is finely obſerved by *Ariſtotle*, that the Author of an Heroic Poem ſhould ſeldom ſpeak himſelf, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of thoſe who are his principal Actors. *Ariſtotle* has given no reaſon for this precept; but I preſume it is becauſe the mind of the Reader is more awed and elevated when he hears *Æneas* or *Achilles* ſpeak, than when *Virgil* or *Homer* talk in their own perſons. Beſides that aſſuming the character of an eminent Man is apt to fire the imagination, & raiſe the ideas of the Author. *Tully* tells us, mentioning his Dialogue of old age, in which *Cato* is the chief ſpeaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably impoſed upon, & fancied that it was *Cato*, and not he himſelf, who uttered his thoughts on that ſubject.

IF the Reader would be at the pains to ſee how the ſtory of the *Iliad* and *Æneid* is delivered by thoſe perſons who act in it, he will be ſurpriſed to find how little in either of theſe Poems proceeds from the Authors. *Milton* has, in the general diſpoſition of his Fable, very finely obſerved this great rule; inſomuch, that

that there is ſcarce a third part of it which comes from the Poet; the reſt is ſpoken either by *Adam* & *Eve*, or by ſome good or evil ſpirit who is engaged either in their deſtruction or defence.

FROM what has been here obſerved, it appears, that Digreſſions are by no means to be allowed of in an Epic Poem. If the Poet, even in the ordinary courſe of his narration, ſhould ſpeak as little as poſſible, he ſhould certainly never let his narration ſleep for the ſake of any reflections of his own. I have often obſerved, with a ſecret admiration, that the longeſt Reflection in the *Æneid* is in that paſſage of the tenth book, where *Turnus* is repreſented as dreſſing himſelf in the ſpoils of *Pallas*, whom he had ſlain. *Virgil* here lets his Fable ſtand ſtill for the ſake of the following Remark. *How is the mind of Man ignorant of futurity, and unable to bear proſperous fortune with moderation? The time will come when* Turnus *ſhall wiſh that he had left the body of* Pallas *untouched, and curſe the day on which he dreſſed himſelf in theſe ſpoils.* As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of *Turnus*, whom *Æneas* ſlew, becauſe he ſaw him adorned with the ſpoils of *Pallas*, turns upon this incident, *Virgil* went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which ſo ſmall a circumſtance might poſſibly have ſlipped out of his Reader's memory. *Lucan*, who was an injudicious Poet, lets drop his Story very frequently for the ſake of his unneceſſary digreſſions, or his *diverticula*, as *Scaliger* calls them. If he gives us an account of the Prodigies which preceded the Civil War, he declaims upon the occaſion, & ſhews how much happier it would be for Man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to paſs, and ſuffer not only by its real weight, but by the apprehenſion of it. *Milton*'s complaint for his blindneſs, his Panegyrick on Marriage, his Reflections on *Adam* and *Eve*'s going naked, of the Angels eating, & ſeveral other paſſages in his Poem, are liable to the

ſame

ſame exception, tho' I muſt confeſs there is ſo great a beauty in theſe very Digreſſions that I would not wiſh them out of his Poem.

I have, in a former paper, ſpoken of the *Characters* of *Milton*'s *Paradiſe Loſt*, and declared my opinion, as to the Allegorical Perſons who are introduced in it.

IF we look into the *Sentiments*, I think they are ſometimes defective under the following heads; Firſt, as there are ſeveral of them too much pointed, & ſome that degenerate even into Punns. Of this laſt kind, I am afraid is that in the firſt book, where, ſpeaking of the Pigmies, he calls them

- - - The ſmall Infantry v. 575.
Warr'd on by Cranes - - -

ANOTHER blemiſh that appears in ſome of his thoughts, is his frequent alluſion to Heathen Fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the Divine ſubject of which he treats. I do not find fault with theſe alluſions, where the Poet himſelf repreſents them as fabulous, as he does in ſome places, but where he mentions them as truths & matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in inſtances of this kind: The Reader will eaſily remark them in his peruſal of the Poem.

A Third fault in his Sentiments, is an unneceſſary oſtentation of Learning, which likewiſe occurs very frequently. It is certain that both *Homer* and *Virgil* were Maſters of all the Learning of their times, but it ſhews itſelf in their works, after an indirect and concealed manner. *Milton* ſeems ambitious of letting us know, by his excurſions on Free-Will & Predeſtination, & his many glances upon Hiſtory, Anatomy, Geography and the like, as well as by the terms and phraſes he ſometimes makes uſe of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of Arts & Sciences.

IF, in the laſt place, we conſider the *Language* of this great Poet, we muſt allow what I have hinted

in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and ſometimes obſcured by old words, tranſpoſitions, and foreign idioms. *Seneca*'s objection to the ſtile of a great Author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in ea placidum nihil lene*, is what many Criticks make to *Milton*: As I cannot wholly refute it, ſo I have already apologized for it in another paper; to which I may further add, that *Milton*'s ſentiments & ideas were ſo wonderfully ſublime, that it would have been impoſſible for him to have repreſented them in their full ſtrength & beauty, without having recourſe to theſe foreign aſſiſtances. Our Language ſunk under him, & was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul, which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.

A ſecond fault in his Language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following paſſages, and many others:

And brought into the world *a* world of *woe*;
- - - *Begirt th' Almighty Throne*
Beſeeching *or* beſieging - - -
This tempted *our* attempt - - -
At one flight bound *high over-leapt all* bound.

I know there are Figures for this kind of ſpeech; that ſome of the greateſt Antients have been guilty of it, and that *Ariſtotle* himſelf has given it a place in his Rhetorick among the beauties of that Art. But as it is in itſelf poor and trifling, it is I think at preſent univerſally exploded by all the maſters of polite writing.

THE laſt fault which I ſhall take notice of in *Milton*'s Stile, is the frequent uſe of what the Learned call *technical words*, or terms of Art. It is one of the great beauties of Poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abſtruſe of it ſelf in ſuch eaſy language as may be underſtood by ordinary Readers: Beſides, that the knowledge of a Poet ſhould rather ſeem born with him, or inſpired, than drawn

from

from Books and Syſtems. I have often wondered, how Mr. *Dryden* could tranſlate a paſſage out of *Virgil*, after the following manner,

Tack to the Larboard, and ſtand off to Sea,
Veer Star-board Sea and Land. - - -

Milton makes uſe of *Larboard* in the ſame manner. When he is upon building, he mentions *Doric Pillars, Pilaſters, Cornice, Freeze, Architrave.* When he talks of Heavenly bodies, you meet with *Ecliptic*, and *Eccentric*, the *Trepidation*, *Stars dropping from the Zenith*, *Rays culminating from the Equator.* To which might be added many inſtances of the like kind in ſeveral other Arts and Sciences.

I ſhall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in *Milton*, which would have been too long to inſert under thoſe general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of Criticiſm.

SPECTATOR, No. 303.

- - - *volet hæc ſub luce videri,*
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen. Hor.

I Have ſeen in the Works of a modern Philoſopher, a Map of the ſpots in the Sun. My laſt paper of the faults and blemiſhes in *Milton's Paradiſe Loſt*, may be conſidered as a piece of the ſame nature. To purſue the alluſion: As it is obſerved, that among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are ſome which glow more intenſely, & dart ſtronger light than others; ſo, notwithſtanding I have already ſhewn *Milton's* Poem to be very beautiful in general, I ſhall now proceed to take notice of ſuch Beauties as appear to me more exquiſite than the reſt. *Milton*

has propoſed the ſubject of his Poem in the following verſes.

Of Mans firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
Brought Death into the world and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, *'till one greater Man*
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing heav'nly Muſe - - -

THESE lines are perhaps as plain, ſimple and unadorned as any of the whole Poem; in which particular the Author has conform'd himſelf to the example of *Homer*, and the precept of *Horace*.

HIS Invocation to a Work which turns in a great meaſure upon the Creation of the World, is very properly made to the Muſe who inſpired *Moſes* in thoſe Books from whence our Author drew his ſubject, & to the Holy Spirit who is therein repreſented as operating after a particular manner in the firſt production of Nature. This whole exordium riſes very happily into noble Language & Sentiment, as I think the tranſition to the Fable is exquiſitely beautiful and natural.

THE nine-days Aſtoniſhment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and Fall from Heaven, before they could recover either the uſe of thought or ſpeech, is a noble *circumſtance*, & very finely imagined. The diviſion of Hell into Seas of Fire, and into firm Ground impregnated with the ſame furious Element, with that particular circumſtance of the excluſion of *Hope* from thoſe infernal regions, are inſtances of the ſame great and fruiful Invention.

THE Thoughts in the firſt Speech and Deſcription of *Satan*, who is one of the principal Actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy & revenge, obſtinacy, deſpair and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven

woven. In ſhort, his firſt ſpeech is a complication of all thoſe paſſions which diſcover themſelves ſeparately in ſeveral other of his ſpeeches in the Poem. The whole part of this great Enemy of Mankind is filled with ſuch incidents as are very apt to raiſe and terrify the Reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the firſt that awakens out of the general trance, with his poſture on the burning Lake, his riſing from it, and the deſcription of his Shield and Spear. B. I. v. 192.

Thus Satan *talking to his neareſt mate,*
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blazed, his other parts beſides
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood - - -
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames
Driv'n backward ſlope their pointing ſpires, and rowl'd
In billows leave i' th' midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unuſual weight - - -
- - - His pondrous Shield,
Ethereal temper, maſſie, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference
Hung on his ſhoulders like the Moon, whoſe orb
Thro' optick glaſs the Tuſcan *Artiſts view*
At ev'ning from the top of Feſole,
Or in Valdarno, *to deſcry new lands,*
Rivers or mountains on her ſpotty globe.
His Spear to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian *hills to be the maſt*
Of ſome great Ammiral, were but a wand,
He walk'd with to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marl - - -

TO which we may add his call to the fallen Angels that lay plunged and ſtupified in the Sea of Fire.

He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep 214.
Of Hell reſounded - - -

BUT there is no ſingle paſſage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater ſublimity, than that wherein his perſon is deſcribed in thoſe celebrated lines:

- - - *He, above the reſt* v. 589.
In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower, &c.

HIS Sentiments are every way anſwerable to his Character, & ſuitable to a created Being of the moſt exalted and moſt depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes poſſeſſion of his place of torments.

- - - *Hail horrors, hail* v. 250.
Infernal world, and thou profoundeſt Hell
Receive thy new poſſeſſor, one who brings
A mind not to be changed by place or time.
And afterwards, v. 258.
- - - *Here at leaſt*
We ſhall be free; th' Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure; and in my choice
To reign is worth ambition, tho' in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven.

AMIDST thoſe impieties which this enraged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the Author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with abſurdity & incapable of ſhocking a religious Reader; his words, as the Poet deſcribes them, bearing only a *ſemblance of worth, not ſubſtance*. He is likewiſe with great art deſcribed as owning his adverſary to be Almighty. Whatever perverſe interpretation he puts on the Juſtice, Mercy and other attributes of the Supreme Being, he frequently confeſſes his Omnipotence, that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only conſideration which could ſupport his pride under the ſhame of his defeat.

NOR

NOR must I here omit that beautiful circumstance of his bursting out in tears, upon his survey of those innumerable Spirits whom he had involved in the same guilt and ruin with himself.

- - - *He now prepared* v. 615.
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing and half enclose him round
With all his Peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spite of scorn
Tears, such as Angels weep, burst forth - - -

THE Catalogue of Evil Spirits has abundance of learning in it, and a very agreeable turn of Poetry, which rises in a great measure from its describing the places where they were worshipped, by those beautiful marks of Rivers, so frequent among the ancient Poets. The Author had doubtless in this place *Homer*'s Catalogue of Ships, & *Virgil*'s List of Warriors in his view. The Characters of *Moloch* & *Belial* prepare the Reader's mind for their respective speeches & behaviour in the second and sixth Book. The Account of *Thammuz* is finely romantick, and suitable to what we read among the Antients of the worship which was paid to that Idol.

- - - Thammuz *came next behind,* v. 446.
Whose annual wound in Lebanon *allur'd*
The Syrian *Damsels to lament his fate,*
In am'rous ditties all a summer's day,
While smooth Adonis *from his native rock*
Ran purple to the sea, suppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz *yearly wounded: the love-tale,*
Infected Sion's *Daughters with like heat,*
Whose wanton passions in the sacred porch
Ezekiel *saw, when by the Vision led*
His eye survey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. - - -

The Reader will pardon me if I inſert as a Note on this beautiful paſſage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. *Maundrell* of this antient piece of worſhip, & probably the firſt occaſion of ſuch a ſuperſtition. „ We came to a fair large River -- doubtleſs „ the antient River *Adonis*, ſo famous for the idola„ trous rites perform'd here in lamentation of *Adonis*. „ We had the fortune to ſee what may be ſuppoſed „ to be the occaſion of that opinion which *Lucian* „ relates, concerning this River, *viz.* That this Stream, „ at certain ſeaſons of the year, eſpecially about the „ feaſt of *Adonis*, is of a bloody colour; which the „ Heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind „ of ſympathy in the River for the death of *Adonis*, „ who was killed by a wild Boar in the mountains, „ out of which this Stream riſes. Something like this „ we ſaw actually come to paſs; for the water was „ ſtain'd to a ſurpriſing redneſs; and, as we obſerv'd „ in travelling, had diſcolour'd the Sea a great way „ into a reddiſh hue, occaſion'd doubtleſs by a ſort „ of minium, or red earth, waſhed into the River „ by the violence of the rain, and not by any ſtain „ from *Adonis*'s blood.

THE paſſage in the Catalogue, explaining the manner how Spirits transform themſelves by contraction, or enlargement of their dimenſions, is introduced with great judgment, to make way for ſeveral ſurpriſing accidents in the ſequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very end of the firſt Book, which is what the *French* Criticks call *Marvellous*, but at the ſame time *probable* by reaſon of the paſſage laſt mentioned. As ſoon as the infernal Palace is finiſhed, we are told the multitude and rabble of Spirits immediately ſhrunk themſelves into a ſmall compaſs, that there might be room for ſuch a numberleſs Aſſembly in this capacious hall. But it is the Poet's refinement upon this thought, which I moſt admire, and which is indeed very noble in its ſelf. For he tells us, that notwith-

notwithſtanding the vulgar, among the fallen Spirits, contracted their forms, thoſe of the firſt rank and dignity ſtill preſerved their natural dimenſions.

Thus incorporeal Spirits to ſmalleſt forms 289.
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large
Though without number ſtill amidſt the hall,
Of that infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions like themſelves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſate,
A thouſand Demy-Gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full - - -

THE Character of *Mammon*, and the Deſcription of the *Pandæmonium*, are full of beauties.

THERE are ſeveral other ſtrokes in the firſt book wonderfully poetical, and inſtances of that Sublime Genius ſo peculiar to the Author. Such is the deſcription of *Azazel*'s ſtature, & of the infernal Standard, which he unfurls; as alſo of that ghaſtly light, by which the Fiends appear to one another in their place of torments.

The ſeat of deſolation, void of light, 181.
Save what the glimm'ring of thoſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful - - -

THE ſhout of the whole Hoſt of fallen Angels when drawn up in Battel-array:

- - - The univerſal Hoſt up ſent v. 541.
A ſhout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the Reign of Chaos *and old* Night.

THE review, which the Leader makes of his infernal Army:

- - - He thro' the armed files 567.
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views, their order due,
Their viſages and ſtature as of Gods,
Their number laſt he ſums, and now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hard'ning in his ſtrength
Glories - - -

THE

THE flaſh of light, which appeared upon the drawing of their ſwords;

He ſpake: and to confirm his words outflew 663.
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; *the ſudden blaze*
Far round illumin'd Hell - - -

THE ſudden production of the *Pandæmonium*;

Anon out of the earth a fabrick huge 710.
Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet.

THE artificial illuminations made in it:

- - - *From the arched roof* 726.
Pendent by ſubtle magic, many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing treſcets, fed
With Naphtha *and* Aſphaltus, *yielded light*
As from a ſky - - -

THERE are alſo ſeveral noble Similes and Alluſions in the firſt Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*. And here I muſt obſerve, that when *Milton* alludes either to things or perſons, he never quits his Simile till it riſes to ſome very great idea, which is often foreign to the occaſion that gave birth to it. The reſemblance does not, perhaps, laſt above a line or two, but the Poet runs on with the hint, till he has raiſed out of it ſome glorious image or ſentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the Reader, and to give it that ſublime kind of entertainment, which is ſuitable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. Thoſe, who are acquainted with *Homer*'s and *Virgil*'s way of writing, cannot but be pleaſed with this kind of ſtructure in *Milton*'s ſimilitudes. I am the more particular on this head, becauſe ignorant Readers, who have formed their taſte upon the quaint Similes, and little turns of wit, which are ſo much in vogue among modern Poets, cannot reliſh

theſe

theſe beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to cenſure *Milton*'s compariſons, in which they do not ſee any ſurpriſing points of likeneſs. Monſieur *Perrault* was a Man of this vitiated reliſh, & for that very reaſon has endeavoured to turn into ridicule ſeveral of *Homer*'s Similitudes, which he calls *Compariſons a longue queue*, *Long-tail'd Compariſons*. I ſhall conclude this paper on the firſt Book of *Milton* with the Anſwer which Monſieur *Boileau* makes to *Perrault* on this occaſion; „ Compariſons, ſays he, „ in Odes and Epic Poems are not introduced only to „ illuſtrate and embelliſh the diſcourſe, but to amuſe „ and relax the mind of the Reader, by frequently „ diſengaging him from too painful an attention to „ the principal ſubject, & by leading him into other „ agreeable images. *Homer*, ſays he, excelled in this „ particular, whoſe Compariſons abound with ſuch „ images of Nature as are proper to relieve & diver- „ ſifie his ſubjects. He continually inſtructs the Reader, „ and makes him take notice, even in objects which „ are every day before our eyes, of ſuch Circum- „ ſtances as we ſhould not otherwiſe have obſerved. „ *To this he adds, as a Maxim univerſally acknowledged*, „ that it is not neceſſary in Poetry for the points of „ the Compariſon to correſpond with one another „ exactly, but that a general reſemblance is ſufficient, „ and that too much nicety in this particular ſavours „ of the Rhetorician and Epigrammatiſt.

IN ſhort, if we look into the conduct of *Homer*, *Virgil* and *Milton*, as the great Fable is the Soul of each Poem, ſo to give their works an agreeable variety, their Epiſodes are ſo many ſhort Fables, & their Similes ſo many ſhort Epiſodes; to which you may add, if you pleaſe, that their Metaphors are ſo many ſhort Similes. If the Reader conſiders the Compariſons in the firſt Book of *Milton*, of the Sun in an Eclipſe, of the ſleeping *Leviathan*, of the Bees ſwarming about their hive, of the fairy Dance, in the view wherein

I have

I have here placed them, he will eaſily diſcover the great beauties that are in each of thoſe paſſages.

SPECTATOR, No. 309.

Di, quibus imperium eſt animarum, umbræque ſilentes;
Et Chaos, & Phlegethon, loca nocte ſilentia late;
Sit mihi fas audita loqui! ſit numine veſtro
Pandere res alta terra & caligine merſas. Virg.

I Have before obſerved in general, that the perſons whom *Milton* introduces into his Poem always diſcover ſuch ſentiments and behaviour, as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their reſpective characters. Every circumſtance in their ſpeeches & actions, is with great juſtneſs and delicacy adapted to the perſons who ſpeak & act. As the Poet very much excels in this conſiſtency of his Characters, I ſhall beg leave to conſider ſeveral paſſages of the ſecond Book in this light. That ſuperior greatneſs, and mock-Majeſty, which is aſcribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, is admirably preſerved in the beginning of this Book. His opening and cloſing the debate; his taking on himſelf that great enterprize at the thought of which the whole infernal Aſſembly trembled; his encountring the hideous Phantom who guarded the gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his terrors; are inſtances of that proud & daring mind which could not brook ſubmiſſion even to Omnipotence.

SATAN was now at hand, and from his ſeat 674.
The Monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides, Hell trembled as he ſtrode:
Th' undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd - - -

THE ſame boldneſs and intrepidity of behaviour diſcovers it ſelf in the ſeveral Adventures, which he meets

meets with during his paſſage through the Regions of unformed Matter, and particularly in his Addreſs to thoſe tremendous Powers who are deſcribed as preſiding over it.

THE part of *Moloch* is likewiſe in all its circumſtances full of that fire & fury, which diſtinguiſh this Spirit from the reſt of the fallen Angels. He is deſcribed in the firſt book as beſmeared with the blood of humane Sacrifices, & delighted with the tears of Parents and the cries of Children. In the ſecond book he is marked out as the fierceſt Spirit that fought in Heaven; and if we conſider the figure which he makes in the ſixth book, where the Battel of the Angels is deſcribed, we find it every way anſwerable to the ſame furious enraged character.

- - - Where the might of Gabriel *fought*, VI. 355
And with fierce Enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc, *furious King, who him defy'd,*
And at his Chariot wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd, nor from the holy one of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. - - -

IT may be worth while to obſerve, that *Milton* has repreſented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried on by ſuch precipitate paſſions, as the *firſt* that riſes in that Aſſembly, to give his opinion upon their preſent poſture of affairs. Accordingly he declares himſelf abruptly for War, and appears incenſed at his companions, for loſing ſo much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his ſentiments are raſh, audacious and deſperate. Such is that of arming themſelves with their tortures, and turning their puniſhments upon him who inflicted them.

- - - No, let us rather chuſe, II. 60.
Arm'd with Hell-flames and fury, all at once

O'er Heav'ns high tow'rs to force reſiſtleſs war;
Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
Againſt the Tort'rer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his almighty Engine he ſhall hear
Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning ſee
Black fire and horror ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his Throne it ſelf
Mixt with Tartarean *Sulphur, and ſtrange Fire,*
His own invented Torments - - -

HIS preferring annihilation to ſhame or miſery, is alſo highly ſuitable to his Character; as the comfort he draws from their diſturbing the peace of Heaven, that if it be not Victory it is Revenge, is a ſentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterneſs of this implacable Spirit.

BELIAL is deſcribed, in the firſt book, as the Idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the ſecond book, purſuant to that deſcription, characteriſed as timorous and ſlothful; and if we look into the ſixth book, we find him celebrated in the Battel of Angels for nothing but that ſcoffing ſpeech which he makes to *Satan*, on their ſuppoſed advantage over the Enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece in theſe three ſeveral views, we find his ſentiments in the infernal Aſſembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehenſion of a ſecond Battel, his horrors of annihilation, his preferring to be miſerable rather than *not to be*. I need not obſerve, that the contraſt of thought in this ſpeech, and that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the Debate.

MAMMON's Character is ſo fully drawn in the firſt book, that the Poet adds nothing to it in the ſecond. We were before told, that he was the firſt who taught Mankind to ranſack the earth for Gold & Silver, & that he was the Architect of *Pandæmonium*, or the infernal Palace, where the evil Spirits were to meet in Council. His Speech in this book is every where

where ſuitable to ſo depraved a Character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taſte the happineſs of Heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who while he was in Heaven is ſaid to have had his mind dazled with the outward Pomps and Glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatifick viſion. I ſhall alſo leave the Reader to judge how agreeable the following Sentiments are to the ſame Character.

- - - This deep world II. 262.
Of darkneſs do we dread? how oft amidſt
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'ns all-ruling Sire
Chuſe to reſide, his glory unobſcured,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſtring their rage, and Heav'n reſembles Hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſart ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, Gems and Gold;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence, and what can Heav'n ſhew more?

BEELZEBUB, who is reckon'd the ſecond in dignity that fell, and is in the firſt Book, the ſecond that awakens out of the trance, & confers with *Satan* upon the ſituation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the Book now before us. There is a wonderful Majeſty deſcribed in his riſing up to ſpeak. He acts as a kind of Moderator between the two oppoſite parties, & propoſes a third undertaking, which the whole Aſſembly gives into. The motion he makes of detaching one of their body in ſearch of a new World is grounded upon a project deviſed by *Satan*, & curſorily propoſed by him in the following lines of the firſt Book;

Space

Space may produce new Worlds, whereof ſo riſe
There went a fame in Heav'n, that he e're long
Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the Sons of Heav'n:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption, thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial Spirits in bondage, nor th' abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: - - -

IT is on this project that *Beelzebub* grounds his propoſal.

- - - What if we find II. 344.
Some eaſier enterprize? There is a place
(If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
Err not) another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd MAN, *about this time*
To be created like to us, though leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook Heav'ns whole circumference, confirm'd.

THE Reader may obſerve how juſt it was, not to omit in the firſt Book the project upon which the whole Poem turns: As alſo that the Prince of the fall'n Angels was the only proper perſon to give it birth, & that he next to him in dignity was the fitteſt to ſecond and ſupport it.

THERE is beſides, I think, ſomething wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the Reader's imagination, in this antient Prophecy or report in Heaven, concerning the creation of Man. Nothing could ſhew more the dignity of the Species, than this tradition which ran of them before their exiſtence. They are repreſented to have been the talk of Heaven, before

before they were created. *Virgil*, in compliment to the *Roman* Common wealth, makes the Heroes of it appear in their ſtate of pre-exiſtence; but *Milton* does a far greater honour to Mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpſe of them even before they are in being.

THE riſing of this great Aſſembly is deſcribed in a very ſublime and poetical manner.

Their riſing all at once was as the ſound II. 476.
Of thunder heard remote - - -

THE diverſions of the fallen Angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are deſcribed with great pregnancy of thought, and copiouſneſs of invention. The diverſions are every way ſuitable to beings who had nothing left them but ſtrength and knowledge miſapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of Arms, with their entertainment in the following lines.

Others with vaſt Typhæan *rage more fell* 539.
Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.

THEIR muſick is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, & their diſcourſe in ſounding the unfathomable depths of Fate, Free-will, & Foreknowledge.

THE ſeveral circumſtances in the deſcription of Hell are finely imagined; as the four Rivers which disgorge themſelves into the Sea of fire, the extreams of cold and heat, and the River of oblivion. The monſtrous animals produced in that infernal world are repreſented by a ſingle line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer deſcription would have done.

- - - *Nature breeds,* 624.
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydra's, and Chimera's dire.

THIS Epiſode of the fallen Spirits, & their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the Reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary Poet would indeed have ſpun out ſo many circumſtances to a great length, and by that means have weakned, inſtead of illuſtrated, the principal Fable.

THE flight of Satan to the gates of Hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my opinion of the Allegory concerning *Sin* and *Death*, which is however a very finiſhed piece in its kind, when it is not conſidered as a part of an Epic Poem. The genealogy of the ſeveral perſons is contrived with great delicacy. *Sin* is the daughter of *Satan*, & *Death* the offspring of *Sin*. The inceſtuous mixture between *Sin* & *Death* produces thoſe Monſters and Hellhounds which from time to time enter into their Mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. Theſe are the terrors of an evil conſcience, & the proper fruits of *Sin*, which naturally riſe from the apprehenſions of *Death*. This laſt beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the ſpeech of *Sin*, where complaining of this her dreadful iſſue, ſhe adds,

Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits, 803;
Grim *Death* thy Son and foe who ſets them on,
And me his Parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd - - -

I need not mention to the Reader the beautiful circumſtance in the laſt part of this quotation. He will likewiſe obſerve how naturally the three perſons concerned in this Allegory are tempted by one common intereſt to enter into a confederacy together, & how properly *Sin* is made the Portreſs of Hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that World of Tortures.

THE

THE deſcriptive part of this Allegory is likewiſe very ſtrong, and full of ſublime ideas. The figure of *Death*, the Regal Crown upon his head, his menace of *Satan*, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumſtances too noble to be paſt over in ſilence, & extreamly ſuitable to this *King of Terrors*. I need not mention the juſtneſs of thought which is obſerved in the generation of theſe ſeveral ſymbolical Perſons, that *Sin* was produced upon the firſt revolt of *Satan*, that *Death* appeared ſoon after he was caſt into Hell, and that the terrors of conſcience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The Deſcription of the Gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of *Milton*'s ſpirit.

--- *ON a ſudden open fly* II. 879.
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. *She open'd, but to ſhut*
Excell'd her power; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt
Under ſpread enſigns marching might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoak and ruddy flame.

IN Satan's Voyage through the Chaos there are ſeveral imaginary Perſons deſcribed, as reſiding in that immenſe Waſte of Matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taſte of thoſe Criticks who are pleaſed with nothing in a Poet which has not life & manners aſcribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleaſed moſt with thoſe paſſages in this deſcription which carry in them a greater meaſure of probability, & are ſuch as might poſſibly have happened. Of this kind is his firſt mounting in the ſmoak, that riſes from the infernal Pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combuſtible materials, that by their exploſion ſtill

hurried him forward in his voyage; his ſpringing upward like a piramid of fire, with his laborious paſſage through that confuſion of elements, which the Poet calls

The womb of Nature and perhaps her grave. 911.

THE glimmering light which ſhot into the *Chaos* from the utmoſt verge of the creation, with the diſtant diſcovery of the Earth that hung cloſe by the Moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.

SPECTATOR, No. 315.

Nec Deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit - - - Hor.

HORACE adviſes a Poet to conſider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. *Milton* ſeems to have known perfectly well wherein his ſtrength lay, and has therefore choſen a ſubject entirely conformable to thoſe talents, of which he was maſter. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the ſublime, his ſubject is the nobleſt that could have entered into the thoughts of Man. Every thing that is truly great and aſtoniſhing, has a place in it. The whole ſyſteme of the intellectual world; the *Chaos*, & the Creation; Heaven, Earth and Hell, enter into the conſtitution of his Poem.

HAVING in the firſt & ſecond Book repreſented the infernal world with all its horrours, the thread of his Fable naturally leads him into the oppoſite regions of bliſs and glory.

IF *Milton*'s majeſty forſakes him any where, it is in thoſe parts of his Poem, where the Divine Perſons are introduced as ſpeakers. One may, I think, obſerve that the Author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilſt he deſcribes the ſentiments of the Almighty.

mighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chuſes to confine himſelf to ſuch thoughts as are drawn from the books of the moſt orthodox Divines, and to ſuch expreſſions as may be met with in Scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in theſe ſpeeches, are not of a poetical nature, nor ſo proper to fill the mind with ſentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The paſſions, which they are deſigned to raiſe, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the ſpeeches in the third Book, conſiſts in that ſhortneſs & perſpicuity of ſtile, in which the Poet has couched the greateſt Myſteries of Chriſtianity, & drawn together, in a regular ſcheme, the whole diſpenſation of Providence, with reſpect to Man. He has repreſented all the abſtruſe doctrines of Predeſtination, Free-Will and Grace, as alſo the great points of Incarnation & Redemption, (which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man,) with great energy of expreſſion, and in a clearer and ſtronger light than I ever met with in any other Writer. As theſe points are dry in themſelves to the generality of Readers, the conciſe and clear manner in which he has treated them is very much to be admired, as is likewiſe that particular art which he has made uſe of, in the interſperſing of all thoſe Graces of Poetry, which the ſubject was capable of receiving.

THE ſurvey of the whole Creation, & of every thing that is tranſacted in it, is a proſpect worthy of Omniſcience; & as much above that, in which *Virgil* has drawn his *Jupiter*, as the Chriſtian idea of the Supream Being is more rational and ſublime than that of the Heathens. The particular objects on which he is deſcribed to have caſt his eye, are repreſented in the moſt beautiful and lively manner.

Now had th' Almighty Father from above, III. 56.
From the pure Empyrean where he ſits

High thron'd above all height, bent down his eye,
His own works and their works at once to view.
About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
Stood thick as ſtars, and from his ſight receiv'd
Beatitude paſt utterance: On his right
The radiant Image of his Glory ſat,
His only Son; On Earth he firſt beheld
Our two firſt Parents, yet the only two
Of Mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love,
In bliſful ſolitude; he then ſurvey'd
Hell and the gulf between, and Satan *there*
Coaſting the wall of Heav'n on this ſide Night
In the dun air ſublime, and ready now
To ſtoop with wearied wings and willing feet
On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
Firm land inboſom'd without firmament,
Uncertain which, in ocean or in air.
Him God beholding from his proſpect high,
Wherein paſt, preſent, future he beholds,
Thus to his only Son foreſeeing ſpake.

SATAN's approach to the confines of the Creation, is finely imaged in the beginning of the ſpeech, which immediately follows. The effects of this ſpeech in the bleſſed Spirits, and in the divine Perſon to whom it was addreſſed, cannot but fill the mind of the Reader with a ſecret pleaſure and complacency.

Thus while God ſpake, ambroſial fragrance fill'd 135.
All Heav'n, and in the bleſſed Spirits elect
Senſe of new joy ineffable diffus'd!
Beyond compare the Son of God was ſeen
Moſt glorious; in him all his Father ſhone
Subſtantially expreſs'd, and in his face
Divine compaſſion viſibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without meaſure grace.

I need

I need not point out the beauty of that circumſtance, wherein the whole Hoſt of Angels are repreſented as ſtanding mute; nor ſhow how proper the occaſion was to produce ſuch a ſilence in Heaven. The cloſe of this divine colloquy, with the hymn of Angels that follows upon it, are ſo wonderfully beautiful and poetical, that I ſhould not forbear inſerting the whole paſſage, if the bounds of my paper would give me leave.

No ſooner had th' Almighty ceas'd, but all 344.
The multitudes of Angels with a ſhout,
Loud as from numbers without number, ſweet
As from bleſt voices utt'ring joy, Heav'n rung
With jubilee, and loud hoſanna's fill'd
Th' eternal regions; &c. &c. - - -

SATAN's walk upon the outſide of the Univerſe, which, at a diſtance appeared to him of a globular form, but, upon his nearer approach, looked like an unbounded plain, is natural & noble. As his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation, between that maſs of matter, which was wrought into a World, & that ſhapeleſs unformed heap of materials, which ſtill lay in chaos and confuſion, ſtrikes the imagination with ſomething aſtoniſhingly great and wild. I have before ſpoken of the *Limbo of Vanity*, which the Poet places upon this outermoſt ſurface of the Univerſe, & ſhall here explain my ſelf more at large on that, & other parts of the Poem, which are of the ſame ſhadowy nature.

ARISTOTLE obſerves, that the Fable of an Epic Poem ſhould abound in circumſtances that are both credible and aſtoniſhing; or, as the *French* Criticks chuſe to phraſe it, the Fable ſhould be filled with the Probable and the Marvellous. This rule is as fine and juſt as any in *Ariſtotle*'s whole Art of Poetry.

IF the Fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true Hiſtory; if it is only marvellous, it is no

better than a Romance. The great ſecret therefore of Heroick Poetry, is to relate ſuch circumſtances, as may produce in the Reader at the ſame time both belief and aſtoniſhment. This is brought to paſs in a *well choſen* Fable, by the account of ſuch things as have really happened according to the received opinions of Mankind. *Milton*'s Fable is a maſter-piece of this nature; as the War in Heaven, the condition of the fallen Angels, the State of Innocence, the temptation of the Serpent, & the Fall of Man, though they are very aſtoniſhing in themſelves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

THE next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the Poet; as in particular, when he introduces agents of a ſuperior nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary courſe of things. *Ulyſſes*'s ſhip being turn'd into a rock, and *Æneas*'s Fleet into a ſhoal of Water-Nymphs, though they are very ſurpriſing accidents, are nevertheleſs probable, when we are told that they were the Gods who thus transformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the Poems both of *Homer* & *Virgil* with ſuch circumſtances as are wonderful, but not impoſſible, & ſo frequently produce in the Reader the moſt pleaſing paſſion that can riſe in the mind of Man, which is admiration. If there be any inſtance in the *Æneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third Book, where *Æneas* is repreſented as tearing up the Myrtle that dropped blood. To qualifie this wonderful circumſtance, *Polydorus* tells a ſtory from the root of the Myrtle, that the barbarous Inhabitants of the country having pierced him with ſpears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumſtance ſeems to have the marvellous without the probable, becauſe it is repreſented as proceeding from natural cauſes, without

without the interpoſition of any God, or rather ſupernatural power capable of producing it: The ſpears & arrows grow of themſelves, without ſo much as the modern help of an enchantment. If we look into the fiction of *Milton*'s Fable, though we find it full of ſurpriſing incidents, they are generally ſuited to our notions of the things and perſons deſcribed, & tempered with a due meaſure of probability. I muſt only make an exception to the *Limbo of Vanity*, with his Epiſode of *Sin* and *Death*, and ſome of the imaginary Perſons in his *Chaos*. Theſe paſſages are aſtoniſhing, but not credible; the Reader cannot ſo far impoſe upon himſelf as to ſee a poſſibility in them; they are the deſcription of dreams and ſhadows, not of things or perſons. I know that many Criticks look upon the ſtories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*, nay the whole *Odiſſey* and *Iliad* to be allegories; but allowing this to be true, they are Fables, which conſidering the opinions of Mankind that prevailed in the age of the Poets, might poſſibly have been according to the letter. The perſons are ſuch as might have acted what is aſcribed to them, as the circumſtances, in which they are repreſented, might poſſibly have been truths and realities. This appearance of probability is ſo abſolutely requiſite in the greater kinds of Poetry, that *Ariſtotle* obſerves the ancient Tragick Writers made uſe of the names of ſuch great Men as had actually lived in the world, tho' the Tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in, on purpoſe to make the ſubject more credible. In a word, beſides the hidden meaning of an Epic Allegory, the plain literal ſenſe ought to appear probable. The Story ſhould be ſuch as an ordinary Reader may acquieſce in, whatever natural, moral, or political truth may be diſcovered in it by men of greater penetration.

SATAN after having long wandred upon the ſurface, or outmoſt wall of the Univerſe, diſcovers at laſt a wide gap in it, which led into the Creation,

and is deſcribed as the opening through which the Angels paſs to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to Mankind. His ſitting upon the brink of this paſſage, and taking a ſurvey of the whole face of Nature, that appeared to him new and freſh in all its beauties, with the Simile illuſtrating this circumſtance, fills the mind of the Reader with as ſurpriſing and glorious an idea as any that ariſes in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vaſt hollow of the Univerſe with the eye, or (as *Milton* calls it in his firſt Book) with the kenn of an Angel. He ſurveys all the wonders in this immenſe Amphitheatre that lye between both the poles of Heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the Creation.

HIS flight between the ſeveral Worlds that ſhined on every ſide of him, with the particular deſcription of the Sun, are ſet forth in all the wantonneſs of a luxuriant Imagination. His ſhape, ſpeech and behaviour upon his transforming himſelf into an Angel of light, are touched with exquiſite beauty. The Poet's thought of directing *Satan* to the Sun, which in the vulgar opinion of Mankind is the moſt conſpicuous part of the Creation, and the placing in it an Angel, is a circumſtance very finely contrived, and the more adjuſted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the moſt famous Philoſophers, that every Orb had its *Intelligence*; and as an Apoſtle in ſacred Writ is ſaid to have ſeen ſuch an Angel in the Sun. In the anſwer which this Angel returns to the diſguiſed Evil Spirit, there is ſuch a becoming Majeſty as is altogether ſuitable to a ſuperior being. The part of it in which he repreſents himſelf as preſent at the creation, is very noble in it ſelf, & not only proper where it is introduced, but requiſite to prepare the Reader for what follows in the ſeventh Book.

I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs, 708.
This world's material mould, came to a heap:

Con-

Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
Till at his ſecond bidding darkneſs fled,
Light ſhon, &c.

IN the following part of the ſpeech he points out the Earth with ſuch circumſtances, that the Reader can ſcarce forbear fancying himſelf employed on the ſame diſtant view of it.

Look downward on the Globe whoſe hither ſide 722.
With light from hence, tho' but reflected, ſhines;
That place is Earth, the ſeat of Man, that light
His day, &c.

I muſt not conclude my reflections upon this third Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of *Milton* with which it opens, and which certainly deſerves all the praiſes that have been given it; tho' as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked upon as an excreſcence, than as an eſſential part of the Poem. The ſame obſervation might be applied to that beautiful digreſſion upon Hypocriſie, in the ſame Book, v. 683. &c.

SPECTATOR, No. 321.

Nec ſatis eſt pulchra eſſe poemata, dulcia ſunto. Hor.

THOSE, who know how many volumes have been written on the Poems of *Homer* & *Virgil*, will eaſily pardon the length of my diſcourſe upon *Milton*. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is looked upon, by the beſt Judges, as the greateſt production, or at leaſt the nobleſt work of genius, in our language, and therefore deſerves to be ſet before an *Engliſh* Reader in its full beauty. For this reaſon, tho' I have endeavoured

to

to give a general idea of its graces & imperfections in my ſix firſt papers, I thought my ſelf obliged to beſtow one upon every book in particular. The three firſt Books I have already diſpatched, and am now entring upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my Reader, that there are multitudes of beauties in this great Author, eſpecially in the deſcriptive parts of his Poem, which I have not touched upon; it being my intention to point out thoſe only, which appear to me the moſt exquiſite, or thoſe which are not ſo obvious to ordinary Readers. Every one that has read the Criticks, who have written upon the *Odiſſy*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in thoſe Poems, they have nevertheleſs each of them diſcovered ſeveral maſter-ſtrokes, which have eſcaped the obſervation of the reſt. In the ſame manner, I queſtion not, but any writer, who ſhall treat on this ſubject after me, may find ſeveral beauties in *Milton*, which I have not taken notice of. I muſt likewiſe obſerve, that as the greateſt Maſters of critical learning differ among one another, as to ſome particular points in an Epic Poem, I have not bound my ſelf ſcrupulouſly to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that Art, but have taken the liberty ſometimes to join with one, & ſometimes with another, and ſometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reaſon of the thing was on my ſide.

WE may conſider the Beauties of the fourth Book under three heads. In the firſt are thoſe Pictures of ſtill-life, which we meet with in the deſcriptions of *Eden*, *Paradiſe*, *Adam*'s bower, *&c.* In the next are the Machines, which comprehend the ſpeeches and behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the laſt is the conduct of *Adam* and *Eve*, who are the principal Actors in the Poem.

IN

IN the deſcription of *Paradiſe*, the Poet has obſerved *Ariſtotle*'s rule of laviſhing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the Fable, which are not ſupported by the beauty of ſentiments and characters. Accordingly the Reader may obſerve, that the expreſſions are more florid and elaborate in theſe deſcriptions, than in moſt other parts of the Poem. I muſt further add, that tho' the *drawings* of Gardens, Rivers, Rainbows, and the like dead pieces of Nature, are juſtly cenſured in an heroic Poem, when they run out into an unneceſſary length; the Deſcription of *Paradiſe* would have been faulty, had not the Poet been very particular in it, not only as it is the ſcene of the principal action, but as it is requiſite to give us an idea of that happineſs from which our firſt Parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautifull, and formed upon the ſhort sketch which we have of it, in Holy Writ. *Milton*'s exuberance of imagination has poured forth ſuch a redundancy of ornaments on this ſeat of happineſs and innocence, that it would be endleſs to point out each particular.

I muſt not quit this head, without further obſerving, that there is ſcarce a ſpeech of *Adam* or *Eve* in the whole Poem, wherein the ſentiments and alluſions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The Reader, during their whole courſe of action, always finds himſelf in the walks of *Paradiſe*. In ſhort, as the Criticks have remarked, that in thoſe Poems, wherein Shepherds are Actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields and rivers; ſo we may obſerve, that our firſt Parents ſeldom loſe ſight of their happy ſtation in any thing they ſpeak or do; &, if the Reader will give me leave to uſe the expreſſion, that their thoughts are always *paradiſiacal*.

WE are in the next place to conſider the Machines of the fourth Book. *Satan* being now within proſpect of *Eden*, and looking round upon the glories of the Creation, is filled with ſentiments different from thoſe which

which he discovered whilst he was in Hell. The place inspires him with thoughts more adapted to it: He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a speech that is softned with several transient touches of remorse & self-accusation: But at length, he confirms himself in impenitence, and in his design of drawing Men into his own state of guilt & misery. This conflict of Passions is raised with a great deal of art, as the opening of his speech to the Sun is very bold and noble.

O thou that with surpassing glory crown'd 32
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads, to thee I call
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun, *to tell thee how I hate thy beams*
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere.

THIS speech is, I think, the finest that is ascribed to *Satan* in the whole Poem. The Evil Spirit afterwards proceeds to make his discoveries concerning our first Parents, and to learn after what manner they may be best attacked. His bounding over the walls of *Paradise*; his sitting in the shape of a Cormorant upon the tree of Life, which stood in the center of it, and over-topped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about *Adam* and *Eve*; together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation; are circumstances that give an agreeable surprize to the Reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures in which the Poet has engaged this great Artificer of fraud.

THE thought of *Satan*'s transformation into a Cormorant, and placing himself on the tree of Life, seems raised upon that passage in the *Iliad*, where two Deities

Deities are deſcribed, as perching on the top of an Oak in the ſhape of Vulturs.

HIS planting himſelf at the ear of *Eve* under the form of a Toad, in order to produce vain dreams & imaginations, is a circumſtance of the ſame nature; as his ſtarting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal deſcription, & in the moral which is concealed under it. His anſwer upon his being diſcovered, & demanded to give an account of himſelf, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his Character.

Know ye not then, ſaid Satan, *fill'd with ſcorn,* 827.
Know ye not Me? ye knew me once no Mate
For You, there ſitting where you durſt not ſoar;
Not to know me argues your-ſelves unknown,
The loweſt of your throng; - - -

ZEPHON's rebuke, with the influence it had on *Satan*, is exquiſitely graceful & moral. *Satan* is afterwards led away to *Gabriel*, the chief of the guardian Angels, who kept watch in *Paradiſe*. His diſdainful behaviour on this occaſion is ſo remarkable a beauty, that the moſt ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of it. *Gabriel*'s diſcovering his approach at a diſtance, is drawn with great ſtrength and livelineſs of imagination.

O Friends, I hear the tread of nimble feet 866.
Haſt'ning this way, and now by glimps diſcern
Ithuriel *and* Zephon *through the ſhade;*
And with them comes a third of regal port,
But faded ſplendor wan; who by his gait
And fierce demeanor ſeems the Prince of Hell,
Not likely to part hence without conteſt;
Stand firm, for in his look defiance lours.

THE conference between *Gabriel* & *Satan* abounds with ſentiments proper for the occaſion, and ſuitable to the perſons of the two Speakers. *Satan*'s cloathing himſelf

himself with terror, when he prepares for the combat, is truly sublime, and at least equal to *Homer*'s description of Discord celebrated by *Longinus*, or to that of Fame in *Virgil*, who are both represented with their feet standing upon the Earth, & their heads reaching above the clouds.

While thus he spake, th' Angelic squadron bright 977;
Turn'd fiery red, sharpning in mooned horns
Their phalanx, and began to hem him round
With ported spears, &c.
--- *On th' other side*, Satan *alarm'd*, 985;
Collecting all his might dilated stood
Like Teneriff *or* Atlas *unremov'd.*
His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest
Sat horrour plum'd; ---

I must here take notice, that *Milton* is every where full of hints, and sometimes literal translations, taken from the greatest of the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets. But this I may reserve for a discourse by it self, because I would not break the thread of these speculations, that are designed for *English* Readers, with such reflections as would be of no use but to the Learned.

I must however observe in this place, that the breaking off the combat between *Gabriel* and *Satan*, by the hanging out of the golden scales in Heaven, is a refinement upon *Homer*'s thought, who tells us, that before the battle between *Hector* and *Achilles*, *Jupiter*, weighed the event of it in a pair of scales. The Reader may see the whole passage in the 22d *Iliad.*

VIRGIL, before the last decisive combat, describes *Jupiter* in the same manner, as weighing the fates of *Turnus* and *Æneas*. *Milton*, though he fetched this beautiful circumstance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only insert it as a poetical embellishment, like the Authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful use of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two War-

Warriors, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that *Milton* is the more justified in this passage, as we find the same noble Allegory in Holy writ, where a wicked Prince, some few hours before he was assaulted and slain, is said to have been *weigh'd in the scales, and to have been found wanting*. Dan. V. 27.

I must here take notice under the head of the Machines, that *Uriel*'s gliding down to the Earth upon a Sun-beam, with the Poet's device to make him *descend*, as well in his return to the Sun, as in his coming from it, is a prettiness that might have been admired in a little fanciful Poet, but seems below the genius of *Milton*. The description of the Host of armed Angels walking their nightly round in *Paradise*, is of another spirit;

So saying, on he led his radiant files, 797.
Dazling the Moon;

as that account of the hymns, which our first Parents used to hear them sing in these their midnight-walks, is altogether divine, and inexpressibly amusing to the imagination.

WE are, in the last place, to consider the parts which *Adam* and *Eve* act in the fourth Book. The description of them as they first appeared to *Satan*, is exquisitely drawn, and sufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that astonishment, & those emotions of envy, in which he is represented.

Two of far nobler shape erect and tall, 288.
God-like erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seem'd lords of all,
And worthy seem'd, for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure;
Severe, but in true filial freedom plac'd:
For contemplation he and valour form'd,

For ſoftneſs ſhe and ſweet attractive grace;
He for God only, ſhe for God in him:
His fair large front, and eye ſublime declar'd
Abſolute rule; and Hyacinthin *locks*
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Cluſtring, but not beneath his ſhoulders broad;
She as a vail down to her ſlender waſte
Her unadorned golden treſſes wore
Diſ-ſhevel'd, but in wanton ringlets wav'd.
So paſs'd they naked on, nor ſhun'd the ſight
Of God or Angel, for they thought no ill:
So hand in hand they paſs'd, the lovelieſt pair
That ever ſince in love's embraces met.

THERE is a fine ſpirit of Poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are deſcribed as ſitting on a bed of flowers by the ſide of a fountain, amidſt a mixed aſſembly of animals.

THE ſpeeches of theſe two firſt Lovers flow equally from paſſion & ſincerity. The profeſſions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the ſame time founded on truth. In a word, they are the Gallantries of *Paradiſe*.

- - - When Adam *firſt of Men - - -*
Sole partner and ſole part of all theſe joys 411.
Dearer thy ſelf than all; - - -
But let us ever praiſe him, and extol 436.
His bounty, following our delightful task,
To prune thoſe growing plants, and tend theſe flowers,
Which were it toilſome, yet with thee were ſweet.
To whom thus Eve *reply'd, O thou for whom*
And from whom I was form'd, fleſh of thy fleſh,
And without whom am to no end, my guide
And head, what thou haſt ſaid is juſt and right.
For we to him indeed all praiſes owe,
And daily thanks, I chiefly who enjoy
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee
Præeminent by ſo much odds, while thou
Like conſort to thy ſelf canſt no where find, &c.

THE

THE remaining part of *Eve*'s Speech, in which she gives an account of her self upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to *Adam*, is I think as beautiful a passage as any in *Milton*, or perhaps in any other Poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate Reader, without offending the most severe.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep, &c. 449.

A Poet of less judgment and invention than this great Author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the Poem with sentiments proper for a state of Innocence; to have described the warmth of love, & the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the Man speak the most endearing things, without descending from his natural dignity, and the Woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force & loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the speech of *Eve* I have before-mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following Lines;

So spake our general mother, and with eyes 492.
Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms
Smil'd with superior love, - - -

THE Poet adds, that the Devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

WE have another view of our first Parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images, & sentiments suitable to their condition & characters. The speech of *Eve*, in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my Reflections upon this Book, with observing the masterly transition which the Poet makes to their evening worship, in the following lines.

Thus at their shadie lodge arriv'd, both stood, 720.
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth and heav'n
Which they beheld, the Moons resplendent globe,
And starry pole: Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day, *&c.*

MOST of the modern heroic Poets have imitated the Ancients, in beginning a speech without premising, that the person said thus or thus: but as it is easie to imitate the Ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of *Homer*, in the twenty third chapter of *Longinus*.

SPECTATOR, No. 327.

- - - Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo, Virg.

WE were told in the foregoing Book how the Evil Spirit practised upon *Eve* as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride and ambition. The Author, who shews a wonderful art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the Reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above mention'd circumstance the first part

part of the fifth Book. *Adam* upon his awaking finds *Eve* ſtill aſleep, with an unuſual diſcompoſure in her looks. The poſture in which he regards her, is deſcribed with a tenderneſs not to be expreſs'd, as the whiſper with which he awakens her is the ſofteſt that ever was conveyed to a Lover's ear,

His wonder was to find unwaken'd Eve V. 9.
With treſſes diſcompos'd, and glowing cheek
As through unquiet reſt: he on his ſide
Leaning half-rais'd, with looks of cordial love
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty which, whether waking or aſleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild, as when Zephyrus *on* Flora *breathes,*
Her hand ſoft touching, whiſper'd thus: Awake
My faireſt, my eſpous'd, my lateſt found,
Heav'ns laſt beſt gift, my ever new delight,
Awake: the morning ſhines, and the freſh field
Calls us, we loſe the prime to mark how ſpring
Our tended plants, how blows the Citron grove,
What drops the Myrrhe, and what the balmie Reed;
How Nature paints her colours; how the Bee
Sits on the bloom, extracting liquid ſweet.
Such whiſpering wak'd her, but with ſtartled eye
On Adam, *whom embracing, thus ſhe ſpake.*
O ſole in whom my thoughts find all repoſe,
My glory, my perfection, glad I ſee
Thy face, and morn return'd - - -

I cannot but take notice that *Milton*, in the conferences between *Adam* and *Eve*, had his eye very frequently upon the book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble ſpirit of eaſtern poetry, & very often not unlike what we meet with in *Homer*, who is generally placed near the Age of *Solomon*. I think there is no queſtion but the Poet in the preceding ſpeech remember'd thoſe two paſſages which are ſpoken on the like occaſion, and fill'd with the ſame pleaſing images of Nature.

MY beloved ſpake, and ſaid unto me, Riſe up, my love, my fair one, & come away; For, lo, the winter is paſt, the rain is over & gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the ſinging of birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our Land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the Vines with the tender grape give a good ſmell. Ariſe, my love, my fair one, & come away. Cant. II. 10.

COME, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us ſee if the Vine flouriſh, whether the tender Grape appear, & the Pomegranates bud forth. Cant. VII. 11.

HIS preferring the Garden of *Eden* to that,

- - - Where the Sapient *King* IX. 442.
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian *Spouſe,*

ſhews that the Poet had this delightful ſcene in his mind.

EVE's Dream is full of thoſe *high conceits engendring pride*, which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to inſtill into her. Of this kind is that part of it where ſhe fancies herſelf awaken'd by *Adam* in the following beautiful lines.

Why ſleep'ſt thou Eve? *now is the pleaſant time,* 38.
The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
Shadowy ſets off the face of things: In vain
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes
Whom to behold but thee, Nature's deſire,
In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment
Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze!

AN injudicious Poet would have made *Adam* talk thro' the whole work, in ſuch ſentiments as theſe. But flattery and falſehood are not the courtſhip of

Milton's

Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by *Eve* in her State of Innocence, excepting only in a dream produc'd on purpoſe to taint her imagination. Other vain ſentiments of the ſame kind in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every Reader. Tho' the cataſtrophe of the Poem is finely preſaged on this occaſion, the particulars of it are ſo artfully ſhadow'd, that they do not anticipate the ſtory which follows in the ninth Book. I ſhall only add, that tho' the Viſion it ſelf is founded upon truth, the circumſtances of it are full of that wildneſs and inconſiſtency which are natural to a dream. *Adam*, conformable to his ſuperior character for wiſdom, inſtructs and comforts *Eve* upon this occaſion.

So chear'd he his fair Spouſe, & ſhe was chear'd, 129.
But ſilently a gentle tear let fall
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;
Two other precious drops that ready ſtood,
Each in their chryſtal ſluice, he e're they fell
Kiſs'd, as the gracious ſigns of ſweet remorſe
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

THE morning Hymn is written in imitation of one of thoſe Pſalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praiſe, the Pſalmiſt calls not only upon the Angels, but upon the moſt conſpicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to joyn with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthuſiaſm, which is ſo natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature is at all times a proper kind of worſhip, it was in a particular manner ſuitable to our firſt Parents, who had the creation freſh upon their minds, & had not ſeen the various diſpenſations of providence, nor conſequently could be acquainted with thoſe many topicks of praiſe which might afford matter to the devotions of their poſterity. I need not remark the

beautiful ſpirit of Poetry, which runs through this whole Hymn, nor the holineſs of that reſolution with which it concludes.

HAVING already mentioned thoſe ſpeeches which are aſſigned to the perſons in this Poem, I proceed to the deſcription which the Poet gives of *Raphael*. His departure from before the throne, and his flight thro' the choirs of Angels, is finely imaged. As *Milton* every where fills his Poem with circumſtances that are marvellous and aſtoniſhing, he deſcribes the Gate of Heaven as framed after ſuch a manner, that it open'd of it ſelf upon the approach of the Angel who was to paſs through it.

- - - 'till at the Gate 253.
Of Heav'n arriv'd, the Gate ſelf-open'd wide,
On golden hinges turning, as by work
Divine the ſovereign Architect had framed.

THE Poet here ſeems to have regarded two or three paſſages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where, ſpeaking of *Vulcan*, *Homer* ſays, that he had made twenty *Tripodes* running on golden wheels, which, upon occaſion, might go of themſelves to the Aſſembly of the Gods, &, when there was no more uſe for them, return again after the ſame manner. *Scaliger* has rallied *Homer* very ſeverely upon this point, as Mad. *Dacier* has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether in this particular of *Homer*, the marvellous does not loſe ſight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanſhip of *Milton's* Gates is not ſo extraordinary as this of the *Tripodes*, ſo I am perſuaded he would not have mentioned it, had not he been ſupported in it by a paſſage in the Scripture, which ſpeaks of wheels in Heaven that had life in them, & moved of themſelves, or ſtood ſtill, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied. *Ezek.* I. 15. &c.

THERE

THERE is no queſtion but *Milton* had this circumſtance in his thoughts, becauſe in the following Book he deſcribes the Chariot of the *Meſſiah* with *living* wheels, according to the plan in *Ezekiel*'s Viſion.

- - - Forth ruſh'd with whirlwind ſound VI. 749.
The Chariot of Paternal Deity,
Flaſhing thick flames, wheel within wheel undrawn,
It ſelf inſtinct with Spirit - - -

I queſtion not but *Boſſu*, and the two *Daciers*, who are for vindicating every thing that is cenſured in *Homer*, by ſomething parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleaſed had they thought of confronting *Vulcan*'s *Tripodes* with *Ezekiel*'s Wheels.

RAPHAEL's deſcent to the Earth, with the figure of his perſon, is repreſented in very lively colours. Several of the *French*, *Italian*, & *Engliſh* Poets have given a looſe to their imaginations in the deſcription of Angels; but I do not remember to have met with any ſo finely drawn, & ſo conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in *Milton*. After having ſet him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and repreſented him as alighting upon the Earth, the Poet concludes his deſcription with a circumſtance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greateſt ſtrength of fancy.

- - - Like Maia's *Son he ſtood* 285.
And ſhook his plumes, that heav'nly fragrance fill'd
The circuit wide - - -

RAPHAEL's reception by the Guardian Angels; his paſſing through the wilderneſs of ſweets; his diſtant appearance to *Adam*, have all the graces that Poetry is capable of beſtowing. The Author afterwards gives us a particular deſcription of *Eve* in her domeſtick employments.

So saying, with dispatchful looks in haste 331.
She turns, on hospitable thoughts intent,
What choice to chuse for delicacy best,
What order, so contriv'd as not to mix
Tastes, not well joyn'd inelegant, but bring
Taste after taste, upheld with kindliest change;
Bestirs her then, &c. - - -

THOUGH in this, and other parts of the same book, the subject is only the housewifry of our first Parent, it is set off with so many pleasing images & strong expressions, as make it none of the least agreeable parts in this divine Work.

THE natural Majesty of *Adam*, and at the same time his submissive behaviour to the superior being, who had vouchsafed to be his Guest; the solemn *Hail* which the Angel bestows upon the mother of Mankind, with the figure of *Eve* ministring at the table, are circumstances which deserve to be admired.

RAPHAEL's behaviour is every way suitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a sociable Spirit, with which the Author has so judiciously introduced him. He had received instructions to converse with *Adam*, as one Friend converses with another, and to warn him of the Enemy, who was contriving his destruction: Accordingly he is represented as sitting down at a table with *Adam*, and eating of the fruits of *Paradise*. The occasion naturally leads him to his discourse on the food of Angels. After having thus entered into conversation with Man upon more indifferent subjects, he warns him of his obedience, and makes a natural transition to the history of that fallen Angel, who was employed in the circumvention of our first Parents.

HAD I follow'd Monsieur *Bossu*'s method, in my first paper on *Milton*, I should have dated the Action of *Paradise Lost* from the beginning of *Raphael*'s speech in this Book, as he supposes the Action of the *Æneid*

to

to begin in the ſecond Book of that Poem. I could alledge many reaſons for my drawing the Action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the firſt Book, than from its remote beginning in the ſecond, and ſhew why I have conſidered the ſacking of *Troy* as an *Epiſode*, according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry unentertaining piece of criticiſm, and perhaps unneceſſary to thoſe who have read my firſt paper, I ſhall not enlarge upon it. Which ever of the notions be true, the unity of *Milton*'s Action is preſerved according to either of them; whether we conſider the Fall of Man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the reſolutions taken in the infernal Council; or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the firſt Revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The occaſion which *Milton* aſſigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in Holy Writ, & on the opinion of ſome great Writers, ſo it was the moſt proper that the Poet could have made uſe of.

THE Revolt in Heaven is deſcribed with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumſtances. The learned Reader cannot but be pleaſed with the Poet's imitation of *Homer* in the laſt of the following lines.

At length into the limits of the north 755
They came, and Satan took his Royal ſeat
High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
Rais'd on a mount, with pyramids and tow'rs
From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of Gold,
The Palace of great Lucifer, (*ſo call*
That ſtructure in the dialect of Men
Interpreted) - - -

HOMER mentions perſons and things, which he tells us in the language of the Gods are call'd by different names from thoſe they go by in the language of Men. *Milton* has imitated him with his uſual judgment in

in this particular place, wherein he has likewiſe the authority of Scripture to juſtify him. The part of *Abdiel*, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite hoſt of Angels preſerved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious ſingularity. The zeal of the Seraph breaks forth in a becoming warmth of ſentiments & expreſſions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous ſcorn & intrepidity which attends heroic virtue. The Author doubtleſs deſigned it as a pattern to thoſe who live among mankind in their preſent ſtate of degeneracy and corruption.

So ſpake the Seraph Abdiel *faithful found,* 896.
Among the faithleſs, faithful only he;
Among innumerable falſe, unmov'd,
Unſhaken, unſeduc'd, unterrify'd;
His loyalty he kept, his love, his zeal:
Nor number, nor example with him wrought
To ſwerve from truth, or change his conſtant mind
Though ſingle. From amidſt them forth he paſs'd,
Long way through hoſtile ſcorn, which he ſuſtain'd
Superior, nor of violence fear'd ought;
And with retorted ſcorn his back he turn'd
On thoſe proud Tow'rs to-ſwift deſtruction doom'd.

SPECTATOR, No. 333.

- - - vocat in certamina Divos. Virg.

WE are now entering upon the ſixth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, in which the Poet deſcribes the Battel of Angels; having raiſed his Reader's expectation, and prepar'd him for it by ſeveral paſſages in the preceding Books. I omitted quoting theſe paſſages in my obſervations on the former Books, having purpoſely reſerved them for the opening of this, the ſubject

of

of which gave occaſion to them. The Author's imagination was ſo inflamed with this great ſcene of action, that whatever he ſpeaks of it, he riſes, if poſſible, above himſelf. Thus where he mentions *Satan* in the beginning of his Poem.

- - - Him the Almighty Power I. 44
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' etherial skie,
With hideous ruin and combuſtion down
To bottomleſs perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durſt deſie the Omnipotent to Arms.

WE have likewiſe ſeveral noble hints of it in the infernal conference.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers I. 128
That led th' embattel'd Seraphim to war,
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
Hath loſt us Heav'n and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low.
But ſee the angry Victor has recall'd
His Miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
Back to the gates of Heav'n: The ſulphurous hail,
Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs Deep.

THERE are ſeveral other very ſublime images on the ſame ſubject in the firſt book, as alſo in the ſecond. v. 165.

What! when we fled amain, purſu'd and ſtrook
With Heav'n's afflicting Thunder, and beſought
The Deep to ſhelter us; this Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds - - -

IN

IN ſhort, the Poet never mentions any thing of this Battel, but in ſuch images of greatneſs & terrour as are ſuitable to the ſubject. Among ſeveral others, I cannot forbear quoting that paſſage where the Power, who is deſcrib'd as preſiding over the Chaos, ſpeaks in the ſame book.

Thus Satan; *and him thus the Anarch old* 988.
With faultring ſpeech and viſage incompos'd
Anſwer'd, I know thee, Stranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head againſt Heav'ns King, tho' overthrown,
I ſaw and heard; for ſuch a numerous Hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted Deep
With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heav'ns gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. - - -

IT required great pregnacy of invention, & ſtrength of imagination, to fill this Battel with ſuch circumſtances as ſhould raiſe and aſtoniſh the mind of the Reader; &, at the ſame time, an exactneſs of judgment to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Thoſe who look into *Homer*, are ſurpriz'd to find his Battels ſtill riſing one above another, and improving in horrour, to the concluſion of the *Iliad*. *Milton*'s fight of Angels is wrought up with the ſame beauty. It is uſher'd in with ſuch ſigns of wrath as are ſuitable to Omnipotence incenſed. The firſt engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occaſion'd by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are diſcharged from either hoſt. The ſecond onſet is ſtill more terrible, as it is filled with thoſe artificial thunders, which ſeem to make the victory doubtful, & produce a kind of conſternation even in the good Angels. This is follow'd by the tearing up of mountains & promontories; 'till, in the laſt place, *Meſſiah* comes forth in the fullneſs of Majeſty & terrour. The pomp

of his appearance, amidſt the roarings of his thunders, the flaſhes of his lightnings, & the noiſe of his chariot-wheels, is deſcribed with the utmoſt flights of humane imagination.

THERE is nothing in the firſt and laſt day's engagement which does not appear natural, & agreeable enough to the ideas moſt readers would conceive of a fight between two Armies of Angels.

THE ſecond day's engagement is apt to ſtartle an imagination, which has not been raiſed and qualified for ſuch a deſcription, by the reading of the antient Poets, and of *Homer* in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our Author, to aſcribe the firſt uſe of Artillery to the rebel Angels. But as ſuch a pernicious invention may be well ſuppoſed to have proceeded from ſuch Authors, ſo it entered very properly into the thoughts of that Being, who is all along deſcribed as aſpiring to the Majeſty of his Maker. Such engines were the only inſtruments he could have made uſe of to imitate thoſe Thunders, that in all Poetry, both ſacred and prophane, are repreſented as the Arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether ſo daring a thought as the former. We are, in ſome meaſure, prepared for ſuch an incident by the deſcription of the Giants war, which we meet with among the ancient Poets. What ſtill made this circumſtance the more proper for the Poet's uſe, is the opinion of many learned men, that the Fable of the Giants War, which makes ſo great a noiſe in antiquity, and gave birth to the ſublimeſt Deſcription in *Heſiod*'s works, was an Allegory founded upon this very tradition of a Fight between the good and bad Angels.

IT may, perhaps, be worth while to conſider with what judgment *Milton*, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the deſcriptions of the *Latin* and *Greek* Poets; and, at the ſame time, improv'd every great hint which he met with in their

works

works upon this ſubject. *Homer* in that paſſage, which *Longinus* has celebrated for its ſublimeneſs, and which *Virgil* and *Ovid* have copied after him, tells us that the Giants threw *Oſſa* upon *Olympus*, & *Pelion* upon *Oſſa*. He adds an epithet to *Pelion* (εινοσιφυλλον) which very much ſwells the idea, by bringing up to the Reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is furthet a great beauty in his ſingling out by name theſe three remarkable mountains, ſo well known to the *Greeks*. This laſt is ſuch a beauty as the ſcene of *Milton*'s war could not poſſibly furniſh him with. *Claudian*, in his Fragment upon the Gyants War, has given full ſcope to that wildneſs of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us, that the Giants tore up whole Iſlands by the roots, and threw them at the Gods. He deſcribes one of them in particular taking up *Lemnos* in his arms, and whirling it to the skies, with all *Vulcan*'s Shop in the midſt of it. Another tears up Mount *Ida*, with the River *Enipeus*, which ran down the ſides of it; but the Poet, not content to deſcribe him with this mountain upon his ſhoulders, tells us, that the River flow'd down his back, as he held it up in that poſture. It is viſible to every judicious Reader, that ſuch ideas favour more of burleſque than of the ſublime. They proceed from a wantonneſs of imagination, and rather divert the mind than aſtoniſh it. *Milton* has taken every thing that is ſublime in theſe ſeveral paſſages, & compoſes out of them the following great image.

From their foundations looſning to and fro VI. 643.
They pluck'd the ſeated hills with all their load,
Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
Up-lifting bore them in their hands: - - -

WE have the full majeſty of *Homer* in this ſhort deſcription, improved by the imagination of *Claudian*, without its puerilities.

I need

I need not point out the deſcription of the fallen Angels ſeeing the promontories hanging over their heads in ſuch a dreadful manner, with the other numberleſs beauties in this Book, which are ſo conſpicuous, that they cannot eſcape the notice of the moſt ordinary Reader.

THERE are indeed ſo many wonderful ſtrokes of Poetry in this Book, & ſuch a variety of ſublime ideas, that it would have been impoſſible to have given them a place within the bounds of this paper. Beſides that, I find it in a great meaſure done to my hand at the end of my Lord *Roſcommon*'s Eſſay on tranſlated Poetry. I ſhall refer my Reader thither for ſome of the maſter-ſtrokes in the ſixth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, though at the ſame time there are many others which that noble Author has not taken notice of.

MILTON, notwithſtanding the ſublime genius he was maſter of, has in this book drawn to his aſſiſtance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient Poets. The ſword of *Michael*, which makes ſo great a havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the Armory of God,

- - - But the Sword 320.
Of Michael *from the Armory of God*
Was giv'n him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge; it met
The Sword of Satan *with ſteep force to ſmite*
Deſcending, and in half cut ſheere. - - -

THIS paſſage is a copy of that in *Virgil*, wherein the Poet tells us, that the ſword of *Æneas*, which was given him by a Deity, broke into pieces the ſword of *Turnus*, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, ſo by the way we may obſerve, that the beſtowing on a Man who is favour'd by Heav'n ſuch an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eaſtern way of thinking. Not only

Homer has made uſe of it, but we find the *Jewiſh* Hero in the II. Book of *Maccabees*, 15. 15. who had fought the Battels of the choſen People with ſo much glory and ſucceſs, receiving in his dream a ſword from the hand of the Prophet *Jeremiah*. The following paſſage, wherein *Satan* is deſcribed as wounded by the ſword of *Michael*, is in imitation of *Homer*.

The griding ſword with diſcontinuous wound 329.
Paſs'd through him, but th' ethereal ſubſtance cloſed
Not long diviſible, and from the gaſh
A ſtream of nectareous humour iſſuing flow'd
Sanguin, ſuch as celeſtial Spirits may bleed,
And all his armour ſtain'd - - -

HOMER tells us in the ſame manner, that upon *Diomedes* wounding the Gods, there flow'd from the wound an *ichor*, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that tho' the pain was exquiſitely great, the wound ſoon cloſed up and healed in thoſe beings who are veſted with immortality.

I queſtion not but *Milton* in his deſcription of his furious *Moloc* flying from the Battel, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye on *Mars* in the *Iliad*, who, upon his being wounded, is repreſented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that of a whole Army when it begins the charge. *Homer* adds, that the *Greeks* and *Trojans*, who were engaged in a general battel, were terrified on each ſide with the bellowing of this wounded Deity. The Reader will eaſily obſerve how *Milton* has kept all the horrour of this image without running into the ridicule of it.

- - - *Where the might of* Gabriel *fought*, 355.
And with fierce Enſigns pierc'd the deep array
Of Moloc *furious King, who him defy'd,*
And at his chariot-wheels to drag him bound
Threaten'd;

Threaten'd, nor from the Holy One of Heav'n
Refrain'd his tongue blaſphemous; but anon
Down cloven to the waſte, with ſhatter'd Arms
And uncouth pain fled bellowing. - - -

MILTON has likewiſe raiſed his deſcription in this Book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Meſſiah's Chariot, as I have before taken notice, is form'd upon a Viſion of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* obſerves, has very much in him of *Homer*'s ſpirit in the poetical parts of his Prophecy.

THE following lines in that glorious commiſſion which is given the Meſſiah to extirpate the Hoſt of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a ſublime paſſage in the Pſalms. 45. 3.

Go then thou mightieſt in thy Father's might 710.
Aſcend my Chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake Heav'ns baſis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow, my Thunder, my almighty Arms,
Gird on thy Sword on thy puiſſant thigh.

THE Reader will eaſily diſcover many other ſtrokes of the ſame nature.

THERE is no queſtion but *Milton* had heated his imagination with the fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he entered upon this engagement of the Angels. *Homer* there gives us a ſcene of Men, Heroes, & Gods mixed together in battel. *Mars* animates the contending Armies, & lifts up his voice in ſuch a manner, that it is heard diſtinctly amidſt all the ſhouts & confuſion of the fight. *Jupiter* at the ſame time thunders over their heads; while *Neptune* raiſes ſuch a tempeſt, that the whole field of battel, and all the tops of the mountains, ſhake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himſelf, whoſe habitation was in the very center of the Earth, was ſo affrighted at the ſhock, that he leapt from his Throne. *Homer* afterwards deſcribes *Vulcan* as pouring down a ſtorm of fire upon

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And uncouth pain fled bellowing. - - -

MILTON has likewiſe raiſed his deſcription in this Book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Meſſiah's Chariot, as I have before taken notice, is form'd upon a Viſion of *Ezekiel*, who, as *Grotius* obſerves, has very much in him of *Homer*'s ſpirit in the poetical parts of his Prophecy.

THE following lines in that glorious commiſſion which is given the Meſſiah to extirpate the Hoſt of Rebel Angels, is drawn from a ſublime paſſage in the Pſalms. 45. 3.

Go then thou mightieſt in thy Father's might 710.
Aſcend my Chariot, guide the rapid wheels
That ſhake Heav'ns baſis, bring forth all my War,
My Bow, my Thunder, my almighty Arms,
Gird on thy Sword on thy puiſſant thigh.

THE Reader will eaſily diſcover many other ſtrokes of the ſame nature.

THERE is no queſtion but *Milton* had heated his imagination with the fight of the Gods in *Homer*, before he entered upon this engagement of the Angels. *Homer* there gives us a ſcene of Men, Heroes, & Gods mixed together in battel. *Mars* animates the contending Armies, & lifts up his voice in ſuch a manner, that it is heard diſtinctly amidſt all the ſhouts & confuſion of the fight. *Jupiter* at the ſame time thunders over their heads; while *Neptune* raiſes ſuch a tempeſt, that the whole field of battel, and all the tops of the mountains, ſhake about them. The Poet tells us, that *Pluto* himſelf, whoſe habitation was in the very center of the Earth, was ſo affrighted at the ſhock, that he leapt from his Throne. *Homer* afterwards deſcribes *Vulcan* as pouring down a ſtorm of fire upon

the River *Xanthus*, and *Minerva* as throwing a rock at *Mars*; who, he tells us, covered ſeven acres in his fall.

AS *Homer* has introduced into his Battel of the Gods every thing that is great and terrible in Nature, *Milton* has filled his Fight of good and bad Angels with all the like circumſtances of horrour. The ſhout of Armies, the ratling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks & mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employ'd to lift up the Readers imagination, and give him a ſuitable idea of ſo great an Action. With what art has the Poet repreſented the whole body of the Earth trembling, even before it was created.

All Heaven reſounded, and had Earth been then, 218.
All Earth had to its center ſhook - - -

IN how ſublime and juſt a manner does he afterwards deſcribe the whole Heaven ſhaking under the wheels of the *Meſſiah*'s Chariot, with that exception to the Throne of God?

- - - *Under his burning wheels* 832.
The ſteadfaſt Empyrean *ſhook throughout;*
All but the Throne it ſelf of God - - -

NOTWITHSTANDING the *Meſſiah* appears cloathed with ſo much terrour and Majeſty, the Poet has ſtill found means to make his Readers conceive an idea of him beyond what he himſelf was able to deſcribe.

Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but checks 853.
His thunder in mid volly, for he meant
Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heav'n.

IN a word, *Milton*'s genius, which was ſo great in it ſelf, & ſo ſtrengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to his ſubject, which was the moſt ſublime that could enter into the thoughts

thoughts of a Poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was neceſſary to give it certain reſting-places and opportunities of recovering it ſelf from time to time: he has therefore with great addreſs interſperſed ſeveral ſpeeches, reflections, ſimilitudes, & the like reliefs, to diverſifie his narration, and eaſe the attention of the Reader, that he might come freſh to his great action; and by ſuch a contraſt of ideas, have a more lively taſte of the nobler parts of his Deſcription.

SPECTATOR, No. 339.

- - - Ut his exordia primis
Omnia, & ipſe tener mundi concreverit orbis.
Tum durare ſolum & diſcludere Nerea ponto
Cœperit, & rerum paullatim ſumere formas. Virg.

LONGINUS has obſerved, that there may be a loftineſs in ſentiments, where there is no paſſion, and brings inſtances out of ancient Authors to ſupport this his opinion. The Pathetick, as that great Critick obſerves, may animate and inflame the Sublime, but is not eſſential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that thoſe who excel moſt in ſtirring up the paſſions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and ſublime manner; and ſo on the contrary. *Milton* has ſhewn himſelf a Maſter in both theſe ways of writing. The ſeventh Book, which we are now entering upon, is an inſtance of that Sublime which is not mixt & work'd up with paſſion. The Author appears in a kind of compoſed & ſedate majeſty; and tho' the ſentiments do not give ſo great an emotion as thoſe in the former Book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The ſixth Book, like a troubled ocean, repreſents greatneſs in confuſion; the ſeventh affects the imagination like the ocean

in a calm, & fills the mind of the Reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

THE Critick above mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for ſucceeding in the ſublime way of writing, propoſes to his Reader, that he ſhould imitate the moſt celebrated Authors who have gone before him, and been engaged in works of the ſame nature; as in particular that if he writes on a poetical ſubject, he ſhould conſider how *Homer* would have ſpoken on ſuch an occaſion. By this means one great Genius often catches the flame from another, and writes in his ſpirit without copying ſervilely after him. There are a thouſand ſhining paſſages in *Virgil*, which have been lighted up by *Homer*.

MILTON, tho' his own natural ſtrength of genius was capable of furniſhing out a perfect work, has doubtleſs very much raiſed and ennobled his conceptions, by ſuch an imitation as that which *Longinus* has recommended.

IN this Book, which gives us an account of the Six days Works, the Poet received but very few aſſiſtances from Heathen writers, who were ſtrangers to the wonders of Creation. But as there are many glorious ſtrokes of Poetry upon this ſubject in holy writ, the Author has numberleſs alluſions to them through the whole courſe of this Book. The great Critick I have before mentioned, though an Heathen, has taken notice of the ſublime manner in which the Law-giver of the *Jews* has deſcribed the Creation in the firſt Chapter of *Geneſis*: and there are many other paſſages in Scripture, which riſe up to the ſame Majeſty, where this ſubject is touched upon. *Milton* has ſhewn his judgment very remarkably, in making uſe of ſuch of theſe as were proper for his Poem, and in duly qualifying thoſe high ſtrains of Eaſtern Poetry, which were ſuited to Readers whoſe imaginations were ſet to an higher pitch, than thoſe of colder climates.

ADAM's ſpeech to the Angel, wherein he deſires an account of what had paſſed within the Regions of Nature before the Creation, is very great & ſolemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far ſpent for him to enter upon ſuch a ſubject, are exquiſite in their kind.

And the great light of day yet wants to run 98.
Much of his race though ſteep, ſuſpenſe in Heav'n
Held by thy voice, thy potent voice he hears,
And longer will delay to hear thee tell
His generation, &c. - - -

THE Angel's encouraging our firſt Parents in a modeſt purſuit after knowledge, with the cauſes which he aſſigns for the creation of the World, are very juſt and beautiful. The *Meſſiah*, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the worlds were made, comes forth in the power of his Father, ſurrounded with an hoſt of Angels, and cloathed with ſuch a Majeſty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence. What a beautiful deſcription has our Author raiſed upon that hint in one of the Prophets; *And behold there came four Chariots out from between two mountains, & the mountains were mountains of braſs?* Zech. 6. 1.

About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd 197.
Cherub *and* Seraph, *Potentates and Thrones,*
And Virtues, winged Spirits, and Chariots wing'd,
From the armory of God, where ſtand of old
Myriads between two brazen mountains lodg'd
Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſt at hand;
Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
Spontaneous, for within them ſpirit liv'd
Attendant on their Lord: Heav'n open'd wide
Her ever during gates, harmonious ſound
On golden hinges moving - - -

I have before taken notice of these Chariots of God, and of these Gates of Heaven, & shall here only add, that *Homer* gives us the same idea of the latter as opening of themselves, tho' he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the *Hours* first of all removed those prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more sublime than the description which follows, where the Messiah is represented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the *Chaos*, calming its confusion, riding into the midst of it, and drawing the first outline of the Creation.

On heav'nly ground they stood, & from the shore 210.
They view'd the vast immeasurable Abyss
Outrageous as a sea, dark, wasteful, wild,
Up from the bottom turn'd by furious winds
And surging waves, as mountains to assault
Heav'ns height, and with the center mix the Pole.
Silence ye troubled waves, and thou Deep, peace,
Said then th' Omnific Word, *your discord end:*
Nor staid, but on the wings of Cherubim
Up-lifted, in paternal glory rode
Far into Chaos, *and the world unborn;*
For Chaos *heard his voice: him all his train*
Follow'd in bright procession to behold
Creation, and the wonders of his might.
Then staid the fervid wheels, and in his hand
He took the golden Compasses, prepared
In God's eternal store, to circumscribe
This Universe, and all created things.
One foot he center'd, and the other turn'd,
Round through the vast profundity obscure,
And said, thus far extend, thus far thy bounds,
This be thy just circumference, O World.

THE thought of the golden compasses is conceiv'd altogether in *Homer*'s spirit, & is a very noble incident

in

in this wonderful deſcription. *Homer*, when he ſpeaks of the Gods, aſcribes to them ſeveral Arms and Inſtruments with the ſame greatneſs of imagination. Let the Reader only peruſe the deſcription of *Minerva*'s *Ægis*, or Buckler, in the fifth Book of the Iliad, with her Spear which would overturn whole Squadrons, and her Helmet, that was ſufficient to cover an Army drawn out of an hundred Cities. The golden Compaſſes in the above-mentioned paſſage appear a very natural inſtrument in the hand of him, whom *Plato* ſomewhere calls the divine Geometrician. As Poetry delights in cloathing abſtracted ideas in allegories and ſenſible images, we find a magnificent deſcription of the Creation form'd after the ſame manner in one of the Prophets, wherein he deſcribes the Almighty Architect as meaſuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meteing out the heavens with his ſpan, comprehending the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, weighing the mountains in ſcales, & the hills in a balance. *Iſ.* 40. 12. Another of them deſcribing the Supreme Being in this great work of Creation, repreſents him as laying the foundations of the Earth, & ſtretching a line upon it. *Job* 38. 4, 5. And in another place as garniſhing the heavens, ſtretching out the north over the empty place, & hanging the Earth upon nothing. *Job* 26. 7. 13. This laſt noble thought *Milton* has expreſs'd in the following verſe.

And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her center hung. 242.

THE beauties of deſcription in this Book lie ſo very thick, that it is impoſſible to enumerate them in this paper. The Poet has employ'd on them the whole energy of our tongue. The ſeveral great ſcenes of the Creation riſe up to view one after another, in ſuch a manner, that the Reader ſeems preſent at this wonderful work, and to aſſiſt among the Choirs of Angels, who are the ſpectators of it. How glorious is the concluſion of the firſt day.

- - - Thus was the first day Ev'n and Morn.
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung
By the Celestial Quires, when orient light
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;
Birth-day of Heav'n and Earth; with joy and shout
The hollow universal Orb they fill'd.

WE have the same elevation of thought in the third day; when the mountains were brought forth, & the deep was made.

Immediately the Mountains huge appear
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-heave
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:
So high as heav'd the tumid hills, so low
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,
Capacious bed of waters - - -

WE have also the rising of the whole vegetable world describ'd in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other Poets have lavished on their description of the Spring, & leads the Reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprizing and beautiful.

THE several glories of the Heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen
Regent of day, and all the horizon round
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run
His longitude thro' Heav'ns high road: the gray
Dawn, and the Pleiades *before him danced,*
Shedding sweet influence: less bright the Moon,
But opposite in levell'd west was set,
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light
From him, for other light she needed none
In that aspect, and still the distance keeps
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines
Revolv'd on Heav'ns great axle, and her reign
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,
With thousand thousand stars that then appear'd
Spangling the hemisphere - - -

ONE

ONE would wonder how the Poet could be ſo conciſe in his deſcription of the ſix days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an Epiſode, & at the ſame time ſo particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is ſtill more remarkable in his account of the fifth and ſixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal Creation, from the Reptil to the Behemoth. As the Lion and the Leviathan are two of the nobleſt productions in the world of living Creatures, the Reader will find a moſt exquiſite ſpirit of Poetry in the account which our Author gives us of them. The ſixth day concludes with the formation of Man, upon which the Angel takes occaſion, as he did after the Battel in Heaven, to remind *Adam* of his obedience, which was the principal deſign of this his viſit.

THE Poet afterwards repreſents the Meſſiah returning into Heaven, & taking a ſurvey of his great work. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly ſublime in this part of the Poem, where the Author deſcribes that great period of time, filled with ſo many glorious circumſtances; when the Heavens & Earth were finiſhed; when the Meſſiah aſcended up in triumph through the everlaſting gates; when he looked down with pleaſure upon his new Creation; when every part of Nature ſeem'd to rejoice in its exiſtence; when the morning Stars ſang together, and all the Sons of God ſhouted for joy.

So Ev'n and Morn accompliſhd the ſixth day: 550.
Yet not till the Creator from his work
Deſiſting, tho' unwearied, up return'd,
Up to the Heav'n of Heav'ns his high abode,
Thence to behold this new created World
Th' addition of his Empire; how it ſhew'd
In proſpect from his throne, how good, how fair;
Anſwering his great Idea. Up he rode
Follow'd with acclamation and the ſound
Symphonious of ten thouſand harps that tuned

Angelic

Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air
Reſounding, (thou remember'ſt, for thou heard'ſt)
The Heavens and all the Conſtellations rung,
The Planets in their ſtation liſt'ning ſtood,
While the bright pomp aſcended jubilant,
Open ye everlaſting gates, they ſung,
Open ye Heav'ns, your living doors, let in
The great Creator from his work return'd
Magnificent, his ſix days work, a World.

I cannot conclude this Book upon the Creation, without mentioning a Poem which has lately appear'd under that Title. The work was undertaken with ſo good an intention, and is executed with ſo great a maſtery, that it deſerves to be looked upon as one of the moſt uſeful and noble productions in our *Engliſh* verſe. The Reader cannot but be pleaſed to find the depths of Philoſophy enlivened with all the charms of Poetry, & to ſee ſo great a ſtrength of reaſon, amidſt ſo beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The Author has ſhewn us that deſign in all the works of Nature, which neceſſarily leads us to the knowledge of its firſt Cauſe. In ſhort, he has illuſtrated, by numberleſs & inconteſtable inſtances, that divine Wiſdom, which the Son of *Sirach* has ſo nobly aſcribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the World, when he tells us, that *He created her, and ſaw her, & numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.*

SPECTATOR, No. 345.

Sanctius his animal, mentiſque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, & quod dominari in cætera poſſet.
Natus homo eſt - - - Ov. Met.

THE accounts which *Raphael* gives of the Battel of Angels, & the Creation of the World, have in them thoſe qualifications which the Criticks judge requiſite

requiſite to an Epiſode. They are nearly related to the principal Action, and have a juſt connection with the Fable.

THE eighth Book opens with a beautiful deſcription of the impreſſion which this diſcourſe of the Arch-Angel made on our firſt Parents. *Adam* afterwards, by a very natural curioſity, enquires concerning the motions of thoſe Celeſtial Bodies which make the moſt glorious appearance among the ſix days works. The Poet here, with a great deal of art, repreſents *Eve* as withdrawing from this part of their converſation to amuſements more ſuitable to her Sex. He well knew, that the Epiſode in this book, which is filled with *Adam*'s account of his paſſion and eſteem for *Eve*, would have been improper for her hearing, and has therefore deviſed very juſt and beautiful reaſons for her retiring.

So ſpake our Sire, and by his count'nance ſeem'd 39.
Entring on ſtudious thoughts abſtruſe: which Eve
Perceiving where ſhe ſat retired in ſight,
With lowlineſs majeſtick from her ſeat,
And grace that won who ſaw to wiſh her ſtay,
Roſe, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To viſit how they proſper'd, bud and bloom,
Her nurſery: they at her coming ſprung,
And touch'd by her fair tendance gladlier grew:
Yet went ſhe not, as not with ſuch diſcourſe
Delighted, or not capable her ear
Of what was high: Such pleaſure ſhe reſerv'd,
Adam *relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs;*
Her husband the relater ſhe preferr'd
Before the Angel, and of him to ask
Choſe rather: he, ſhe knew, would intermix
Grateful digreſſions, and ſolve high diſpute
With conjugal careſſes; from his lip
Not words alone pleaſed her. (O when meet now
Such pairs in love, and mutual honour joyn'd!)

THE

THE Angel's returning a doubtful anſwer to *Adam*'s enquiries, was not only proper for the moral reaſon which the Poet aſſigns, but becauſe it would have been highly abſurd to have given the ſanction of an Arch-Angel to any particular Syſtem of Philoſophy. The chief points in the *Ptolemaick* and *Copernican* Hypotheſis are deſcribed with great conciſeneſs and perſpicuity, & at the ſame time dreſſed in very pleaſing and poetical images.

ADAM, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own hiſtory, & relates to him the circumſtances in which he found himſelf upon his creation; as alſo his converſation with his Maker, and his firſt meeting with *Eve*. There is no part of the Poem more apt to raiſe the attention of the Reader, than this diſcourſe of our great Anceſtor; as nothing can be more ſurprizing and delightful to us, than to hear the ſentiments that aroſe in the firſt Man while he was yet new and freſh from the hands of his Creator. The Poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this ſubject in Holy writ with ſo many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more juſt and natural than this whole Epiſode. As our Author knew this ſubject could not but be agreeable to his Reader, he would not throw it into the Relation of the ſix Days works, but reſerved it for a diſtinct Epiſode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take notice of two ſhining paſſages in the dialogue between *Adam* and the Angel. The firſt is that wherein our Anceſtor gives an account of the pleaſure he took in converſing with him, which contains a very noble moral.

For while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in Heav'n, 210.
And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
Than fruits of palm-tree pleaſanteſt to thirſt
And hunger, both from labour, at the hour

Of

Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
Tho' pleaſant; but thy words with grace divine
Imbu'd, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety.

THE other I ſhall mention is that in which the Angel gives a reaſon why he ſhould be glad to hear the Story *Adam* was about to relate.

For I that day was abſent, as befell,
Bound on a Voyage uncouth and obſcure,
Far on excurſion towards the gates of Hell,
Squar'd in full legion (ſuch command we had)
To ſee that none thence iſſued forth a ſpy,
Or enemy, while God was in his work,
Leſt he incenſt at ſuch eruption bold,
Deſtruction with Creation might have mix'd.

THERE is no queſtion but our Poet drew the image in what follows from that in *Virgil*'s ſixth Book, where *Æneas* & the Sybil ſtand before the adamantine gates, which are there deſcrib'd as ſhut upon the place of torments, and liſten to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noiſe of iron whips, that were heard in thoſe regions of pain and ſorrow.

- - - Faſt we found, faſt ſhut
The diſmal gates, and barricadoed ſtrong;
But long e're our approaching heard within
Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage.

ADAM then proceeds to give an account of his condition & ſentiments immediately after his creation. How agreeably does he repreſent the poſture in which he found himſelf, the delightful landskip that ſurrounded him, and the gladneſs of heart which grew up in him on that occaſion.

- - - As new waked from ſoundeſt ſleep,
Soft on the flowry herb I found me laid
In balmy ſweat, which with his beams the Sun

Soon

Soon dried, and on the reaking moiſture fed.
Streight toward Heav'n my wondering eyes I turn'd;
And gaz'd a while the ample ſky, till rais'd
By quick inſtinctive motion up I ſprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: About me round I ſaw
Hill, dale, and ſhady woods, and ſunny plains,
And liquid lapſe of murmuring ſtreams; by theſe,
Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
Birds on the branches warbling; all things ſmil'd:
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

ADAM is afterwards deſcrib'd as ſurpriz'd at his own exiſtence, and taking a ſurvey of himſelf, & of all the works of Nature. He likewiſe is repreſented as diſcovering by the light of Reaſon, that he & every thing about him muſt have been the effect of ſome Being infinitely good & powerful, and that this Being had a right to his worſhip and adoration. His firſt addreſs to the Sun, and to thoſe parts of the creation which made the moſt diſtinguiſhed figure, is very natural and amuſing to the imagination,

- - - Thou Sun, ſaid I, fair light, 273.
And thou enlight'ned Earth, ſo freſh and gay,
Ye hills and Dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures tell,
Tell if you ſaw, how came I thus, how here?

HIS next ſentiment, when upon his firſt going to ſleep he fancies himſelf loſing his exiſtence, & falling away into nothing, can never be ſufficiently admired. His Dream, in which he ſtill preſerves the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence, together with his removal into the Garden which was prepared for his reception, are alſo circumſtances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in ſacred Story.

THESE and the like wonderful incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty,

novelty, at the ſame time that they have all the graces of Nature. They are ſuch as none but a great Genius could have thought of, though, upon the peruſal of them, they ſeem to riſe of themſelves from the ſubject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural they are not obvious, which is the true character of all fine writing.

THE impreſſion which the interdiction of the Tree of Life left in the mind of our firſt Parent, is deſcribed with great ſtrength & judgment; as the image of the ſeveral beaſts and birds paſſing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

- - - Each Bird and Beaſt behold 349.
Approaching two and two, theſe cowring low
With blandiſhment; each bird ſtoop'd on his wing:
I nam'd them as they paſs'd - - -

ADAM, in the next place, deſcribes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the ſubject of ſolitude. The Poet here repreſents the ſupreme Being, as making an eſſay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reaſoning faculty with which he had endued his Creature. *Adam* urges, in this divine colloquy, the impoſſibility of his being happy, tho' he was the inhabitant of *Paradiſe*, & Lord of the whole Creation, without the converſation and ſociety of ſome rational creature, who ſhould partake thoſe bleſſings with him. This dialogue, which is ſupported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole Poem: The more the Reader examines the juſtneſs and delicacy of its ſentiments, the more he will find himſelf pleaſed with it. The Poet has wonderfully preſerved the character of Majeſty & condeſcenſion in the Creator, & at the ſame time that of humility and adoration in the Creature, as particularly in the following lines,

Thus I preſumptuous; and the Viſion bright, 367.
As with a ſmile more brightned, thus replyd, &c.
- - - I with leave of ſpeech implor'd 377.
And humble deprecation thus reply'd.
Let not my words offend thee, heavenly power,
My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak, &c.

ADAM then proceeds to give an account of his ſecond ſleep, & of the dream in which he beheld the formation of *Eve*. The new paſſion that was awakened in him at the ſight of her is touched very finely.

Under his forming hands a Creature grew 470.
Manlike, but different ſex; ſo lovely fair,
That what ſeem'd fair in all the world ſeem'd now
Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
And in her looks, which from that time infus'd
Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inſpir'd
The ſpirit of love and amorous delight.

ADAM's diſtreſs upon loſing ſight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the diſcovery of a real Creature, who reſembled the apparition which had been preſented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her, and his manner of courtſhip, are all laid together in a moſt exquiſite propriety of ſentiments.

THO' this part of the Poem is work'd up with great warmth and ſpirit, the love which is deſcribed in it is every way ſuitable to a ſtate of Innocence. If the Reader compares the deſcription which *Adam* here gives of his leading *Eve* to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. *Dryden* has made on the ſame occaſion in a Scene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be ſenſible of the great care which *Milton* took to avoid all thoughts on ſo delicate a ſubject, that might be offenſive to Religion or good manners. The ſentiments are chaſte, but not cold, and convey to the mind

mind ideas of the moſt tranſporting paſſion, & of the greateſt purity. What a noble mixture of rapture and innocence has the Author joined together, in the reflection which *Adam* makes on the pleaſures of love, compared to thoſe of ſenſe.

Thus have I told thee all my ſtate, and brought 521.
My ſtory to the ſum of earthly bliſs
Which I enjoy, and muſt confeſs to find
In all things elſe delight indeed, but ſuch
As us'd or not, works in the mind no change,
Nor vehement deſire, theſe delicacies
I mean of taſte, ſight, ſmell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
Walks, and the melody of birds; but here
Far otherwiſe, tranſported I behold,
Tranſported touch, here paſſion firſt I felt,
Commotion ſtrange; in all enjoyments elſe
Superiour and unmov'd, here only weak
Againſt the charm of Beauty's powerful glance.
Or Nature fail'd in me, and left ſome part
Not proof enough ſuch object to ſuſtain,
Or from my ſide ſubducting, took perhaps
More than enough; at leaſt on her beſtow'd
Too much of ornament, in outward ſhew
Elaborate, of inward leſs exact.
- - - When I approach 546.
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems
And in herſelf compleat, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt;
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded: Wiſdom in diſcourſe with her
Loſes diſcountenanc'd, and like folly ſhews;
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally; and to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind, and nobleneſs their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelick plac'd.

THESE ſentiments of love, in our firſt Parent, gave the Angel ſuch an inſight into humane nature, that he ſeems apprehenſive of the evils which might befal the ſpecies in general, as well as *Adam* in particular, from the exceſs of this paſſion. He therefore fortifies him againſt it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the Reader for the occurrences of the next Book, where the weakneſs, of which *Adam* here gives ſuch diſtant diſcoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the ſubject of the Poem. His diſcourſe, which follows the gentle rebuke he receiv'd from the Angel, ſhews that his love however violent it might appear, was ſtill founded in reaſon, & conſequently not improper for *Paradiſe*.

Neither her outſide form ſo fair, nor ought 596.
In procreation common to all kinds
(Though higher of the genial bed by far,
And with myſterious reverence I deem)
So much delights me as thoſe graceful acts,
Thoſe thouſand decencies that daily flow
From all her words and actions mixt with love
And ſweet compliance, which declare unfeign'd
Union of mind, or in us both one Soul;
Harmony to behold in wedded pair,
More gratefull than harmonious ſound to th' ear.

ADAM's ſpeech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a deference & gratitude agreeable to an inferior nature, and at the ſame time a certain dignity and greatneſs ſuitable to the Father of Mankind in his ſtate of Innocence.

SPECTATOR, Nº. 351.

- - - *In te omnis domus inclinata recumbit.* Virg.

IF we look into the three great Heroic Poems which have appear'd in the world, we may obſerve that they are built upon very ſlight foundations. *Homer* lived near 300 years after the *Trojan* War, &, as the writing of Hiſtory was not then in uſe among the *Greeks*, we may very well ſuppoſe, that the Tradition of *Achilles* and *Ulyſſes* had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge, tho' there is no queſtion but he has wrought into his two Poems ſuch of their remarkable adventures as were ſtill talked of among his contemporaries.

THE ſtory of *Æneas*, on which *Virgil* founded his Poem, was likewiſe very bare of circumſtances, and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embelliſhing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the courſe of his Fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the *Romans*, of *Æneas* his voyage & ſettlement in *Italy*.

THE Reader may find an abrigdment of the whole ſtory as collected out of the ancient Hiſtorians, & as it was received among the *Romans* in *Dionyſius Halicarnaſſæus*.

SINCE none of the Criticks have conſidered *Virgil*'s Fable, with relation to this hiſtory of *Æneas*; it may not, perhaps, be amiſs to examine it in this light, ſo far as regards my preſent purpoſe. Whoever looks into the abrigdment above-mentioned, will find that the character of *Æneas* is filled with piety to the Gods, and a ſuperſtitious obſervation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. *Virgil* has not only preſerved this Character in the perſon of *Æneas*, but has given a place in his Poem to thoſe particular prophecies which

he found recorded of him in hiſtory and tradition. The Poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him, & circumſtanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or ſurprizing. I believe very many Readers have been ſhocked at that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the *Harpies* pronounces to the *Trojans* in the third Book, namely, that before they had built their intended City, they ſhould be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumſtances that had been tranſmitted to the *Romans* in the Hiſtory of *Æneas*, they will think the Poet did very well in taking notice of it. The Hiſtorian above-mentioned acquaints us, a Propheteſs had foretold *Æneas*, that he ſhould take his voyage weſtward, till his companions ſhould eat their Tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in *Italy*, as they were eating their fleſh upon cakes of bread, for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on the cakes themſelves; upon which one of the company ſaid merrily, *We are eating our Tables.* They immediately took the hint, ſays the Hiſtorian, and concluded the Prophecy to be fulfilled. As *Virgil* did not think it proper to omit ſo material a particular in the Hiſtory of *Æneas*, it may be worth while to conſider with how much judgment he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a paſſage in an Heroic Poem. The Propheteſs who foretells it is an hungry *Harpy*, as the perſon who diſcovers it is young *Aſcanius*.

Heus etiam menſas conſumimus inquit Iulus!

SUCH an obſervation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the *Trojan* Fleet into Water-Nymphs, which is the moſt violent Machine in the whole *Æneid*, and has given offence to ſeveral Criticks, may be accounted

counted for the ſame way. *Virgil* himſelf, before he begins that relation, premiſes that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was juſtified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the Fleet was a celebrated circumſtance in the Hiſtory of *Æneas* is, that *Ovid* has given a place to the ſame *Metamorphoſis* in his account of the heathen Mythology.

NONE of the Criticks I have met with having conſidered the Fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the Tradition, on which it was founded, authorizes thoſe parts in it which appear the moſt exceptionable; I hope the length of this Reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my Readers.

THE Hiſtory, which was the baſis of *Milton's* Poem, is ſtill ſhorter than either that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. The Poet has likewiſe taken care to inſert every circumſtance of it in the body of his Fable. The ninth Book, which we are here to conſider, is raiſed upon that briefe account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the Serpent was more ſubtle than any Beaſt of the field, that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden Fruit, that ſhe was overcome by this temptation, and that *Adam* followed her example. From theſe few particulars *Milton* has formed one of the moſt entertaining Fables that invention ever produced. He has diſpoſed of theſe ſeveral circumſtances among ſo many agreeable and natural fictions of his own, that his whole ſtory looks only like a comment upon ſacred Writ, or rather ſeems to be a full and compleat relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have inſiſted the longer on this conſideration, as I look upon the diſpoſition and contrivance of the Fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth Book, which has more *Story* in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. *Satan's* traverſing the Globe, and ſtill keeping within the ſhadow of the

Night, as fearing to be diſcovered by the Angel of the Sun, who had before detected him, is one of thoſe beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his ſecond ſeries of Adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, & found out one which was the moſt proper for his purpoſe, he again returns to Paradiſe; and, to avoid diſcovery, ſinks by night with a river that ran under the Garden, and riſes up again through a fountain that iſſued from it by the Tree of Life. The Poet, who, as we have before taken notice, ſpeaks as little as poſſible in his own perſon, and, after the example of *Homer*, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a ſoliloquy of this infernal Agent, who was thus reſtleſs in the deſtruction of Man. He is then deſcrib'd as gliding through the Garden under the reſemblance of a miſt, in order to find out that Creature in which he deſign'd to tempt our firſt Parents. This deſcription has ſomething in it very poetical and ſurprizing.

So ſaying, through each thicket dank or dry 179.
Like a black Miſt, low creeping, he held on
His midnight ſearch, where ſooneſt he might find
The Serpent: him faſt ſleeping ſoon he found
In labyrinth of many a round ſelf-roll'd,
His head the midſt, well ſtor'd with ſubtle wiles.

THE Author afterwards gives us a deſcriprion of the Morning, which is wonderfully ſuitable to a Divine Poem, & peculiar to that firſt ſeaſon of Nature: He repreſents the Earth before it was curſt as a great Altar breathing out its incenſe from all parts, & ſending up a pleaſant ſavour to the noſtrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of *Adam* and *Eve*, as offering their morning worſhip, and filling up the univerſal conſort of praiſe and adoration.

Now when as ſacred light began to dawn 192.
In Eden *on the humid flowers, that breathed*

Their

Their morning incenſe, when all things that breath
From th' Earth's great Altar ſend up ſilent praiſe
To the Creator, and his noſtrils fill
With grateful ſmell; forth came the human pair,
And joyn'd their vocal worſhip to the choir
Of Creatures wanting voice - - -

THE diſpute which follows between our two firſt Parents is repreſented with great art: It proceeds from a difference of judgment, not of paſſion, and is managed with reaſon, not with heat: It is ſuch a diſpute as we may ſuppoſe might have happened in *Paradiſe*, had Man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interſperſed in *Adam*'s diſcourſe, and which the moſt ordinary Reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love which the Father of Mankind ſo finely deſcribes in the eighth Book, & which is inſerted in the foregoing paper, ſhews it ſelf here in many fine inſtances: As in thoſe fond regards he caſt towards *Eve* at her parting from him.

Her long with ardent look his eye purſued 397.
Delighted, but deſiring more her ſtay.
Oft he to her his charge of quick return
Repeated; ſhe to him as oft engaged
To be return'd by noon amid the bowre.

IN his impatience and amuſement during her abſence.

- - - Adam *the while* 838.
Waiting deſirous her return, had wove
Of choiceſt flowers a Garland to adorn
Her treſſes, and her rural labours crown,
As reapers oft are wont their harveſt-Queen.
Great joy he promiſed to his thoughts, and new
Solace in her return, ſo long delay'd.

BUT particularly in that paſſionate ſpeech, where ſeeing her irrecoverably loſt, he reſolves to periſh with her rather than to live without her.

- - - Some curſed fraud 904.
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
And me with thee hath ruin'd, for with thee
Certain my reſolution is to die;
How can I live without thee, how forego
Thy ſweet converſe, and love ſo dearly joyn'd,
To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn?
Should God create another Eve, *and I*
Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
Would never from my heart; no, no, I feel
The link of Nature draw me: Fleſh of fleſh,
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe.

THE beginning of this ſpeech, & the preparation to it are animated with the ſame ſpirit as the concluſion, which I have here quoted.

THE ſeveral wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found *Eve* ſeparated from her Husband, the many pleaſing images of Nature which are intermixt in this part of the ſtory, with its gradual and regular progreſs to the fatal cataſtrophe, are ſo very remarkable, that it would be ſuperfluous to point out their reſpective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular Similitudes in my remarks on this great work, becauſe I have given a general account of them in my paper on the firſt Book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem which I ſhall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the cloſeſt of any in the whole Poem; I mean that where the Serpent is deſcrib'd as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting *Eve* to her deſtruction, while *Adam* was at too great a diſtance from her to give her his aſſiſtance. Theſe ſeveral particulars are all of them wrought into the following Similitude.

- - - Hope elevates, and joy 633.
Brightens his creſt; as when a wand'ring fire
Compact

Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
Condenſes, and the cold invirons round,
Kindled through agitation to a flame,
(Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil Spirit attends)
Hovering and blazing with deluſive light,
Miſleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
To bogs and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,
There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far.

THAT ſecret intoxication of pleaſure, with all thoſe tranſient fluſhings of guilt and joy which the Poet repreſents in our firſt Parents upon their eating the forbidden Fruit, to thoſe flaggings of ſpirit, damps of ſorrow, and mutual accuſations which ſucceed it, are conceiv'd with a wonderful imagination, & deſcribed in very natural ſentiments.

WHEN *Dido* in the fourth *Æneid* yielded to that fatal temptation which ruin'd her, *Virgil* tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with flaſhes of Lightning, & the Nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. *Milton*, in the ſame poetical Spirit, has deſcribed all Nature as diſturbed upon *Eve*'s eating the forbidden Fruit.

So ſaying, her raſh hand in evil hour 780.
Forth reaching to the Fruit, ſhe pluckt, ſhe eat:
Earth felt the wound, and Nature from her ſeat
Sighing thro' all her works gave ſigns of woe
That all was loſt - - -

UPON *Adam*'s falling into the ſame guilt, the whole Creation appears a ſecond time in convulſions.

- - - He ſcrupled not to eat 997.
Againſt his better knowledge, not deceiv'd,
But fondly overcome with female charm;
Earth trembled from her entrails, as again
In pangs, and Nature gave a ſecond groan,
Sky lowred, and, muttering thunder, ſome ſad drops
Wept at compleating of the mortal ſin - - -

AS

AS all Nature ſuffer'd by the guilt of our firſt Parents, theſe ſymptoms of trouble & conſternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her ſympathizing in the Fall of Man.

ADAM's converſe with *Eve*, after having eaten the forbidden Fruit, is an exact copy of that between *Jupiter* & *Juno* in the fourteenth *Iliad*. *Juno* there approaches *Jupiter* with the Girdle which ſhe had received from *Venus*; upon which he tells her, that ſhe appeared more charming and deſirable than ſhe had ever done before, even when their loves were at the higheſt. The Poet afterwards deſcribes them as repoſing on a ſummet of Mount *Ida*, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the *Lotus*, the *Crocus*, and the *Hyacinth*, and concludes his deſcription with their falling aſleep.

LET the Reader compare this with the following paſſage in *Milton*, which begins with *Adam*'s ſpeech to *Eve*.

For never did thy beauty ſince the day 1029.
I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
With ardor to enjoy thee, fairer now
Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.
So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
Of amorous intent, well underſtood
Of Eve, *whoſe eye darted contagious fire.*
Her hand he ſeiſed, and to a ſhady bank
Thick over-head with verdant roof embowr'd
He led her nothing loath: Flow'rs were the couch,
Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freſheſt ſofteſt lap.
There they their fill of love, and love's diſport
Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
The ſolace of their ſin, till dewy ſleep
Oppreſs'd them - - -

AS

AS no Poet ſeems ever to have ſtudied *Homer* more, or to have reſembled him more in the greatneſs of genius than *Milton*, I think I ſhould have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not obſerved the moſt remarkable paſſages which look like parallels in theſe two great Authors. I might, in the courſe of theſe criticiſms, have taken notice of many particular lines and expreſſions which are tranſlated from the *Greek* Poet; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purpoſely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only ſet off by being ſhown in the ſame light with ſeveral of the ſame nature in *Homer*, but by that means may be alſo guarded againſt the cavils of the taſteleſs or ignorant.

SPECTATOR, No. 357.

--- quis talia fando
Temperet à lacrymis? --- Virg.

THE tenth Book of *Paradiſe Loſt* has a greater variety of perſons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The Author upon the winding up of his action introduces all thoſe who had any concern in it, & ſhews with great beauty the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the laſt Act of a well written Tragedy, in which all who had a part in it are generally drawn up before the audience, & repreſented under thoſe circumſtances in which the determination of the action places them.

I ſhall therefore conſider this Book under four heads, in relation to the celeſtial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary perſons, who have their reſpective parts allotted in it.

TO begin with the celeſtial Perſons: The guardian Angels of *Paradiſe* are deſcribed as returning to Heaven upon

upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their vigilance; their arrival, their manner of reception, with the ſorrow which appeared in themſelves, & in thoſe Spirits who are ſaid to rejoice at the converſion of a Sinner, are very finely laid together in the following lines.

Up into Heav'n from Paradiſe in haſte 17.
Th' angelic guards aſcended, mute and ſad
For Man, for of his ſtate by this they knew,
Much wond'ring how the ſubtle Fiend had ſtoln
Entrance unſeen. Soon as th' unwelcome news
From Earth arriv'd at Heaven-gate, diſpleas'd
All were who heard, dim ſadneſs did not ſpare
That time Celeſtial viſages, yet mixt
With pity, violated not their bliſs.
About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes
Th' Æthereal People ran, to hear and know
How all befell: They tow'rds the Throne ſupream
Accountable made haſte to make appear
With righteous plea, their utmoſt vigilance,
And eaſily approv'd; when the moſt High
Eternal Father from his ſecret cloud
Amidſt, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

THE ſame Divine Perſon, who in the foregoing parts of this Poem interceded for our firſt Parents before their Fall, overthrew the Rebel Angels, & created the World, is now repreſented as deſcending to *Paradiſe*, and pronouncing ſentence upon the three Offenders. The cool of the evening, being a circumſtance with which Holy Writ introduces this great ſcene, it is poetically deſcribed by our Author, who has alſo kept religiouſly to the form of words, in which the three ſeveral Sentences were paſſed upon *Adam*, *Eve*, & the Serpent. He has rather choſen to neglect the numerouſneſs of his verſe, than to deviate from thoſe ſpeeches which are recorded on this great occaſion. The guilt and confuſion of our firſt Parents

ſtanding

ſtanding naked before their Judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of *Sin* and *Death* into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as ſpeaking to his Angels that ſurrounded him.

See with what heat theſe dogs of Hell advance 616.
To waſte and havock yonder World, which I
So fair and good created, &c.

THE following paſſage is formed upon that glorious image in Holy Writ, which compares the Voice of an innumerable hoſt of Angels, uttering Hallelujahs, to the Voice of mighty thunderings, or of many Waters.

He ended, and the Heav'nly Audience loud 641.
Sung Hallelujah, as the ſound of Seas,
Through multitude that ſung: „ *Juſt are thy ways,*
„ *Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works,*
„ *Who can extenuate Thee* - - -

THOUGH the Author in the whole courſe of his Poem, and particularly in the Book we are now examining, has infinite alluſions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of ſuch as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of this Fable. Of this kind is that paſſage in the preſent Book, where deſcribing *Sin* & *Death* as marching through the works of Nature, he adds,

- - - *Behind her* Death 588.
Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
On his pale horſe! - - -

Which alludes to that paſſage in Scripture ſo wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. *And I looked, and behold a pale Horſe, & his name that ſat on him was* Death, *and* Hell *followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with ſword, & with hunger, & with ſickneſs, and*

and with the beaſts of the earth. Apoc. 6. 8. Under this firſt head of Celeſtial Perſons we muſt likewiſe take notice of the command which the Angels received, to produce the ſeveral changes in Nature, and ſully the beauty of the Creation. Accordingly they are repreſented as infecting the Stars and Planets with malignant influences, weakning the light of the Sun, bringing down the Winter into the milder regions of Nature, planting Winds and Storms in ſeveral quarters of the Sky, ſtoring the Clouds with Thunder, and in ſhort, perverting the whole frame of the Univerſe to the condition of its criminal Inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the Poem, the following lines, in which we ſee the Angels heaving up the Earth, and placing it in a different poſture to the Sun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that ſublime imagination which was ſo peculiar to this great Author.

Some ſay he bid his Angels turn aſcance 668.
The Poles of Earth twice ten degrees and more
From the Sun's axle; they with labour puſh'd
Oblique the centrick Globe. - - -

WE are in the ſecond place, to conſider the Infernal Agents under the view which *Milton* has given of them in this Book. It is obſerved by thoſe who would ſet forth the greatneſs of *Virgil*'s plan, that he conducts his Reader through all the parts of the Earth which were diſcovered in his time. *Aſia*, *Africk*, & *Europe* are the ſeveral Scenes of his Fable. The Plan of *Milton*'s Poem is of an infinitely greater extent, & fills the mind with many more aſtoniſhing circumſtances. *Satan*, having ſurrounded the Earth ſeven times, departs at length from *Paradiſe*. We then ſee him ſteering his courſe among the Conſtellations, & after having traverſed the whole Creation, purſuing his voyage thro' the *Chaos*, and entering into his own Infernal Dominions.

HIS

HIS first appearance in the Assembly of fallen Angels, is work'd up with circumstances which give a delightful surprize to the Reader: but there is no incident in the whole Poem which does this more than the transformation of the whole Audience, that follows the account their Leader gives them of his Expedition. The gradual change of *Satan* himself is described after *Ovid*'s manner, and may vie with any of those celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the most beautiful parts in that Poet's works. *Milton* never fails of improving his own hints, and bestowing the last finishing touches to every incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected Hiss which rises in this Episode, the dimensions and bulk of *Satan* so much superior to those of the infernal Spirits who lay under the same transformation, with the annual change which they are supposed to suffer, are instances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole Episode, as I have observed in the sixth paper of these Remarks the great judgment with which it was contrived.

THE parts of *Adam* and *Eve*, or the Humane Persons, come next under our consideration. *Milton*'s art is no where more shewn than in his conducting the parts of these our first Parents. The representation he gives of them, without falsifying the story, is wonderfully contrived to influence the Reader with pity and compassion towards them. Though *Adam* involves the whole Species in misery, his crime proceeds from a weakness which every Man is inclined to pardon and commiserate, as it seems rather the frailty of humane-nature, than of the person who offended. Every one is apt to excuse a fault which he himself might have fallen into. It was the excess of love for *Eve* that ruin'd *Adam* & his posterity. I need not add, that the Author is justify'd in this particular by many of the Fathers, & the most orthodox Writers. *Milton* has by this means filled a great part of his Poem

with that kind of writing which the *French* Critiks call the *Tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all ſorts of Readers.

ADAM and *Eve*, in the book we are now conſidering, are likewiſe drawn with ſuch ſentiments as do not only intereſt the Reader in their afflictions, but raiſe in him the moſt melting paſſions of humanity and commiſeration. When *Adam* ſees the ſeveral changes in Nature produced about him, he appears in a diſorder of mind ſuitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence & his happineſs: he is filled with horror, remorſe, deſpair; in the anguiſh of his heart he expoſtulates with his Creator for having given him an unasked exiſtence:

Did I requeſt thee, Maker, from my clay 743.
To mould me Man? Did I ſolicit thee
From darkneſs to promote me, or here place
In this delicious garden? As my will
Concurr'd not to my being, 'twere but right
And equal to reduce me to my duſt,
Deſirous to reſign, and render back
All I receiv'd - - -

He immediately after recovers from his preſumption, owns his doom to be juſt, and begs that the death which is threatned him may be inflicted on him.

- - - Why delays 771.
His hand to execute what his decree
Fix'd on this day? Why do I overlive?
Why am I mock'd with Death, and lengthen'd out
To deathleſs pain? How gladly would I meet
Mortality my ſentence, and be earth
Inſenſible! how glad would lay me down
As in my Mother's lap? There ſhould I reſt
And ſleep ſecure; his dreadful voice no more
Would thunder in my ears: no fear of worſe
To me and to my off-ſpring, would torment me
With cruel expectation. - - -

THIS

THIS whole ſpeech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all thoſe ſentiments which we may ſuppoſe natural to a mind ſo broken and diſturb'd. I muſt not omit that generous concern which our firſt Father ſhews in it for his poſterity, and which is ſo proper to affect the Reader.

- - - Hide me from the face 723.
Of God, whom to behold was then my height
Of happineſs: yet well if here would end
The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
My own deſervings; but this will not ſerve:
All that I eat, or drink, or ſhall beget,
Is propagated curſe. O voice once heard
Delightfully, encreaſe *and* multiply,
Now Death to hear! - - -
- - - In me all 817.
Poſterity ſtands curſt: Fair patrimony
That I muſt leave you, Sons: O were I able
To waſte it all my ſelf, and leave you none!
So diſinherited how would you bleſs
Me now your curſe! Ah, why ſhould all Mankind
For one Man's fault thus guiltleſs be condemned,
If guiltleſs? But from me what can proceed
But all corrupt - - -

WHO can afterwards behold the Father of Mankind extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his exiſtence, and wiſhing for death, without ſympathizing with him in his diſtreſs?

Thus Adam *to himſelf lamented loud* 845.
Through the ſtill night, not now, as e're Man fell,
Wholeſome and cool and mild, but with black air
Accompanied, with damps and dreadful gloom,
Which to his evil conſcience repreſented
All things with double terrour: on the ground
Outſtretch'd he lay, on the cold ground, and oft
Curs'd his creation, Death as oft accus'd
Of tardy execution, - - -

THE part of *Eve* in this Book is no leſs paſſionate, and apt to ſway the Reader in her favour. She is repreſented with great tenderneſs as approaching *Adam*, but is ſpurn'd from him with a ſpirit of upbraiding & indignation conformable to the nature of Man, whoſe paſſions had now gained the Dominion over him. The following paſſage wherein ſhe is deſcribed as renewing her addreſſes to him, with the whole ſpeech that follows it, have ſomething in them exquiſitely moving and pathetick.

He added not, and from her turn'd: but Eve 909.
Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing,
And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
Fell humble, and embracing them beſought
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
Forſake me not thus Adam, *witneſs Heav'n*
What love ſincere and reverence in my heart
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,
Unhappily deceiv'd; thy Suppliant
I beg, and claſp thy knees; bereave me not,
Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
Thy counſel in this uttermoſt diſtreſs,
My only ſtrength and ſtay: Forlorn of thee
Whither ſhall I betake me, where ſubſiſt?
While yet we live, ſcarce one ſhort hour perhaps;
Between us two let there be peace, &c.

ADAM's reconcilement to her is work'd up in the ſame ſpirit of tenderneſs. *Eve* afterwards propoſes to her Husband, in the blindneſs of her deſpair, that to prevent their guilt from deſcending upon poſterity they ſhould reſolve to live childleſs; or, if that could not be done, they ſhould ſeek their own deaths by violent methods. As thoſe ſentiments naturally engage the Reader to regard the Mother of Mankind with more than ordinary commiſeration, they likewiſe contain a very fine moral. The reſolution of dying, to end our miſeries, does not ſhew ſuch a degree of magnani-

magnanimity as a reſolution to bear them, & ſubmit to the diſpenſations of Providence. Our Author has therefore, with great delicacy, repreſented *Eve* as entertaining this thought, & *Adam* as diſapproving it.

WE are, in the laſt place, to conſider the imaginary Perſons, or *Death* and *Sin*, who act a large part in this Book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly ſome of the fineſt compoſitions of genius; but, as I have before obſerved, are not agreeable to the nature of an Heroic Poem. This of *Sin* and *Death* is very exquiſite in its kind, if not conſidered as a part of ſuch a work. The truths contained in it are ſo clear and open, that I ſhall not loſe time in explaining them; but ſhall only obſerve, that a Reader who knows the ſtrength of the *Engliſh* tongue, will be amazed to think how the Poet could find ſuch apt words & phraſes to deſcribe the actions of thoſe two imaginary perſons, and particularly in that part where *Death* is exhibited as forming a Bridge over the *Chaos*; a work ſuitable to the genius of *Milton*.

SINCE the ſubject I am upon gives me an opportunity of ſpeaking more at large of ſuch ſhadowy and imaginary Perſons as may be introduced into Heroic Poems, I ſhall beg leave to explain my ſelf in a matter which is curious in its kind, & which none of the Criticks have treated of. It is certain *Homer* & *Virgil* are full of imaginary Perſons, who are very beautiful in Poetry when they are juſt ſhewn without being engaged in any ſeries of action. *Homer* indeed repreſents *Sleep* as a Perſon, and aſcribes a ſhort part to him in his *Iliad*; but we muſt conſider that tho' we now regard ſuch a Perſon as entirely ſhadowy & unſubſtantial, the Heathens made ſtatues of him, placed him in their Temples, and looked upon him as a real Deity. When *Homer* makes uſe of other ſuch allegorical Perſons, it is only in ſhort expreſſions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the moſt pleaſing manner, & may rather be looked upon

as poetical phraſes than allegorical deſcriptions. Inſtead of telling us that Men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the perſons of *Flight* and *Fear*, who, he tells us, are inſeparable companions. Inſtead of ſaying that the time was come when *Apollo* ought to have received his recompence, he tells us that the *Hours* brought him his reward. Inſtead of deſcribing the effects which *Minerva*'s *Ægis* produced in battel, he tells us that the brims of it were encompaſſed by *Terrour*, *Rout*, *Diſcord*, *Fury*, *Purſuit*, *Maſſacre*, and *Death*. In the ſame figure of ſpeaking, he repreſents *Victory* as following *Diomedes*; *Diſcord* as the mother of Funerals & Mourning; *Venus* as dreſſed by the *Graces*; *Bellona* as wearing Terrour and Conſternation like a garment. I might give ſeveral other inſtances out of *Homer*, as well as a great many out of *Virgil*. *Milton* has likewiſe very often made uſe of the ſame way of ſpeaking, as where he tells us, that *Victory* ſat on the right hand of the *Meſſiah* when he marched forth againſt the Rebel Angels; that at the riſing of the Sun the *Hours* unbarr'd the gates of light; that *Diſcord* was the daughter of *Sin*. Of the ſame nature are thoſe expreſſions, where deſcribing the ſinging of the Nightingale, he adds, *Silence was pleaſed*; & upon the *Meſſiah*'s bidding peace to the *Chaos*, *Confuſion heard his voice*. I might add innumerable inſtances of our Poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that theſe I have mentioned, in which Perſons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are ſuch ſhort Allegories as are not deſigned to be taken in the literal ſenſe, but only to convey particular circumſtances to the Reader after an unuſual and entertaining manner. But when ſuch Perſons are introduced as principal Actors, & engaged in a ſeries of Adventures, they take too much upon them, & are by no means proper for an Heroic Poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that *Sin* & *Death* are as improper Agents in a work of this nature, as

Strength

Strength & *Neceſſity* in one of the Tragedies of *Æſchylus*, who repreſented thoſe two Perſons nailing down *Prometheus* to a Rock, for which he has been juſtly cenſured by the greateſt Criticks. I do not know any imaginary Perſon made uſe of in a more ſublime manner of thinking than that in one of the Prophets, who deſcribing God as deſcending from Heaven, and viſiting the ſins of Mankind, adds that dreadful circumſtance, *Before him went the Peſtilence*. Hab. 3. 5. It is certain this imaginary Perſon might have been deſcribed in all her purple ſpots. The *Fever* might have marched before her, *Pain* might have ſtood at her right hand, *Phrenzy* on her left, & *Death* in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a Comet, or darted upon the Earth in a flaſh of Lightning: She might have tainted the Atmoſphere with her breath; the very glaring of her Eyes might have ſcattered infection. But I believe every Reader will think, that in ſuch ſublime writings this mentioning of her as it is done in Scripture, has ſomething in it more juſt, as well as great, than all that the moſt fanciful Poet could have beſtowed upon her in the richneſs of his imagination.

SPECTATOR, No. 363.

- - - *Crudelis ubique*
Luctus, ubique pavor, & plurima Mortis imago. Virg.

MILTON has ſhewn a wonderful art in deſcribing that variety of paſſions which ariſe in our firſt Parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We ſee them gradually paſſing from the triumph of their guilt thro' remorſe, ſhame, deſpair, contrition, prayer, and hope, to a perfect and compleat repentance. At the end of the tenth Book they are repreſented as proſtrating themſelves

upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: To which the Poet joins this beautiful circumſtance, that they offer'd up their penitential prayers on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their Sentence.

- - - They forthwith to the place X. 1098.
Repairing where he judg'd them, proſtrate fell
Before him reverent, and both confeſs'd
Humbly their faults, and pardon begg'd, with tears
Watering the ground - - -

THERE is a beauty of the ſame kind in a Tragedy of *Sophocles*, where *Oedipus*, after having put out his own eyes, inſtead of breaking his neck from the Palace battlements (which furniſhes ſo elegant an entertainment for our *Engliſh* audience) deſires that he may be conducted to mount *Citharon*, in order to end his life in that very place where he was expoſed in his infancy, and where he ſhould then have died, had the will of his Parents been executed.

AS the Author never fails to give a poetical turn to his ſentiments, he deſcribes in the beginning of this Book the acceptance which theſe their Prayers met with, in a ſhort Allegory form'd upon that beautiful paſſage in holy Writ; *And another Angel came and ſtood at the Altar, having a golden Cenſer; and there was given unto him much incenſe, that he ſhould offer it with the Prayers of all Saints upon the golden Altar, which was before the Throne: And the ſmoak of the incenſe which came with the Prayers of the Saints aſcended up before God.* Apoc. 8. 3.

- - - To Heav'n their Prayers XI. 14.
Flew up, nor miſs'd the way, by envious winds
Blown vagabond or fruſtrate: in they paſs'd
Dimentionleſs thro' heav'nly doors, then clad
With incenſe, where the Golden Altar fumed,
By their great Interceſſor, came in ſight
Before the Father's throne - - -

WE

WE have the ſame thought expreſſed a ſecond time in the interceſſion of the *Meſſiah*, which is conceived in very emphatick ſentiments and expreſſions.

AMONG the poetical parts of Scripture which *Milton* has ſo finely wrought into this part of his narration, I muſt not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* ſpeaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a Viſion, adds, that *every one had four faces*, & that *their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings were full of eyes round about.*

--- The Cohort bright 127.
Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
Had, like a double Janus, *all their ſhape*
Spangled with Eyes ---

THE aſſembling of all the Angels of Heaven to hear the ſolemn decree paſſed upon Man, is repreſented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here deſcrib'd as remembring mercy in the midſt of judgment, & commanding *Michael* to deliver his meſſage in the mildeſt terms, leaſt the ſpirit of Man, which was already broken with the ſenſe of his guilt & miſery, ſhould fail before him.

--- Yet leaſt they faint 108.
At the ſad Sentence rigorouſly urg'd,
(For I behold them ſoftned and with tears
Bewailing their exceſs,) all terror hide.

THE conference of *Adam* & *Eve* is full of moving ſentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had paſſed together, they diſcover the Lion and the Eagle purſuing each of them their prey towards the eaſtern gates of *Paradiſe*. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it preſents great and juſt omens, which are always agreeable in Poetry, but as it expreſſes that enmity which was now produced in the Animal creation. The Poet, to ſhew the like changes in Nature, as well

as to grace his Fable with a noble Prodigy, repreſents the Sun in an Eclipſe. This particular incident has likewiſe a fine effect upon the imagination of the Reader, in regard to what follows; for at the ſame time that the Sun is under an Eclipſe, a bright cloud deſcends in the weſtern quarter of the Heavens, filled with an Hoſt of Angels, and more luminous than the Sun it ſelf. The whole Theatre of Nature is darkned, that this glorious Machine may appear in all its luſtre and magnificence.

- - - Why in the Eaſt 203.
Darkneſs e're day's mid-courſe? and morning light
More orient in that weſtern cloud that draws
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,
And flow deſcends, with ſomething heav'nly fraught?
He err'd not, for by this the heav'nly bands
Down from a sky of Jaſper lighted now
In Paradiſe, and on a hill made halt;
A glorious apparition - - -

I need not obſerve how properly this Author, who always ſuits his parts to the Actors whom he introduces, has employed *Michael* in the expulſion of our firſt Parents from *Paradiſe*. The Archangel on this occaſion neither appears in his proper ſhape, nor in that familiar manner with which *Raphael* the ſociable Spirit entertained the Father of Mankind before the Fall. His perſon, his port, & behaviour are ſuitable to a Spirit of the higheſt rank, & exquiſitely deſcrib'd in the following paſſage.

- - - Th' Archangel ſoon drew nigh, 238.
Not in his ſhape celeſtial, but as Man
Clad to meet Man; over his lucid Arms
A military veſt of purple flow'd
Livelier than Melibœan, *or the grain*
Of Sarra, *worn by Kings and Heroes old*
In time of truce; Iris *had dipt the wooff.*

His

His ſtarry Helm, unbuckled, ſhew'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his ſide
As in a gliſtring zodiack hung the Sword,
Satan's *dire dread, and in his hand the Spear.*
Adam *bow'd low: He kingly from his ſtate*
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared.

EVE's complaint upon hearing that ſhe was to be removed from the garden of *Paradiſe* is wonderfully beautiful: The ſentiments are not only proper to the ſubject, but have ſomething in them particularly ſoft and womaniſh.

Muſt I then leave thee, Paradiſe? thus leave 268.
Thee, native ſoil, theſe happy walks and ſhades,
Fit haunt of Gods? Where I had hope to ſpend
Quiet, though ſad, the reſpite of that day
That muſt be mortal to us both. O flow'rs
That never will in other climate grow,
My early viſitation and my laſt
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the firſt opening bud, and gave you names;
Who now ſhall rear you to the Sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from th'ambroſial fount?
Thee, laſtly, nuptial Bowre, by me adorn'd
With what to ſight or ſmell was ſweet: from thee
How ſhall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obſcure
And wild, how ſhall we breath in other air
Leſs pure, accuſtom'd to immortal fruits?

ADAM's ſpeech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more maſculine & elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more ſublime and poetical than the following paſſage in it.

This moſt afflicts me, that departing hence 315.
As from his face I ſhall be hid, deprived
His bleſſed count'nance; here I could frequent,

With

With worſhip, place by place where he vouchſafed
Preſence divine, and to my Sons relate;
On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
Stood viſible; among theſe pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful Altars I would rear
Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
Of luſtre from the brook, in memory
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer ſweet ſmelling gums and fruits and flowers.
In yonder nether World where ſhall I ſeek
His bright appearances, or footſteps trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promiſed race I now
Gladly behold though but his utmoſt skirts
Of glory, and far off his ſteps adore.

THE Angel afterwards leads *Adam* to the higheſt mount of *Paradiſe*, and lays before him a whole Hemiſphere, as a proper ſtage for thoſe Viſions which were to be repreſented on it. I have before obſerved how the Plan of *Milton*'s Poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. *Virgil*'s Hero, in the laſt of theſe Poems, is entertained with a ſight of all thoſe who are to deſcend from him; but tho' that Epiſode is juſtly admired as one of the nobleſt deſigns in the whole *Æneid*, every one muſt allow that this of *Milton* is of a much higher nature. *Adam*'s Viſion is not confined to any particular Tribe of Mankind, but extends to the whole ſpecies.

IN this great review which *Adam* takes of all his Sons and Daughters, the firſt objects he is preſented with exhibit to him the ſtory of *Cain* & *Abel*, which is drawn together with much cloſeneſs & propriety of expreſſion. That curioſity and natural horror which ariſes in *Adam* at the ſight of the firſt dying Man, is touched with great beauty.

But have I now ſeen Death? is this the way 462.
I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
Of terrour foul and ugly to behold,
Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!

THE ſecond Viſion ſets before him the image of Death in a great variety of appearances. The Angel to give him a general idea of thoſe effects which his guilt had brought upon his Poſterity, places before him a large Hoſpital, or Lazar-Houze, fill'd with perſons lying under all kinds of mortal diſeaſes. How finely has the Poet told us that the ſick perſons langiſhed under lingring and incurable diſtempers, by an apt & judicious uſe of ſuch imaginary beings as thoſe I mentioned in my laſt Paper.

Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans, Deſpair 489.
Tended the ſick, buſy from couch to couch;
And over them triumphant Death *his dart*
Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invoked
With vows as their chief good and final hope.

THE paſſion which likewiſe riſes in *Adam* on this occaſion is very natural.

Sight ſo deform what heart of rock could long 494.
Dry-eyed behold? Adam *could not, but wept,*
Tho' not of Woman born; Compaſſion quell'd
His beſt of Man, and gave him up to tears.

THE diſcourſe between the Angel & *Adam* which follows, abounds with noble morals.

AS there is nothing more delightful in Poetry than a contraſt and oppoſition of incidents, the Author, after this melancholy proſpect of death and ſickneſs, raiſes up a ſcene of mirth, love and jolity. The ſecret pleaſure that ſteals into *Adam*'s heart as he is intent upon this viſion, is imagined with great delicacy. I muſt not omit the deſcription of the looſe female troupe, who ſeduced the Sons of God as they are called in Scripture.

For that fair female troupe thou saw'st, that seem'd
Of Goddesses, so blithe, so smooth, so gay,
Yet empty of all good, wherein consists
Woman's domestick honour and chief praise;
Bred only and completed to the taste
Of lustful appetence, to sing, to dance,
To dress and troule the tongue, and roul the eye:
To these that sober race of Men, whose lives
Religious titled them the Sons of God,
Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
Ignobly to the trains and to the smiles
Of those fair Atheists - - -

THE next Vision is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrors of War. *Adam* at the sight of it melts into tears, & breaks out in that passionate speech,

- - - O what are these
Death's ministers, not Men: who thus deal death
Inhumanly to Men, and multiply
Ten thousand fold the sin of him who slew
His Brother: for of whom such massacre
Make they but of their Brethren, Men of Men?

MILTON, to keep up an agreeable variety in his Visions, after having raised in the mind of his Reader the several ideas of terror which are conformable to the description of War: passes on to those softer images of Triumphs & Festivals, in that Vision of lewdness and luxury which ushers in the flood.

AS it is visible that the Poet had his eye upon *Ovid*'s account of the universal Deluge, the Reader may observe with how much judgment he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the *Latin* Poet. We do not here see the Wolf swimming among the Sheep, nor any of those wanton imaginations which *Seneca* found fault with, as unbecoming the great catastrophe of Nature. If our Poet has imitated that verse in which *Ovid* tells us that there was nothing

but

but Sea; & that this Sea had no ſhore to it, he has not ſet the thought in ſuch a light as to incur the cenſure which Criticks have paſſed upon it. The latter part of that verſe in *Ovid* is idle and ſuperfluous, but juſt and beautiful in *Milton*.

Jamque mare & tellus nullum diſcrimen habebant,
Nil niſi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto. Ovid.

- - - Sea cover'd Sea, 749.
Sea without ſhore - - - Milton.

IN *Milton* the former part of the deſcription does not foreſtall the latter. How much more great and ſolemn on this occaſion is that which follows in our *Engliſh* Poet,

- - - And in their Palaces 750.
Where Luxury late reign'd, Sea Monſters whelp'd
And ſtabl'd - - -

than that in *Ovid*, where we are told that the Sea-calfs lay in thoſe places where the Goats were uſed to browze? The Reader may find ſeveral other parallel paſſages in the *Latin* and *Engliſh* deſcriptions of the Deluge, wherein our Poet has viſibly the advantage. The ſky's being over-charged with clouds, the deſcending of the rains, the riſing of the Seas, and the appearance of the Rainbow, are ſuch deſcriptions as every one muſt take notice of. The circumſtance relating to *Paradiſe* is ſo finely imagined and ſuitable to the opinions of many learned Authors, that I cannot forbear giving it a place in this paper.

- - - Then ſhall this mount 829.
Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift
Down the great River to the op'ning Gulf,
And there take root an Iſland ſalt and bare,
The haunt of Seals and Orcs and Sea-Mews clang.

THE

THE tranſition which the Poet makes from the Viſion of the Deluge, to the concern it occaſioned in *Adam*, is exquiſitely graceful, and copied after *Virgil*, though the firſt thought it introduces is rather in the Spirit of *Ovid*.

How didſt thou grieve then, Adam, *to behold* 754
The end of all thy Off-ſpring! end ſo ſad,
Depopulation! thee another flood
Of tears and ſorrow, a flood thee alſo drown'd,
And ſunk thee as thy Sons; 'till gently rear'd
By th' Angel, on thy feet thou ſtoodſt at laſt
Though comfortleſs, as when a Father mourns
His Children, all in view deſtroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh Book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, becauſe it is not generally reckoned among the moſt ſhining Books of this Poem; for which reaſon the Reader might be apt to overlook thoſe many paſſages in it which deſerve our admiration. The eleventh & twelfth are indeed built upon that ſingle circumſtance of the Removal of our firſt Parents from *Paradiſe*; but though this is not in it ſelf ſo great a ſubject as that in moſt of the foregoing Books, it is extended and diverſified with ſo many ſurprizing incidents & pleaſing Epiſodes, that theſe two laſt Books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this Divine Poem. I muſt further add, that had not *Milton* repreſented our firſt Parents as driven out of *Paradiſe*, his Fall of Man would not have been compleat, and conſequently his Action would have been imperfect.

SPECTATOR, No. 269.

Segniùs irritant animos demiſſa per aures
Quam quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus --- Hor.

MILTON, after having repreſented in viſion the hiſtory of Mankind to the firſt great period of Nature, diſpatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has deviſed a very handſome reaſon for the Angel's proceeding with *Adam* after this manner; though doubtleſs the true reaſon was the difficulty which the Poet would have found to have ſhadowed out ſo mix'd & complicated a ſtory in viſible objects. I could wiſh however that the Author had done it, whatever pains it might have coſt him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the hiſtory of Mankind in viſion, and part in narrative, is as if an Hiſtory-Painter ſhould put in colours one half of his ſubject, & write down the remaining part of it. If *Milton*'s Poem flags any where, it is in this narration, where in ſome places the Author has been ſo attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, riſes very happily on ſeveral occaſions, where the ſubject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confuſion which he deſcribes among the Builders of *Babel*, & in his ſhort ſketch of the Plagues of *Ægypt*. The ſtorm of hail and fire, with the darkneſs that overſpread the land for three days, are deſcribed with great ſtrength. The beautiful paſſage which follows, is raiſed upon noble hints in Scripture.

--- *Thus with ten wounds* 190.
The River-Dragon tamed at length ſubmits
To let his ſojourners depart, and oft
Humbles his ſtubborn heart; but ſtill as ice
More harden'd after thaw: till in his rage
Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the Sea

Swallows him with his hoſt, but them lets paſs
As on dry land between two chryſtal-walls,
Aw'd by the rod of Moſes, *ſo to ſtand*
Divided - - -

THE *River-Dragon* is an alluſion to the Crocodile, which inhabits the *Nile*, from whence *Ægypt* derives her plenty. This alluſion is taken from that ſublime paſſage in *Ezekiel* 29. 3. *Thus ſaith the Lord God, behold I am againſt thee* Pharaoh *King of* Egypt, *the great Dragon that lieth in the midſt of his rivers, which hath ſaid, My river is mine own, and I have made it for my ſelf.* *Milton* has given us another very noble and poetical image in the ſame deſcription, which is copied almoſt word for word out of the Hiſtory of *Moſes*. Exod. 14. 24.

All night he will purſue, but his approach 206.
Darkneſs defends between till morning watch;
Then thro' the fiery pillar and the cloud
God looking forth, will trouble all his hoſt,
And craze their chariot-wheels: *when by command*
Moſes *once more his potent rod extends*
Over the Sea; the Sea his Rod obeys;
On their embattell'd ranks the waves return
And overwhelm their war: - - -

AS the principal deſign of this *Epiſode* was to give *Adam* an idea of the holy Perſon, who was to re-inſtate Humane-nature in that happines and perfection from which it had fallen, the Poet confines himſelf to the line of *Abraham*, from whence the *Meſſiah* was to deſcend. The Angel is deſcribed as ſeeing the Patriarch actually travelling towards the *Land of Promiſe*, which gives a particular livelineſs to this part of the narration.

I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith 128.
He leaves his Gods, his friends, his native ſoil
Ur of Chaldæa, *paſſing now the ford*
To Haran, *after him a cumbrous train*
Of Herds and Flocks and numerous ſervitude;

Not

Not wand'ring poor, but truſting all his wealth
With God who call'd him, in a Land unknown.
Canaan *he now attains, I ſee his Tents*
Pitcht about Sechem, *and the neighbouring plain*
Of Moroh, *there by promiſe he receives*
Gift to his progeny of all that Land,
From Hamath *northward to the deſert ſouth,*
(*Things by their names I call, though yet unnamed.*)

AS *Virgil's* Viſion in the ſixth *Æneid* probably gave *Milton* the hint of this whole *Epiſode*, the laſt line is a tranſlation of that verſe, where *Anchiſes* mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc ſunt ſine nomine terræ.

THE Poet has very finely repreſented the joy & gladneſs of heart which riſes in *Adam* upon his diſcovery of the *Meſſiah*. As he ſees his day at a diſtance through types and ſhadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of Man compleated, & *Paradiſe* again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and tranſport,

O goodneſs infinite, goodneſs immenſe! 469.
That all this good of evil ſhall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my ſixth paper on *Milton*, that an Heroick Poem, according to the opinion of the beſt Criticks, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the Reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, ſorrows and diſquietudes, in a ſtate of tranquility and ſatisfaction. *Milton's* Fable, which had ſo many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here therefore, that the Poet has ſhewn a moſt exquiſite judgment, as well as the fineſt invention, by finding out a method to ſupply this natural defect in his ſubject. Accordingly he leaves the Adverſary of Mankind, in the laſt view which he gives us of him, under the loweſt ſtate of

mortification & diſappointment. We ſee him chewing aſhes, groveling in the duſt, and loaden with ſupernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two firſt Parents are comforted by dreams & viſions, cheared with promiſes of ſalvation, &, in a manner, raiſed to a greater happineſs than that which they had forfeited: In ſhort, *Satan* is repreſented miſerable in the height of his triumphs, and *Adam* triumphant in the height of miſery.

MILTON's Poem ends very nobly. The laſt ſpeeches of *Adam* & the Arch-Angel are full of moral & inſtructive ſentiments. The ſleep that fell upon *Eve*, and the effects it had in quieting the diſorders of her mind, produces the ſame kind of conſolation in the Reader, who cannot peruſe the laſt beautiful ſpeech which is aſcribed to the Mother of Mankind, without a ſecret pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

Whence thou return'ſt, & whither went'ſt, I know; 610.
For God is alſo in ſleep, and dreams adviſe,
Which he hath ſent propitious, ſome great good
Preſaging, ſince with ſorrow and heart's diſtreſs
Wearied I fell aſleep: but now lead on;
In me is no delay: with thee to go
Is to ſtay here; without thee here to ſtay
Is to go hence unwilling; thou to me
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou
Who for my wilful crime art baniſh'd hence.
This farther conſolation yet ſecure
I carry hence; though all by me is loſt,
Such favour, I unworthy am vouchſaf'd,
By me the promiſed ſeed ſhall all reſtore.

THE following lines, which conclude the Poem, riſe in a moſt glorious blaze of poetical images and expreſſions.

HELIODORUS in his *Æthiopicks* acquaints us, that the motion of the Gods differs from that of Mortals, as the former do not ſtir their feet, nor proceed ſtep by ſtep, but ſlide o'er the ſurface of the Earth

Earth by an uniform ſwimming of the whole body. The Reader may obſerve with how poetical a deſcription *Milton* has attributed the ſame kind of motion to the Angels who were to take poſſeſſion of *Paradiſe*.

So ſpake our Mother Eve, *and* Adam *heard* 624.
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' Arch-Angel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as ev'ning miſt
Ris'n from a river, o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd
The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a Comet - - -

THE Author helped his invention in the following paſſage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy writ, has the conduct of *Lot* and his Family. The circumſtances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made uſe of on this occaſion.

In either hand the haſtning Angel caught 637.
Our ling'ring Parents, and to the eaſtern gate
Led them direct; and down the cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, &c.

THE ſcene which our firſt Parents are ſurprized with upon their looking back on *Paradiſe*, wonderfully ſtrikes the Reader's imagination, as nothing can be more natural than the tears they ſhed on that occaſion.

They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld 641.
Of Paradiſe, *ſo late their happy ſeat,*
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropp'd, but wiped them ſoon.
The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their Guide.

IF I might presume to offer at the smallest alteration in this divine work, I should think the Poem would end better with the passage here quoted, than with the two verses which follow.

They hand in hand with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden *took their solitary way.*

THESE two verses, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing passage, & renew in the mind of the Reader that anguish which was pretty well laid by that consideration,

The world was all before them, where to chuse
Their place of rest, and Providence their Guide.

THE number of Books in *Paradise Lost* is equal to those of the *Æneid*. Our Author in his first Edition had divided his Poem into ten Books, but afterwards broke the seventh & the tenth each of them into two different Books, by the help of some small additions. This second division was made with great judgment, as any one may see who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the sake of such a chimerical beauty as that of resembling *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more just and regular disposition of this great work.

THOSE who have read *Bossu*, and many of the Criticks who have written since his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular Moral which is inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I can by no means think, with the last-mentioned *French* Author, that an Epick Writer first of all pitches upon a certain Moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his Poem, and afterwards finds out a Story to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no just Heroic Poem ever was, or can be made, from whence one great Moral may not be deduced. That which reigns in *Milton* is the most universal and most useful that can be imagined; it is in short this, *that obedience to the will of God makes Men happy, & that disobedience makes them*

them miſerable. This is viſibly the Moral of the principal Fable which turns upon *Adam* and *Eve*, who continued in *Paradiſe* while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as ſoon as they had transgreſſed. This is likewiſe the Moral of the principal Epiſode, which ſhews us how an innumerable multitude of Angels fell from their ſtate of bliſs, & were caſt into Hell upon their diſobedience. Beſides this great Moral, which may be looked upon as the Soul of the Fable, there are an infinity of under Morals which are to be drawn from the ſeveral parts of the Poem, and which makes this work more uſeful and inſtructive than any other Poem in any Language.

THOSE who have criticiſed on the *Odiſſey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months or days contained in the Action of each of thoſe Poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in *Milton*, he will find that from *Adam*'s firſt appearance in the fourth Book, to his expulſion from *Paradiſe* in the twelfth, the Author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is deſcribed in the three firſt books, as it does not paſs within the regions of nature, I have before obſerved that it is not ſubject to any calculations of time.

I have now finiſhed my obſervations on a work which does an honour to the *Engliſh* Nation. I have taken a general view of it under thoſe four heads, the Fable, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Language, and made each of them the ſubject of a particular paper. I have in the next place ſpoken of the cenſures which our Author may incur under each of theſe heads, which I have confined to two papers, though I might have enlarged the number, if I had been diſpoſed to dwell on ſo ungrateful a ſubject. I believe, however, that the ſevereſt Reader will not find any little fault in Heroic Poetry, which this Author has

has fallen into, that does not come under one of those heads among which I have distributed his several blemishes. After having thus treated at large of *Paradise Lost*, I could not think it sufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without descending to particulars. I have therefore bestowed a paper upon each Book, and endeavoured not only to prove that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, & to determine wherein they consist. I have endeavoured to shew how some passages are beautiful by being sublime; others by being soft; others by being natural: which of them are recommended by the passion; which by the moral; which by the sentiment, & which by the expression. I have likewise endeavoured to shew how the genius of the Poet shines by a happy invention; a distant allusion; or a judicious imitation: how he has copied or improved *Homer* or *Virgil*, and raised his own imaginations by the use which he has made of several poetical passages in Scripture. I might have inserted also several passages of *Tasso*, which our Author has imitated; but as I do not look upon *Tasso* to be a sufficient voucher, I would not perplex my Reader with such quotations, as might do more honour to the *Italian* than the *English* Poet. In short I have endeavoured to particularize those innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are essential to Poetry, and which may be met with in the Works of this great Author. Had I thought, at my first engaging in this design, that it would have led me to so great a length, I believe I should never have entred upon it; but the kind reception which it has met with among those whose judgments I have a value for, give me no reason to repent of the pains I have been at in composing them.

MVSEVM BRITAN NICVM

FINIS.